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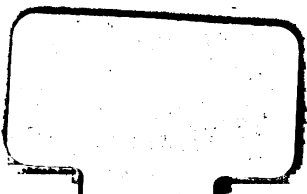
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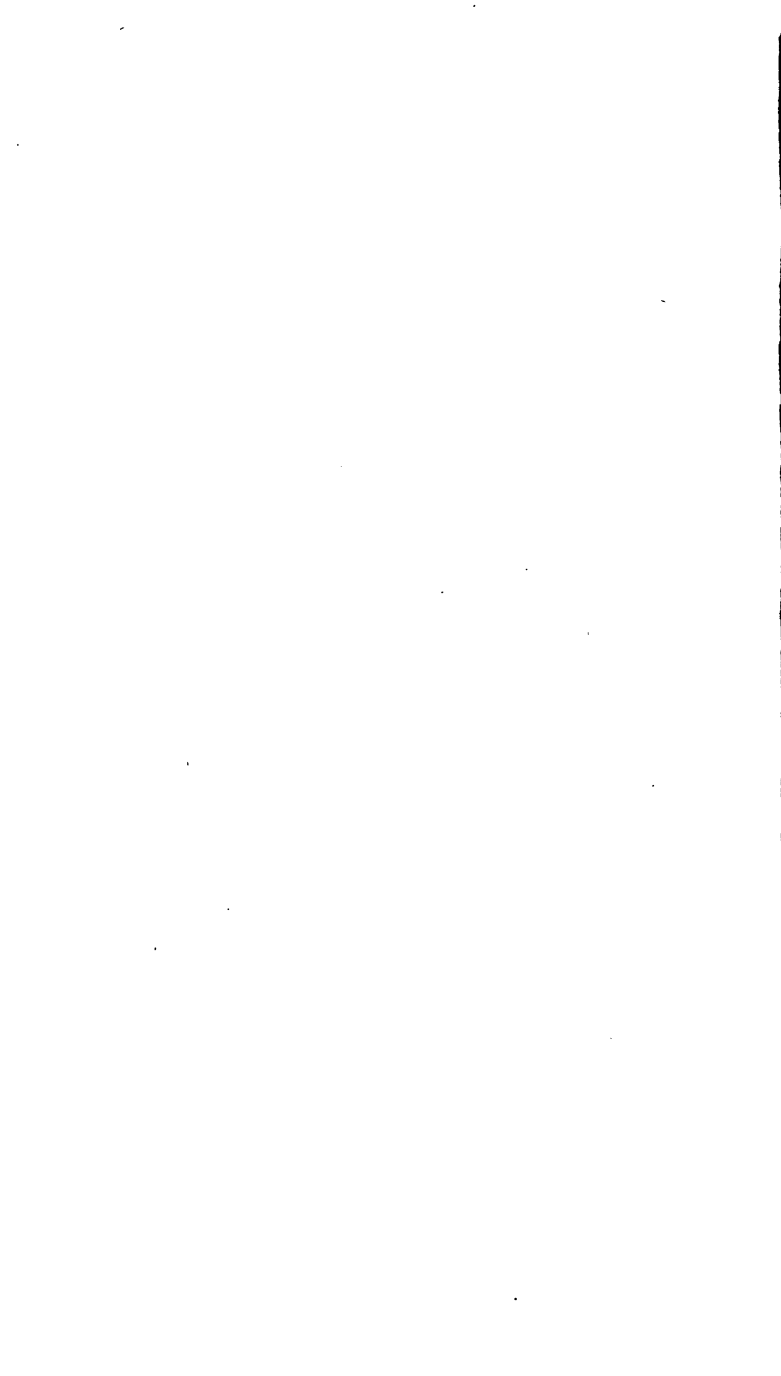
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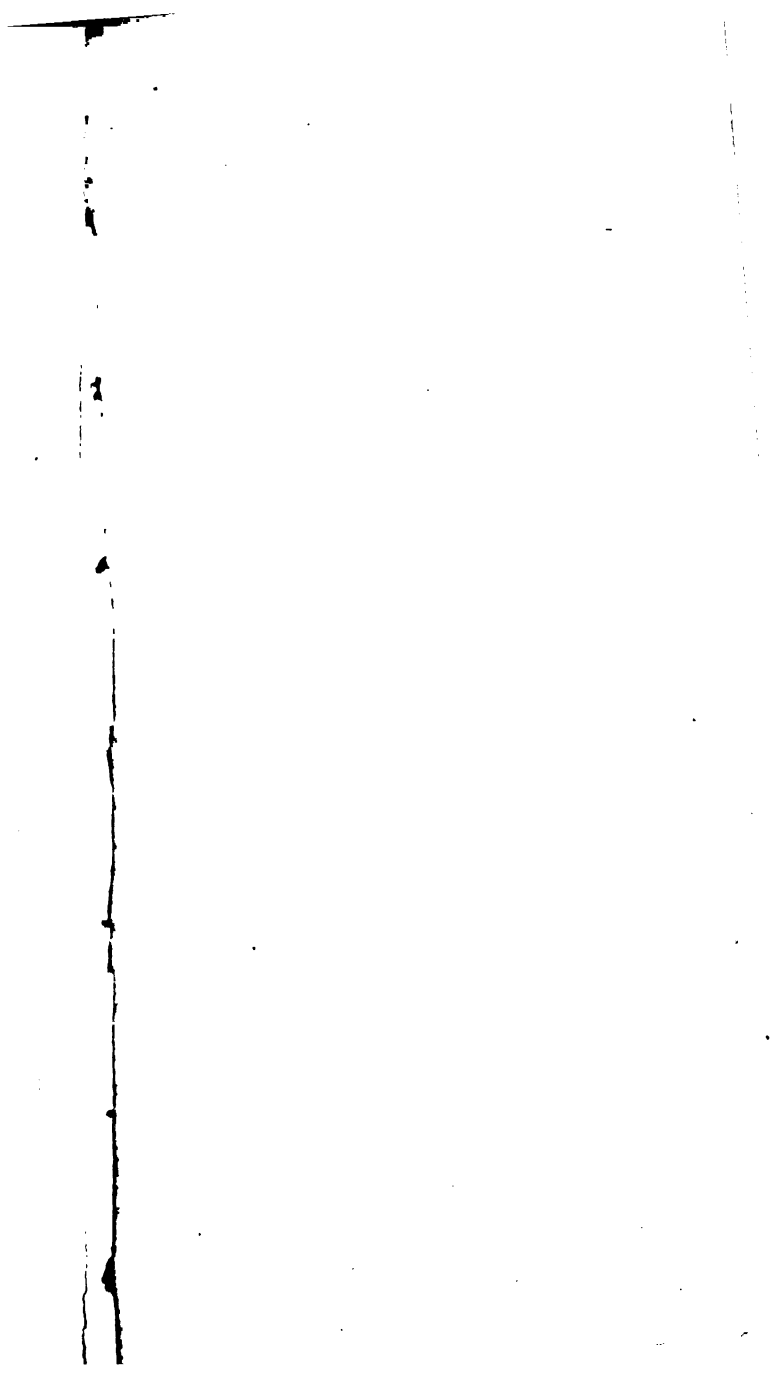


GLS
Kew











Admiralty.

Bridge.

Labanoff.

Peter's Statne.

New Cathedral.

THE ADMIRALTY, THE PALAIS LABANOFF, THE PLACE AND BRIDGE ISAAC, AND THE NEW CHURCH OF ST. ISAAC.



R U S S I A

AND

T H E R U S S I A N S,

IN 1842.

BY

J. G. KOHL, ESQ.

VOL. I.

PETERSBURG.

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PREFACE.

When natives of other European countries have resided for some time in Russia, and on their return home express themselves unfavourably respecting what they have seen and heard there, the Russians are accustomed to charge them with ingratitude, and to say, “ We gave you a kind and cordial reception ; you enjoyed yourselves while you were among us, and now in return you traduce us behind our backs, betray the confidence that we placed in you, and proclaim our secrets to all the world.”

Foreigners, on the other hand, and the Germans more especially, are prone to mistrust all praise that is bestowed on their eastern neighbours. They know that much among them is but fair outside, and as they, moreover, feel an antipathy to the Russians because they fear their plans of conquest, they are strongly disposed to discredit all that is said in their commendation.

Hence they are apt to look upon every one who expresses himself kindly, or, at least, not inimically, concerning the Russians, as not a good patriot, and to suspect him of apostacy from the cause of his country.

The fact is, that when we turn over the various books that have been written upon Russia, we are obliged to confess that very often the Russians are perfectly justified in those complaints, as well as the people of other countries in these surmises.

The author of the Sketches of Petersburg here presented to the public conceives that in his book there will not be found any cause for two such heavy charges as ingratitude on the one hand, or want of patriotism on the other.

It is true that he resided for a considerable time in Russia, that he there made the acquaintance of many most respectable persons, and gained the intimacy of many a friend, whom he shall ever hold in grateful remembrance ; it is true that he, therefore, deems it an imperative duty not to make public whatever was communicated to him, though but tacitly, under the seal of silence ; it is true that he has accordingly abstained from all mention of names, from any even the most distant allusions, either in praise or censure of individuals, not undervaluing the right which every private

man has to keep his character and his domestic concerns exclusively for himself and his family, and from exposure of any kind, either in a good or a bad spirit, to the eye of the public. Still he is far from considering that the rights of hospitality extend so far as to render it a duty for the stranger to avoid the frank expression of his opinions upon a foreign country, and to act the part of its unqualified panegyrist. For, in this case, precisely, their mouths would be closed who are best qualified to do acceptable service to the historical and ethnographic sciences, and truth concerning the character of nations and states could be learned only from traitors to friendship. He hopes, therefore, that if this book should meet the eye of some of his friends in Russia, they will peruse it without soreness or anger, and admit that, if he has flattered nobody, still less has he slandered or injured any one; and that he has not committed injustice in assigning to his own country a higher place than to theirs.

So he ventures to hope also, on the other part, that if he now and then praises things which he has seen in Russia, in contradiction to prevailing opinions, nay, if he occasionally manifests a sort of affection for the people of Russia—and who is there that can help contracting a bias towards an object that he has contem-

plated for years, towards a country where he never met with anything personally offensive, and where he passed many a happy day?—he ventures to hope that his own countrymen will rather charge him with possible error than wilful misrepresentation. They will forgive him also for having touched upon certain not particularly amiable traits in the character of some other European nations, and accept, not without interest and as deserving of attention, his report of the notions of the Russians concerning their character— notions which the author may have caught here and there—for who can live long abroad without being affected by such influences?

We are far from conceiving that by these explanations we have obviated all the objections which may be alleged against us in one quarter or another, but hope that the perusal of the work will at least attest the purity of our motives and our love of truth, and therefore confidently claim for our labours the favour and indulgence of the reader.

J. G. K.

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RUSSIA IN 1842.

CHAPTER I.

PETERSBURG.

Panorama—The Tower of the Admiralty—Quarters of the Nobility, the Artisans, and the Poor—The Streets—The Commercial Town—Basilus' and Peter's Islands—Anticipations.

If our cities, formed in remote antiquity, and crystallized in the wild middle ages, with their narrow streets and angular houses of the strangest forms, and with a thousand inconveniences and absurdities in plan, transmitted from century to century, frequently resemble overgrown masses of stone, or retreats scooped out of rocks, where chance piled dwellings upon dwellings; where fear and necessity cooped them with walls, forced up buildings into towers, and crowded the inhabitants together as in bee-hives; in Petersburg, the child of our enlightened days, all is, on the other hand, judicious, convenient, comfortable; the streets wide, the public places regular, the courtyards spacious, the houses roomy. With us, building ground is measured and valued by the inch. The fifty square wersts allotted for

Petersburg permitted the adoption of a more liberal course; and if, in Vienna, or even in Dresden, the palace of the sovereign is so closely elbowed by the other masses of building, that it can scarcely be recognized as an independent whole, in Petersburg, on the contrary, every house, with its courts, occupies a plot of ground sufficiently large to allow it to spread itself out at its ease. With us, the houses, crushed, crowded, cramped between their neighbours, and unnaturally forced upward, excite in our dark streets an unpleasant, an oppressive sensation; while in Petersburg, the commodiousness, completeness, and secludedness which each individual habitation presents to the spectator, communicate an impression of great comfort, and enable every architectonic whole to produce its entire effect. In our towns, even the largest edifice only looks like a minute portion of the close mass of buildings; whereas in Petersburg every part appears as a whole; and not a tree in the forest of houses but displays its picturesque individuality.

Nevertheless, or rather for this very reason—because, when individual objects make themselves prominent, the whole naturally loses in unity—Petersburg is far from being a picturesque city. Every thing is too airy and light. The streets are so deficient in deep shadows, in bright gleams bursting forth here and there, in variety of lights; every thing is so convenient, so handsome, so judicious, so new; that a Canaletto would scarcely glean there for his canvass one such poetic view as he might find at the corner of every street in our cities, so rich in contrasts, recollections, and forms of many-coloured life. The streets are so broad, the places so spacious and desolate, the arms of the river in the city so large, that the houses, mighty as are the masses which they form of and for themselves, cannot easily get the better of them, and

are lost in the gigantic proportions of the plan. Besides, the site of the city is so perfectly level, that no where does one object rise above another. All these magnificent edifices, each of which deserved to have a hill for its pedestal, lie spread out on the flat surface in endless lines, like detached limbs of a giant. Nothing stands out prominently, and the eye finds no point of repose in this vast sea of undulating palaces.

This peculiarity of Petersburg is particularly striking in winter, when the whole scene, ground, roofs, and river, wears one and the same tint—the uniform white of the snow. The white walls of the houses scarcely seem to be rooted in the solid ground; the snow-clad roofs blend with the greyish tints of the sky, and the northern Palmyra looks like a spectral city, where no lines, no angles, are to be seen, as if the houses had no solidity, and every wall was unsubstantial and aërial. There are many objects in nature which please the eye and charm the mind, yet which are anything but picturesque: such a one is Petersburg, especially in her winter dress.

No place undergoes so interesting a transformation as this Daughter of the Newa in spring, when the sky clears up, and the sun strips roofs and rivers of the pale winding-sheet of winter. Then does the city seem to acquire again a real existence, and to build itself up anew in a few days before the face of the spectator. The houses now take firm footing on the dark ground, the vivid tints of the green-painted roofs, and of the domes of the churches, besprinkled with stars upon an azure ground, and the gilded spires of the steeples protruding from the monotonous crust of ice, now refresh anew the eye so long debarred from the charm of colours;

and the river-nymphs, flinging off their stark winter drapery, throw back the images of the gay palaces from a thousand mirrors.

As the city no where rises above the eye, so in no place is it more necessary and more useful than in Petersburg for the spectator to raise himself above the city, in order to gain a view of it and to study the vast picture. No point is better suited for this purpose than the top of the tower of the Admiralty, from the vicinity of which the main streets of the city and the principal arms of the river branch off, and where the points of the most important islands converge. The steeple is furnished in different stories with galleries, and these command, on a fine spring day, views that are not to be equalled in the world.

At the foot of the tower, on one side, the eye ranges over the inner yards of the Admiralty, in which is stored the timber of the forests of Wologda and Kostroma, and where mighty ships are receiving existence from the busy hands of carpenters and engineers. On the other side lie the magnificent areas of Admiralty Place, Peter's Place, and Palace Place, adorned with the most important edifices of the city and the empire, with the imposing War Office, in which the lot of the millions who compose the Russian army is decided; with the Senate House and the Palace of the Holy Synod, where the *meum* and *tuum*, that which is to be believed and not believed, the temporal and spiritual welfare of a hundred tribes, are discussed and determined; the church of St. Isaac, with its numberless columns, every stone of which is a prodigious mass; the office of the minister of war, where a thousand pens are peacefully employed in the service of ferocious Mars; and, lastly, the vast Winter

Palace, in a corner of which is enthroned the monarch to whom a tenth part of the human race looks up with anxiety and hope, and whose name is most celebrated and most feared of any throughout one half of our globe.

The length of the Places surrounding the Admiralty and bordered by the above-mentioned buildings is not much less than an English mile ; and the scenes, the metamorphoses, the *tableaux vivants*, passing daily and hourly before the eyes of the warder of the tower of the Admiralty, are as diversified as they are gorgeous and interesting. At one extremity, near the Senate and Synod Houses, gallops the colossal Peter the Great, upon a massive rock, trampling down the dragon of barbarism, past which the heads of the state and the church, metropolitans, bishops, senators, and supreme judges, are incessantly rolling to and fro. At the other end stands the pillar, of a single stone, dedicated to the " Restorer of Universal Peace ;" at the foot of which the clatter of the imperial carriages never ceases, and generals, governors, and magnificent courtiers are continually driving. Religious processions, military parades, pompous equipages, funeral solemnities, succeed one another the whole day long ; and the drums and fifes, which give notice that one of the mighty of the earth is passing, are rarely silent for many moments together.

To the southward of the tower of the Admiralty extends the most important part of the city, the Bolschaja Storona (the Great Side). To the west, the Wassilewskoi Ostrow, " Basilius Island," the beautiful Exchange, the Academy of Sciences, and the University present themselves. To the north, frowns the Petersburgskaja Storona (the Petersburg Side), with its fortress projecting into the Newa ; and to the east, appear the barracks and

manufactories of the Wiborg Side*. These are the four principal masses into which the city is divided by the Great and Little Newa and the Great Newka. But that which far surpasses all the others is the Great Side, which is inhabited by the court, the whole of the nobility, and the most important part of the population; the least considerable is the Wiborg Side, the abode of gardeners, soldiers, and manufacturers, which is likely to become more populous, as building is carried on there more briskly than in any other part of the city. Commerce has fixed its seat in the Basilius Island, which is encompassed on all sides by the deepest branches of the Newa, and lies toward the sea; and with it the Muses, the friends of Mercury, have associated themselves. The Petersburg Side, where partly low, uninhabited, swampy islands, partly the fortress with its works, keep off buildings from the bank of the river, is occupied by many of the poorer classes of the population, and has almost entirely the character of a suburb of the city.

The close masses of houses on the Great Side—close in comparison with those in the other quarters—are concentrically cut by the three canals, the Moika, the Fontanka, and the Catherine canal, which encompass it, into three semicircles, the first, second, and third Admiralty quarters, and then again radially intersected by the three Perspectives running off from the tower of the Admiralty, the Great or Newa Perspective (Newskoi

* The Great Side received that name because the principal part of the city is seated upon it; the Wiborg Side, because the road to Wiborg leads through it; the Basilius' Island, from Captain Basilius, who commanded the labourers in that quarter at the building of the city; and the Petersburg Side, because Peter's own burg or castle, the fortress, belonged to it.

Prospect), Peas Street (Gorochowaja Ulitza), and the Resurrection Perspective (Wosnesenskoï Prospect)*.

From the tower of the Admiralty, which serves for a point of view to all those streets, the eye follows the long series of palaces extending into the remote distance; and, with a good telescope, it easily discerns through these vistas what is passing in the farthest quarters. The first three Admiralty districts contain all that is dearest to the city, the most remarkable public buildings, the principal shops, bazaars, and markets, the great mass of the civil officers, the first-rate artists and artisans, the cream of the nobility, in short, No. 1 of all classes. The mind is astounded when it ventures upon a detailed examination of the surprising world, the prodigious multitude of living creatures, and of formed and regulated masses, which the magic word of a mighty monarch here animated and brought together. At one glance, the ready eye here takes in works, in the completion of which millions of hands have laboured for a century and half. The tribute of a hundred nations, the toil of innumerable slaves, appear embodied here in magnificent palaces on the banks of the Newa. It is the brilliant result of all the wars and victories of the Russian eagle, and the produce of his astonishing growth. Byzantium and Babylon, Samarcand and Peking, were taxed towards the building of the Palmyra of the northern deserts; the Tatars and the Caucasians, the Poles and the Fins, were doomed to bleed, in order that this new Babylon might subsist, breathe freely, and live. The train-oil of the Esquimaux and Samoyedes, after a thousand metamorphoses scents as a perfume the halls of these edifices, and what Nature slowly created in the

* All long streets of the first magnitude in Petersburg, which afford an unlimited prospect into the distance, are called Perspectives.

bowels of the Ural and Altai, under the care of treasure-guarding gnomes, the precious stones, the gold and silver, the furs with which she clothed the beasts of the Siberian forests, the tea-flower which she caused to bloom on shrubs of China, the spices which she matured by the sun of Arabia—have all been produced in the bright daylight of the capital. By the addition of drop to drop and grain to grain, every thing here grew to gigantic magnitude. These silver altars, this gold of the church-crosses, were bought with the blood of many thousand warriors. A single one of those companies, of which hundreds daily meet beneath these roofs, is the product of long years of instruction and discipline, and of innumerable admonitions from English, French, German, and Russian lips.

The direction of the three Perspectives, which diverge at angles of about forty degrees, and the course of the three canals, determine that of the other radial and concentric streets of the three Admiralty districts. The most celebrated of these are the Great and Little Morskaja, the Great and Little Millionawa, the Meschtschanskaja, and the Ssadowaja (Garden Street). All the streets of Petersburg, without exception, are broad and commodious; lanes, courts, and alleys are utterly unknown. They are, however, divided into three classes: Perspectives, long, first-rate streets; Ulitzas, ordinary streets; and Pereuloks, cross or connecting streets. Most even of these cross streets are so large and spacious that in a city of less colossal proportions they would pass for main streets. The streets have all two names, a Russian and a German, which is translated from the Russian. The latter is used only by the Germans; persons of all other nations, who are not so numerous, call them by their Russian names.

Beyond the Fontanka, which, bordered by rows of splendid palaces, bounds the last Admiralty district, the other quarters of the city form vast rings around its heart, extending in the remote distance to the desert swamps of Ingermania, where, enveloped in the mist of the horizon, faintly glimmer the suburbs on the Ligowka and the Zagorodno canals, and the villages of Little and Great Ohta, inhabited by labourers and mechanics. These parts of the city, the abodes of carmen, carpenters, and peasants, are not like the quarters occupied by the poor in other capitals. In London and Paris, and likewise in some of the German cities, there are quarters which seem to be the real residence of hunger and misery, the haunts of a filthy, ragged, immoral race, where the houses present the same squalid and wretched appearance as their inmates, and poverty, want, and wickedness steal along the dirty streets in a thousand hideous shapes. This is not the case in Petersburg. Rag-collectors, daring pickpockets, half-naked cripples, importunate beggars, are unknown in this stately capital. Nay, there is not a town in Russia where the streets are infested by such persons. For this advantage Russia is indebted to the villanage of the lower classes of the people. As all the little support themselves upon the great, none of them can sink so low as among us, where every one wants to stand upon his own legs. The notions current among us, that in Russian cities magnificent palaces and wretched huts are huddled together, are founded on falsehood or misconception. In no Russian town whatever are there such glaring contrasts between indigence and luxury, as in almost every one of Western Europe; though, it is true, the difference between the rude simplicity of the one and the superabundance of the other is striking enough. That evil spirit which prompts

men to covet the goods possessed by others has not yet awoke in the common people of Russia. They have wherewithal to satisfy the cravings of hunger, though it be but humble cabbage and coarse bread ; and they dress decently, if only in sackcloth and sheepskins. In the suburbs, inhabited by the labouring classes, and the quarters of "the black people" in Petersburg, there is, therefore, nothing shocking or repulsive, though much that may be displeasing from its rudeness. As in Petersburg and Russia in general the houses have roofs more or less flat, they have no cock-lofts or garrets, which harbour so numerous a population among us. The houses in Petersburg have regularly but one or two stories ; nay, most of them but one, especially in the outer rings of the city ; but even in the inner there are not a few such, and it is only in the Admiralty districts that they rise to three or four stories, and but very rarely there. There are scarcely half-a-dozen with five stories ; whereas, in other parts of Europe, houses of six, seven, and eight are very frequent. But, as ground is increasing in value, and the taste of the city for extending itself is subsiding, new houses are built higher, and new floors placed upon those of one or two stories. During my sojourn in Petersburg, one might easily have reckoned up some hundred of such houses, which had been unroofed and raised.

As the three Perspectives diverge to the South from the tower of the Admiralty, so the arms of the river run off to the North and West, and if it was amusing to watch with the telescope the movements of carriages in the former, it is still more interesting to observe the craft and shipping in the latter. There are but few bridges over the Newa, and in many cases you would have to make a circuit of several wersts, were not boats con-

stantly ready at numerous points of the shore, to carry passengers to the other side for a few copecks. Most of these boats are uncovered and rowed by two men; but there are some which are covered and very large, with six, ten, or even twelve rowers, who are skilful hands at their profession, and usually entertain their passengers with singing and music into the bargain. The grandees, the court, the different ministers, and many public institutions have their own boats, which are often richly decorated and manned by watermen in splendid uniforms. All the canals and arms of the river in Petersburg are as animated with them as the streets with droschkas. On holidays, they glide in throngs to the enchanting islands, the favourite pleasure resorts of the inhabitants of Petersburg.

At Hamburg, Odessa, Rotterdam, and many other sea-ports, where there is but a small harbour for the reception of shipping, the vessels are obliged to lie close together. In Petersburg, where both arms of the Newa, throughout their whole length, serve for a harbour, they keep further apart, and different groupes of vessels are formed near the quays and in the middle of the river. Here you see a little flotilla of armed men-of-war, yonder a number of peaceful merchantmen, or an assemblage of steamers always ready to start.

As the ships line the shore on the water-side, so, on the land-side, the splendid edifices of the English and the Court Quays, and opposite to them the endless line of palaces of the Wassili Ostrow Quay, the Exchange, the Academy of Sciences, the University, the First Corps of Cadets*, the Academy of Arts, the Corps of Miner

* "Kadetskoi Korpus." The Russians call not only the Cadets themselves, but likewise the buildings which they occupy, "Corps" (Korpus).

Cadets, are all seated on the beautiful south shore of the island. All these buildings are pompous and of extraordinary extent. The eye can scarcely discern the last of them, and fresh and fresh groups of palaces still gleam beyond them, like ranges of mountains, one behind another, losing themselves in the blue distance. The north shore of Wassili Ostrow is not so brilliant, because it is opposite to the less cultivated Petersburg Island : it very properly fronts the Great Newa, and shows its best side to the palaces of the Admiralty districts.

Peter the Great, who from the very first selected Wassili Ostrow for the seat of trade, and who took Amsterdam for the model of a well-arranged commercial city, meant to intersect the island, after the fashion of that capital, with canals, upon which goods might be most conveniently forwarded to the warehouses. Some of these canals were actually constructed, but the plan was afterwards relinquished, and they were filled up again. Thus Wassili Ostrow has no resemblance whatever to its original model, Amsterdam. In Amsterdam, as in all the other Dutch commercial cities, and, indeed, most sea-ports, you have no doubt that you are among mercantile people. The smell of cheese, herrings, tobacco, spices, issuing from every house, tells the passenger plainly enough in what commodity each deals. Bales of goods cover the floor and are piled up at the door ; and what with casks of wine or bags of coffee, you can scarcely find a passage to the dwelling-rooms of the merchant. Heavily laden carts rattle along the streets, till the old houses quake again ; and bustling fellows, hurrying to and fro, care very little if they now and then run over a leisurely lounge. Before the warehouses are seen clerks, with pens behind their ears, employed in counting, noting, marking, and inspecting. How dif-

ferent all this from the scene at Wassili Ostrow! Here the most magnificent palaces, in long rows, stand dressed out and bedizened like officers of the guard; here a clerk would not appear out of doors in a soiled coat, or even go to the counting-house till he has carefully attended to his toilet; here not a creature runs down another in the street, but all overflow with politeness and *mille excuses*; here most merchants drive about in elegant carriages, in which there is not the slightest scent of cheese or herrings; so that you might suppose that none but princes and nobles were here engaged in commerce. The warehouses of the merchants are situated partly at Cronstadt, partly beyond the lines of dwelling-houses; some of them being as elegant as the latter, and not to be distinguished from them.

Wassili Ostrow is divided by its streets, intersecting at right angles, into a great number of squares or *kwartals*, as the Russians call them. The streets, which run lengthwise through the island, are called *Perspectives*, like all the long streets in Petersburg; but those which cross them have a peculiar denomination. The streets themselves, indeed, have no proper names, but only the rows of houses that border them. These are called "lines," and distinguished from one another by numbers. The right side of the first cross-street is called First Line, the left, Second Line; the right side of the second cross-street is called Third Line, the left, Fourth Line, and so on to the twenty-fourth line. By means of this most convenient regularity, the directions to particular houses are exceedingly facilitated. While, in the labyrinths of our cities, streets and their names often require so many explanations, here two or three words are sufficient: for instance, "Middle Perspective, Right Side, between the Eleventh and Twelfth Line, No. 23."

It is impossible for any one to mistake. The island of Wassili Ostrow forms an equilateral triangle, penetrating with its apex into the interior of Petersburg. It is only this upper pointed half that is yet built upon. With the exception of the Galley yard and the quarters of the marines, the base half, turned towards the sea, is uninhabited, swampy, and frequently overflowed.

The Petersburg Island, from which the Apothecaries' Island, the Island of Petrowskoi, and a great many others of less extent, are separated by small arms of the river, affords most interest, from the fortress, which, seated on a little island of its own, lies before it, and every part of which may be overlooked from the tower of the Admiralty. It forms an oblong square, and has extensive outworks on Peter's and two other small islands, so that ships might lie in safety in the canals separating these islands, under the protection of the guns of the fortress. It is well that the people of Petersburg have, in general, other things to think of, otherwise they certainly could not contemplate without shuddering the destination of this fortress in the heart of their beautiful capital. As it is entirely encompassed by the *élite* of the edifices of Petersburg, if its guns should ever be called into activity, they would make fearful havoc in its own bowels. Seated in the midst of the city, on a low island, whence nothing out of the city could be commanded, or consequently defended, the sole object of keeping it up must be a hostile one against Petersburg itself, and to serve the emperor and the highest personages as a last refuge for themselves and their valuables, either if the city should fall into an enemy's hands, or in case it should rise against the sovereign. The fortress lies exactly opposite to the Winter Palace, with which it is in constant communication, and thus clearly shows its

object. The arms of the Newa immediately at its mouth have no fortification whatever ; and if Cronstadt, which serves for their lock and bolt, should refuse to perform its office, the defenceless capital might then dread the point of the dagger, which she carries in her bosom, and which she cannot employ in her defence without stabbing herself.

The events here presupposed are not difficult to be predicted. From the omnipotence of Russia on the Continent, the long threatened collision with England, which is impending in Europe, as well as in Asia, Africa, and America,* is but too certain to happen. The Russian Baltic fleet will not be able to cope with the united fleets of the English, the Swedes, and the Danes, and after losing one battle will retreat to the bay of Cronstadt. English gold might probably open the gates of Cronstadt, the English men-of-war run into the Newa, and the defenders of the city throw themselves into the fortress. In the bombardment part of the beautiful capital would be reduced to ashes ; and, on the conclusion of peace, which must ensure new commercial privileges to the English, the sovereign, chagrined at the destruction of the city on the Newa, would carry into execution the long agitated idea of transferring his residence again to the interior of the empire, to the sacred seat of the ancient Russian Czars, the Kreml of Moscow. Petersburg would be melted down to Wassili Ostrow, where commerce, necessarily confined to this geographical position, would maintain its ground so long as there

* In Africa, the Russian and English interests cross each other at the north-eastern extremity ; in America, their boundaries clash at the north-west corner ; in Asia, they stand opposed to each other on the frontiers of India and Persia ; and in Europe, at the Bosphorus and at the Sound.

should be any demand for foreign productions in the interior of Russia. It is enough to make one weep, like Xerxes on the shores of Hellespont, while surveying from the tower of the Admiralty all these gorgeous palaces, and contemplating their melancholy fate.

But, after this comprehensive view of the whole, let us for the present descend cheerfully, and take a nearer look at the yet uninjured interior of the city.

CHAPTER II.

BUILDINGS AND ARCHITECTURE.

Gigantic Buildings—Price of Houses—Blocks of Granite—Profusion of Columns—Pavement—Street Lighting and Darkness—Inscriptions on Houses.

None of our modern cities can boast of being so entirely composed of gigantic edifices and palaces as Petersburg, where the very abodes of poverty have an air of grandeur. Before we proceed, let us adduce some special facts in proof of this position. There are three buildings in Petersburg, separated from one another only by an arm of the river; the Admiralty, the Imperial Palace, and the first Corps of Cadets. It takes a pedestrian, who loses no time, twenty-five minutes to go the most direct way from one of these three edifices to another, for the distance is rather more than an English mile. There are many houses in Petersburg which have several thousand inmates: for instance, in the Winter Palace there are 6000; in the Military Hospital 4000; in the Foundling Hospital 7000 (children); in the great Corps of Cadets several thousand youths. There are houses which yield the owners a larger revenue than many a county. Some produce 50,000 rubles, others 100,000 per annum. The great Corps of Cadets on Wassili Ostrow is a quarter of an English mile (440 yards) square. This building has two floors, with two ranges of rooms above and below, besides several wings.

The length of all its rooms and inhabited places, from a strict calculation, is not less than a German mile and a half (upwards of seven English miles.) If all the buildings in Petersburg were placed close together in one direction, they would form a line 100 German miles (475 English) in length; and, piled one upon another, a pyramid three English miles in height, length, and breadth. Thus, all the building materials in Petersburg would be sufficient to make a considerable range of hills. Next to the Corps of Cadets, we may mention, as buildings of the first magnitude in Petersburg, the Taurian Palace, the Admiralty, the War Office, the new Michael Palace, the Winter Palace, the great Gostinnoi Dwor (bazaar), and the Foundling Hospital. Each of them, with its appurtenances, occupies a space that would be sufficient for founding a small city. Next to these, in the second rank, come the Smolnoi Convent, the Newsky Convent, the Commercial Bank, several hospitals and barracks; the hemp, tallow, and other magazines, the Custom House, the Senate, the Synod, the Marble Palace, the Imperial Stables, the old Michaelow Palace. Then, in the third rank, come the great theatres, the largest churches, the smaller hospitals.

Among the private houses there are many which, for the number and extent of the courtyards and the magnitude of the different wings, are little inferior to the Imperial Palace in Vienna. Among many hundred others, I was acquainted with one, for example, the *rez-de-chaussée* of which formed on one side a bazaar, where the thousand wants of this earthly life might be supplied, while on the other a row of German, English, and French artists and artisans had hung out their show-boards. In the *bel étage* resided two senators and the families of several wealthy private individuals. In the second story

there was a school, which had a high reputation throughout the whole house, and a tolerable number of academicians, teachers, and professors; and in several buildings in the rear dwelt, besides many nameless and obscure people, several majors and colonels, some retired generals, an Armenian priest, and a German minister. All Petersburg around it might have perished, and the inmates of this house could still have formed a complete political community, in which every rank, from the chief consul to the lowest lictor, would have been represented. When such a building is burned, two hundred houses become bankrupt at once. To have to seek a family in such a house is a trial of patience not to be equalled. If you ask a butschnik (a policeman stationed in the street) at one end, about an address, he assures you that his knowledge extends no further than the corner of the house next to him, and that he knows nothing whatever of the other side. In these buildings there are dwellings so remote, that all who live under one roof are not disposed to acknowledge one another as neighbours; so that there is not much exaggeration in the statement of a traveller who asserts that every house in Petersburg is a town in itself. Many, it is true, do not appear so considerable from the street, because the smallest front is mostly turned towards it. But on entering the podjäsde (the gateway), the extent of the courts, in each of which a cavalry regiment might exercise, and the multitude of buildings, attached and detached, fill you with astonishment.

How many thousands in our towns are happy if they have an area of ten feet square for their territory to dispose of as they please! and more than this space we cannot reckon upon an average for each individual. In Petersburg the proportion is very different. The 500,000

inhabitants of that city occupy an area of more than a square (German) mile, of 24,000 feet, or 576,000,000 square feet. Add to this about 20,000,000 square feet for the dwelling-rooms in the first and second floors of houses, and you have an area of nearly 600,000,000 square feet; this allows every inhabitant, young and old, rich and poor, a space of 1200 square feet, or about 36 feet square, which is certainly more than any city of Western Europe can afford. These spaces, it is true, may be divided somewhat differently from what they are with us; and far more, for example, may fall to the share of proportionally few wealthy persons than to the numerous indigent ones, and to rooms kept for parade than to bed chambers. But, upon the whole, even the poorest in Petersburg have assuredly more air and space than among us.

Most of the houses in Petersburg have still, as I observed, but two floors; and it is only in the innermost districts that you meet with any of two, or three stories. A man who, misled by false speculation, built several houses of three floors, in one of the remote lines of Wassili Ostrow, became bankrupt, because he could find no tenants willing to mount so high. On the contrary, near the very heart of the city, there are still not a few buildings of one story, occupied by wealthy private persons, though a house of two stories would be but half so dear. As the genuine Russians are fond of low houses, so they have also a predilection for wooden buildings, and certainly a well founded one: for it would be easy to make out a long list of the advantages of wooden houses, which must be apparent to every one, and invaluable to a Russian. The facility with which he can give any form to wood, the rapidity with which he can run up a building of that material, the warmth

that it affords in winter, and the cheapness, are not its only recommendations. Though the government strives by all sorts of encouragement to the use of stone to check that of wood, still there are many more houses in Petersburg of the latter than of the former. It is indeed computed that two-thirds of the houses are of wood, and in the best quarters of the city there are still to be found wooden palaces inhabited by first-rate families. Wooden houses, however, must not be higher than one story. They are persecuted, besides, by all sorts of annoying regulations. Thus, shortly before my arrival, the police issued an order that on the roof of every wooden house a ladder leading to the chimney should be in constant readiness, and that on the edge of the roof there should be kept a tub always full of water, and a bucket beside it; truly, an original idea, suggested by the tender concern of the police for the public welfare, and which no doubt brought some advantage to him who conceived it. There were still to be seen the relics of the many singular sorts of tubs, ladders, and buckets, which this regulation had brought upon the roofs. The first winter had, of course, rendered the whole apparatus useless by the freezing of the water, and what winter had spared was dried by the heat of summer, and had dropped to pieces.

Building is more expensive in Petersburg than in any other city in the empire, because provisions are dearer there and wages higher than any where else, owing to various causes. That part of the earth's surface which Petersburg occupies is the dearest in all Russia. There are private houses which have paid for the ground they stand on 200,000 rubles; a sum which, in other parts of Russia, would buy some (German) square miles, with all the thousands of eagles, bears, wolves, cattle, men, houses, woods, rivers, and lakes that are upon it. There

are whole rows of buildings, every one of which is worth nearly half a million (rubles); and there are parts of the city in which every window towards the street pays a yearly rent of 1000 rubles and more. What greatly increases the expence of building in Petersburg is the difficulty attending the foundation. The spongy, swampy soil of the city renders it absolutely necessary to bury an entire scaffold beneath the surface before it is possible to set up one above it. All the buildings in the city of any magnitude rest upon piles, and, but for very tall trees, which are driven into the more solid strata of the islands, they would sink into the abyss. The whole fortress and all its walls are in the same predicament, and even the quays along the arms of the river, as well as the pavements, and the lining of the canals have the like foundation. The sums spent in merely obtaining a solid base for the church of St. Isaac exceeded a million, for which in other situations a splendid church might have been erected. In spite of these precautions, it is not possible to give perfect security to the houses. After the inundation of 1824, many walls gave way in consequence of the partial sinking of the buildings. The English Palace, as it is called, on the road to Peterhof, separated completely from its flight of steps, either because this had sunk in front, or the palace in rear. At all the handsome quays the blocks of granite and balustrades have already given way, and got out of place; and in spring, the pavement of most streets is in a state of total dissolution, so that, when you drive over it, in some places it quakes like a bog; in others the stones roll one over another, and the most dangerous holes are the consequence.

The material employed for wooden houses is of course the trunks of pines, laid, after the northern

fashion, one upon another; for the others, bricks and Finland granite. The walls, which are built of brick, are in general of extraordinary thickness; and, while we are surprised to see what lofty edifices are run up with such extremely thin walls, we cannot but be astonished that walls of such prodigious thickness should be thought necessary for low buildings. From five to six feet is the ordinary thickness given to walls. Granite is not so well adapted as marble for architectural ornaments and fine sculpture. From the vast masses in which it is found, it rather prompts to grotesque architectural works. It is therefore but rarely used for private houses in Petersburg, more particularly because the Russians concern themselves little about the solidity of the building material. If the edifice is but smart and showy, and roomy and splendid within, the solidity of the material is to them a matter of absolute indifference. Wood, therefore, is their favourite building material; they employ bricks when commanded by the police. Marble and granite are utterly useless to these anti-Romans, who build for but half a century.

A considerable quantity of granite has, however, been already transported from the swamps of Finland to Petersburg, and now decorates the residence of the Czars, in the form of obelisks, pillars of churches, cariatides, lions, and sphinxes, before many palaces and public buildings, and as slabs, quoins, pedestals for garden railing, quays, and public monuments. But it is surprising, and not a little to be lamented, how much the many fine granites in the city suffer from the weather. Frost in particular is destructive to them. The moisture, which either the stones originally contained, or which in some places gradually penetrates them, freezes in winter, and then many stones burst, and drop to

pieces in spring. In this manner most of the monuments of the city have suffered various injuries, and in a century will probably resemble heaps of rubbish. Even the noble pillar of Alexander has in this manner received an alarming crack. When it is considered that all the banks of the river and canals are bordered by fine broad granite quays, for a length of nearly twenty English miles, one may thence form some conception of the masses of granite that have already been consumed in Petersburg.

It must not be imagined that most of the great Russian families reside in the inner quarters of the city, near the imperial palace. Merchants and men of business, mechanics and artists, have driven them thence by their noise and bustle. The most fashionable people live along the Fontanka, especially at its eastern extremity, and in the Liteinaja (Foundry Street). On the banks of that stream are found the palaces of the Kotschubeys, Scheremetiews, Brannitzkys, Narischkins, and as many more potent imperial chancellors, ministers, grandees, and *millionaires*, as a century ago there were Ingrian fisher huts on this spot. It is a quiet, large, and superb street, and the Orloffs, Dolgorukis, Stroganoffs, and others, who built here, chose it very judiciously for their quarters.

In Vienna, the most magnificent palaces crowd one another, pediment to pediment, and, in passing round their socles, the spectator scarcely perceives any of their beauty. In Petersburg—and still more in Moscow—the avenues to houses from all sides are wide and commodious. Most of the houses of the great have their forecourts for the admission of carriages. Their interior too is far more spacious than in any of our cities, and while a person among us is content with two or three apartments, another, of the same condition, keeps in

Petersburg a suite of at least half a dozen. The halls are large, and double staircases lead to both sides of the first floor. The dancing, dining, and drawing rooms are lofty and spacious. In many palaces there are particular rooms appropriated to the purpose of conservatories. The largest of these conservatories, which are more common in Petersburg than in any other city, are of course in the imperial palace; but, on occasion of grand balls, temporary conservatories, with trees, beds of flowers, fountains, and so forth, are arranged, and the dancers rest themselves among fragrant shrubs as in the bowers of paradise.

It is incredible with what rapidity buildings are run up in Petersburg. This is owing partly to the shortness of the season suitable for building, partly to the impatience of the Russians to see an undertaking completed. Hence a great number of houses exhibit symptoms of premature decay. The Winter Palace, lately rebuilt, is a most striking example of this kind. In the space of a year, no less a sum than twenty million rubles was expended upon it. The work was continued during the winter, the whole building being constantly warmed to keep the materials fluid, and to make the walls dry quickly. With most of the private mansions of the great, much the same course is pursued. Every thing is got up with as much despatch as theatrical decorations. The crushing and mastication of Petersburg will be a mere trifle for the tooth of Time; and he will soon have consumed these frail brick columns, which are decaying of themselves, though the pyramids of Egypt may stand him a tug for some thousands of years longer. The Russians seem to build only to make ruins; and it is a most displeasing sight to see so many quite new buildings affected with the infirmities of age. They

afford a correct emblem of the precocious culture of Russia. Indeed this remark is almost equally applicable to the whole of our more modern architecture.

One of the most magnificent decorations of the houses of Petersburg arises from the luxury displayed in the plate-glass windows. Finding the frames a great hindrance to the view, the people of Petersburg fill the whole aperture of the window with a single pane of plate-glass. In most salons there is only one window glazed in this expensive manner; but in many houses the windows from top to bottom are provided with these costly panes.

In Petersburg, great sensitiveness is shown in regard to every thing that is architectonically unsightly in the streets of the city; and hence judicious decorations are sure to be encouraged. Wherever there is a yard, a workshop, or a mean dwelling, which it is desirable to mask from the public, they clap before it a Grecian temple, which, on close examination, turns out to be nothing more than a plain front of wood, rudely painted. Proprietors of houses, in order to give an air of more importance to a house of one floor, raise the front wall the whole height of a second. On a nearer view, you discover that there are sham windows in it, and nothing behind but iron bars to attach the wall to the rest of the building. It may be that here and there the police has prescribed two-floor houses, and the occupants have feigned compliance with the injunction by adding a sham story. But such-like pompous decorations and false stories are very common throughout all Russia, and even in Poland. They accord with the character of the Slavonic nations, which are all ready to promise a great deal more than they perform.

The very scaffolds which are raised in the streets for

building or repairing a house must be completely concealed from view by boards, which must be painted outside, and exhibit representations of doors and windows. From the profusion of columns and airy porticoes with which the houses of Petersburg are lavishly decorated, you might fancy yourself in Italy or Greece. But in vain would you look for Peripatetics walking, or Epicureans sunning themselves, in these vestibules; during the greatest part of the year, snows descend and tempests howl around these imitations of southern models. Balconies, which are here regularly attached to all houses, are equally useless. The flowers, the fair ladies, the musicians, are wanting: and nearly the whole year through they are deserted and empty.

With the fondness of the Russians for change, it is no wonder that there should be a great deal of building and altering in Petersburg. Scarcely ever is a house finished before there is some improvement or alteration to be made. A single entertainment, a ball, often brings along with it no inconsiderable alterations in the interior of a house. If the suite of rooms is thought to be too small, a wall is broken through, the next apartment is added, and doors are put up for the evening. Pillars and balustrade are erected for decoration and for the musicians; conservatories, buffets, are arranged; rooms are temporarily hung with tapestry; carpets are laid down; and, to gain more space, an additional room of wood is built over the balcony and attached to the ball-room, as a handsomely furnished cabinet, or a station for the musicians. It is a fact that not a house belonging to a Russian remains in the same state for fourteen days together: neither will ennui, restlessness of disposition, and caprice, suffer persons of distinction to sleep in the same chamber for fourteen successive nights. Nomadic

habits are so deeply engrafted in the nature of Russians, that in the course of a year they not only wander from one extremity of the empire to the other, but during the same period migrate at least from floor to floor in their houses. The police also interferes most inconsistently with architectural details. Sometimes it forbids windows of this or that form, at others it enjoins them : all doors must be made of oak : sometimes it allows the erection of projecting buildings ; at others it suddenly orders them all to be taken down.

The street pavement in Petersburg, as the reader may infer from what has been said concerning the swampy nature of the ground, is extremely expensive, owing to the incessant repairs that it requires. It is uncommonly difficult to give it a solid foundation, which is scarcely to be obtained by providing for it a very deep bed of builders' rubbish and sand. Besides, the methods of paving employed in Petersburg, though genuine Russian, are incredibly vicious. Between the granite stones of the pavement they are accustomed to drive down bricklayers' rubbish. Of course this seems at first to bind the stones together, and when the whole is nicely covered with sand, it can be shewn to the minister of police as the finest pavement. In a short time, the soft brick of course begins to be ground to powder between the hard granite stones, which are loosened and separate.

Wood-paving has been introduced into this capital : there are narrow stripes of it running through the great Newsky Perspective and some other streets. But, as wood lasts only for a short period, owing to the incessant passage of carriages and the dampness of the ground, this kind of paving is very expensive, and will in time be entirely relinquished. It requires also frequent repairs, since single blocks are liable to be pressed down into the

swampy soil, and hence arise holes. In the construction of recent wood-pavements, in order to prevent this sinking, timbers charred and tarred, and large blocks, have been laid down for a foundation. For the rest, less attention is paid to the street-pavement, because for half the year it is absolutely indifferent what pavement man has provided, since Nature furnishes one of ice and snow, which surpasses in excellence all the inventions of art, and on which carriages glide as agreeably and noiselessly as the gondolas in the canals of Venice.

It is true that at times circumstances render these snow-tracks less agreeable than might be expected. It is interesting to observe their different states in the streets of Petersburg, according to the difference of the weather. In autumn, when great quantities of snow fall, it lies at first in loose, high heaps. The thousand horses of the *iswoschtschiks* plunge boldly into the soft masses, dash them right and left, and trample them down, till the firmest and smoothest track is gradually formed. A short mild thaw serves more than anything to consolidate this track. When the frost lasts long, the surface of the ice is ground and pounded by the innumerable horses, carriages, and sledges that are continually passing over it, into a very fine deep dust, which is particularly troublesome to pedestrians. But this is the case only in the principal streets, the *Newsy Perspective*, *Garden Street*, &c. In the other parts of the city, the mass continues compact. Here then, especially where the water-sledges, or the *jämtschiks*, and carriers of goods are passing to and fro in long regular trains, is seen another phenomenon, which, towards the end of the winter, spoils the track in a different way. Across the street are gradually formed a great number of deep furrows, which are as regular as the furrows in a ploughed

field. These are caused by the habit which the Russian horses have of treading invariably, like geese, in the footsteps of their predecessors. In spring, when it thaws, little channels are cut in the ice for the water to run off. As for detaching and removing the frozen matter, that of course is not to be thought of, because the masses that have accumulated in the broad street are too considerable. Hence it is easy to conceive what a deplorable state the streets must be in. They are covered with large and deep ponds of mud, especially in the middle, where the kennels are invariably placed in Petersburg. Here and there the horses are obliged to swim, and you have reason to thank God, if you alight at your own door alive and with whole limbs. Sometimes a sudden frost takes place: the streets then become so slippery that many a poor overdriven horse breaks a leg. As the *iswoschtschiks* use sledges as long as a patch of snow is to be found in the streets, it is sometimes the case that you may see a four-wheeled carriage rolling along in the dust on the sunny side of a street, while on the shady side sledges are still striving to get forward by means of the snow. As Petersburg has the same mode of building in common with all Russian towns, so it shares with them the inconveniences arising from it, among the rest, in summer, an intolerable dust, which all the winds raise in the wide streets and in the spacious unpaved places, and carry to the distance of wersts.

If narrow streets and the want of open places render our towns in some respects unhealthy and unpleasant, the Russian, and Petersburg in particular, suffer from the contrary defects. The extravagant spaciousness of their way of building prevents them from adopting many advantageous arrangements of our cities, or obstructs a

great number of improvements in the internal organization of the place, which greater compactness would render more easily attainable. To these belongs the lighting of the city at night. If in many parts of London the gloom of night sometimes prevails in the daytime, it is changed in the evening into day by the brilliant light of the gas-lamps; but it is just the reverse in Petersburg, where very often no shade whatever is to be found in the day, while at night all the palaces are buried in the deepest gloom of Erebus. This applies to the winter; for in summer, as it is well known, no where are the nights lighter and more delicious than in Petersburg. It may, perhaps, be partly owing to this six-months uninterrupted sun-light that more energetic measures have not yet been pursued for artificial illumination. Petersburg has no other than small insignificant oil-lamps, which shed a glimmer too feeble to reach the middle of the streets. In many of the endless streets, however, the double row of lamps produces at night a very pleasing effect; but they are more ornamental than serviceable. The Newsky Perspective is the best lighted part of the city, because all the shopkeepers there hang out bright-burning lamps. But there are many districts which have not so much as the dull oil-lamps, but are consigned to the powers of darkness; and the poor wanderer may thank God if a tea-party in a private house occasionally throws sufficient light from the window to enable him to find his way.

If it is hazardous to run across the street in the daytime, it is in the highest degree dangerous at night. As, in spite of the darkness, the streets are full of life, the movement in them then presents a peculiar and entertaining spectacle. The sledges are incessantly shooting forth from the darkness and disappearing in a moment.

Nothing but the uninterrupted cry of the drivers, *Padji! padji! beregissa!* serves for a mutual warning. The dexterity of these drivers is truly admirable; for an accident very rarely occurs. One cannot help admiring also the disinclination of the Russians to murder and acts of violence; for, in spite of the most impenetrable darkness, it is seldom, comparatively, that any thing very heinous takes place in the streets of Petersburg. All sorts of roguish tricks, it is true, are related of the *iswoschtschiks*, the *butchniks*, and the *platniks*; but the darkness of itself is so awful as to be alone sufficient to excite terror, and to make one conclude that in such a capital as Petersburg every thing must go to rack and ruin. I verily believe that if a city with 500,000 Italians or Spaniards, or even Paris, or London, were enveloped for only eight nights in a Petersburg darkness, on the ninth morning there would be found so many houses broken open, so many plundered and murdered people, that it would look as though the foul fiend himself had been playing his pranks there.

Three attempts have already been made to supply the city with gas illumination. The first was during the reign of Alexander: a fire destroyed all the buildings erected for the purpose. A second attempt was made under Nicholas; but the lofty and mis-shapen edifice for the gasometer was placed so injudiciously in the neighbourhood of the Winter Palace, that in 1838, at the time when it was rebuilding, the Emperor bought the premises from the Gas Company for 200,000 rubles and had them pulled down, but directed the establishment to be removed immediately to a more convenient place. This was done, and when, in 1839, the concern was about to commence operations, and Petersburg anticipated its first light winter, the illumination was

opened by a prodigious explosion, which burst the gasometer, and left the society aground again, after losing a large sum of money and many lives.

Trifles frequently betray to the attentive observer a state of society that is totally strange to him. This remark may be applied to the posting-bills stuck upon the walls in London and Paris, nay even in Vienna and Berlin, in comparison with what is seen of that kind in Petersburg. Here, I presume, such advertisements are deemed indecorous, and as it seems the authorities wish not only to prevent the publication of dangerous ideas, but are also determined to curtail the dimensions of the letters, with which perfectly innocent ones—such as the information that a *tailleur de Paris*, or a *marchande de modes*, lives here—are expressed. At least, it is remarkable how small are all the letters of the inscription on houses containing some public institution, so that when it is on the frontispiece of the pediment, it is very often not to be read distinctly but from a second-floor window. In Paris, if one gets letters a foot long for his *annonce*, another will have them not less than a yard for his, and he will mount it upon the roof, where it may be read, and without a glass, over the whole department of the Seine.

The Perspective, the Foreigners' Street, seems to enjoy an exemption from censorship, and to print and post upon its houses whatever it pleases. When the prodigious mass of advertisements in the periodical publications of other cities is considered, those of Petersburg, in proportion to its population, appear quite insignificant. Petersburg has no readers who care for such announcements. Recommendations are given privately from mouth to mouth; and, on the other hand Petersburg has a numerous public, which pays no regard to such things

because it does not understand the language of the letters. This may account for the frequent paintings before shops and houses, conveying the intended information in the shortest and simplest manner. The optician of Petersburg has all the glasses and instruments made by him painted on his shop window; the butcher has at his door a picture, often executed by no inexpert painter, representing a number of oxen, cows, and sheep, and himself presenting a large piece of meat to a lady who is passing. The streets, which otherwise are rather monotonous, are thereby rendered in a high degree entertaining. You see bakers' shops, where, outside the door, above, between, and below the windows, are painted representations of all the different forms of bread customary in Petersburg. The lamp-maker, instead of entering into a long description of the lamps which he manufactures, and of their different sizes and dimensions, submits them all in one view to the choice of the passenger on one large board. Nay, the piano-forte maker, the confectioner, and others who have no occasion to address themselves to the common man, have adopted this custom; and you frequently see boards, with pictures of violins, flutes, pianos, tarts, confectionary, sausages, pasties, hams, and wearing-apparel, hung out from the first and second story.

A Petersburg barber—indeed every barber in Russia—makes known his profession by the following picture. A lady leans back fainting in a chair. Before her with a lancet stands a surgeon who is bleeding her; and from her white arm spirts a stream of blood, which a boy is catching in a basin. A man is sitting near and getting shaved; and the whole picture is surrounded by an arabesque of tooth-drawing instruments, cupping-glasses, and leeches. The pictorial advertisement of the midwife

is this,—a bed provided with curtains we may easily infer to be destined for the lying-in-woman ; and in the fore-ground is a cradle containing the new-born squaller, about whom the midwife herself is seen busily engaged. These paintings in general are pretty ; and on those of the French *marchande de modes*, all the caps and fine laces are often beautifully executed. One would suppose that a single figure would be sufficient to denote all the articles in which a tradesman deals ; but this is not the case. Not only must every sort of braces and of stockings that a man has for sale be represented on his board, but likewise a complete dress for ladies and gentlemen. The coffee-house keeper exhibits a whole company sipping coffee and smoking cigars at their ease ; and the goldsmith displays not only rings and stars, but whole-length generals and ministers, whose breasts and ten fingers glisten with diamonds, gold crosses of orders, and pearls. Many handicraftsmen, whose productions can scarcely be represented, for instance the cloth-dresser, give at least, in the minutest detail, the whole of the implements which they use. The Russians are proud of these signs, and much might be said concerning them with reference to their character. You may frequently see at old ruinous *kabaks*, where beer and spirits are sold, large gilt signs with pompous paintings.

CHAPTER III.

THE NEWA.

Arms of the River—Archipelago of Islands—A Present for an Emperor—Ice of the Newa—Wagers concerning it—Consumption of Ice—Bridges—Inundations—Probability of the Destruction of Petersburg by Water—Fish Taverns on the Newa—Summer-night Water Excursions.

The Newa is the channel for the discharge of the superfluous water of the Lake of Ladoga, which, after depositing the last particle of earth from the hills in that vast basin of 100 [German] square miles, arrives pure and clear as crystal at Petersburg. It is of a greenish colour, most resembling the water of the Rhine, where that river issues from the ice grottoes of the glaciers of the Alps. Its course is not many miles in length. About a [German] mile from its mouth, it divides into four arms—the great and little Newa, and the great and little Newka. These principal arms are subdivided again into a great number of branches and canals, and thus form, as they flow into the sea, an archipelago of islands, on which the beautiful panorama of Petersburg unfolds itself.

In so many respects as a river can benefit a city, the Newa benefits the capital seated on its banks. It brings from the interior of the country the surplus of the provinces, and carries to them provisions, fodder, and clothing. It receives at its mouth the productions of foreign industry, and conveys them to the palaces. It supplies the cup of the Petersburgers, who have but this one

fountain and not a clear spring besides it, with a refreshing beverage. It cooks their food, and makes their favourite coffee and tea. It feeds fish for the tables of their guests. Nay, it performs for them the labour of the meanest slave ; it washes their clothes, and, pouring in many canals through the streets, it cleanses their sewers. It is no wonder, therefore, that the Newa water should be the daily topic of conversation of the Petersburgers, and that it should be as fertile a theme with them as the Nile water with the Egyptians ; especially when we consider that it is often not merely their delight but also their bane and sorrow, destroying their gardens, damaging their houses, nay, endangering their lives, which, as we shall presently see, is not the fault of the Newa alone.

The severe winter of the north unfortunately binds the nymph of the Newa for nearly half the year in icy chains, so that it is for six months only that she can dispense all her bounties in full measure. In general, not before the beginning of April, very rarely at the end of March, are the waters warm and powerful enough to burst the barrier which confines them. This moment is awaited with anxiety ; and no sooner have the dirty flakes of ice so far cleared away as to allow a free passage for a boat to cross, than the thunder of the guns of the fortress proclaim the wished-for moment to the inhabitants. At the same time, whether it be day or night, the governor of the fortress, wearing the insignia of his rank and accompanied by his officers goes on board a splendidly decorated boat, to cross over to the emperor's palace on the opposite side. He takes up some of the clear Newa water in a large handsome crystal goblet, to present it in the name of Spring to the emperor, as the first and fairest gift of the river. He informs his master that the power of Winter

is broken, that the waters are once more free, and that a prosperous voyage may be hoped for; he points out the boat that has brought him safely over, the first that has ventured to cross, and hands to him the goblet which the sovereign drains to the health of his capital. No where on the face of the earth is a glass of water so liberally paid for. According to custom, the emperor returns it to the commandant filled with gold. Formerly it was filled to the brim with ducats; but the goblet kept increasing in size, so that the emperors had more and more water to drink, and more and more gold to pay: the sum was therefore fixed at 200 ducats, which are given to the commandant—an imperial recompence truly for a draught of water!

Towards the end of winter, the ice of the Newa, when several warm days have operated on its surface, becomes peculiarly fragile. It separates namely into a multitude of small cylinders, about an inch in diameter and as long as the ice is thick. These cylinders, of which the coat of ice is composed, at last adhere together so slightly that one dare not venture any more upon it. Wherever it is not covered by a crust of snow, your weight breaks down some of those cylinders, and your feet sink through ice a yard thick. For some weeks before the breaking up of the ice, it is therefore forbidden to drive upon it. Here and there large holes form in the cover, and a turbid snow water collects on the surface of the ice itself. That covering, which, when animated with sledges and pedestrians, once afforded pleasure and enjoyment, is now an intolerable nuisance, and one wishes to get rid of the useless dirty crust as soon as possible.

Though there is often the finest weather for weeks, still the Newa is absolutely motionless. In general, the sun is not so efficient for loosening and destroying the ice

as rain and wind. A single soaking shower of rain, with which the people of Petersburg are always highly pleased about this time, does more than three days' sunshine. In general, the crust of ice lies without stirring till there are two or three rainy and windy days. The infallible sign of the speedy breaking up is the disappearance of standing water on the ice ; and when it is even so deep that here and there the horses are nearly obliged to swim, every body continues to venture across. But when it has disappeared, this is a sign that the ice has every where loosened itself from the shores, and at the same time become so porous as to allow the water at top to percolate through it.

The Newa generally breaks up between the 6th and the 14th of April, old style. In 100 years this has most frequently happened on the 6th of April, namely 10 times, so that 1 to 10 may always be betted upon it. The latest breaking up happened on the 30th of April, (the 12th of May, new style) once in 100 years ; the earliest on the 6th of March, likewise but once in 100 years. The ice is generally fixed in the Newa about the middle of November, most frequently on the 20th of that month, namely, nine times in a century. In 1826 it was not frozen till the 14th of December, and in 1805 so early as the 16th of November.

The unveiling of the Newa is a remarkable moment. All are impatient for it, as all are interested in it. The merchants await it with anxiety, as the success of many a speculation depends on its earlier or later occurrence ; the labourers or carpenters, because it enables them to earn something at bridge-building ; the ladies of distinction, because, when the Newa and the gulf of Cronstadt are cleared from ice, the Lübeck steamer, with *nouveautés* and new fashions from Paris, is not long before it arrives ;

booksellers and literary men, because the intellectual intercourse with Europe is renewed, and they then learn what works the winter quarter has produced; native invalids and foreigners suffering from home-sickness, because the routes to the baths and to Europe are re-opened. At this period, only one subject is talked of at Petersburg, whether the Newa will break up on Easter Sunday or Monday, and very large sums are betted on both contingencies. In 1836 there was at Petersburg a man who betted upon every day from the 1st to the 17th of April, and one of these bets amounted to 8000 rubles. As the ice continued till rather late, his cashier had enough to do to provide for all the lost bets.

The clearing of the river, which has been buried all the winter beneath the ice, affords an extremely fine sight, when it takes place in clear, serene weather. Attracted by the report of the guns, pedestrians throng to the beautiful quays of the Newa to see the gilded barge of the commandant arrive, and no sooner has it landed safely at the quay of the Winter Palace, than the river is covered with hundreds of boats to renew the interrupted communication with the different islands.

This first transformation, effected as if by magic, is however, not permanent. In general, it is only the ice in that part of the Newa nearest to Petersburg which thus clears away at once: the ice above breaks up later, and at different times interrupts the free communication, and perhaps, weeks afterwards, large bodies of stragglers keep descending from the Lake of Ladoga. The area of this lake is above 100 [German] square miles; and if the whole of its icy covering had to pass down the Newa, which is about a werst in breadth and not very rapid, it is not difficult to calculate that it would take not less than two months. The greatest part, therefore, must melt in

the lake itself; but quantities of that which does pass off in the form of ice sometimes choke up the mouth of the lake and move on at different times. As, however, the Petersburg watermen are familiar with the ice, they pursue their occupation in spite of it; and it is then interesting to see the sawdust which the Fin has left on the ice in the winter scattered upon the broken flakes floating in the heart of the capital, or a sledge, or perchance a dead horse, which has perished by the way, afar off in the interior of the country.

As the ice adheres more firmly together where its surface has been much travelled upon, very long pieces of the winter-roads of the Ladoga sometimes come floating down. The mouth of the Newa lies hid in the very furthest corner of the Gulf of Finland, which here forms a small, narrow sack. In this sack, which is the bay of Cronstadt, the masses of ice generally tarry much longer than in the Newa itself; so that long after Spring has revived the land, and his smiling face been reflected in the beautiful water of the Newa, those travelling masses are still stationary in the sea.

Owing to these circumstances, the harbour of Petersburg is not open till after many other northern ports of the Baltic, because the extensive lake behind and the little bays before it are alike annoying. At length, river, lake, and sea, being cleared from the dangerous visitants, the vessels lying in the Sound, or cruising in the Baltic, waiting for their departure, hasten to the imperial city. The first sail that appears on the Newa is welcomed with extraordinary rejoicing. It may reckon upon the highest premiums and extraordinary profits. The cargo generally consists of oranges, articles of fashion, manufactured goods, and other things of the kind, for which the vain capital has a particular longing. For these

double and treble the usual prices are paid. When a beginning has thus been made by the first vessel, the others remain not long behind: Swedes, English, Dutch, Hanseatics, and Americans, presently follow. In this land of the most sudden transitions, of the most magical metamorphoses, all things are abrupt and rapid. The deep silence of death is succeeded by the bustle of the most active life. The hundred nations of Europe sail up from seaward in their tall-masted ships, while the tribes and commodities of the interior are conveyed from river-ward upon frail rafts and rudely constructed barks. The native productions, hitherto shut up in warehouses, are now released and despatched to all countries. The fleet of men of war, long since equipped, runs out on peaceful expeditions and manœuvres in the Baltic; and steamers, bringing and carrying away intelligence, puff forth their black breath as they pass up and down the beautiful river, where lately a seal could scarcely find room to get a mouthful of air. Every day, every hour, brings something new and wonderful, and the disenchantment of the dead ice-palace is complete.

The Russians have accustomed themselves to use a prodigious quantity of ice for domestic purposes. They are fond of cooling all their beverages with ice; indulge themselves freely in the frozen juices, which are sold all the summer in the streets of all their towns; and drink not only ice-water, ice-wine, ice-beer, but even ice-tea, throwing into a cup of tea a lump of ice instead of sugar. Their short, but amazingly hot summer, would render it difficult to keep all those kinds of provisions which are liable to spoil, if their winter did not afford them the means of preventing the decomposition accelerated by heat. An ice-cellar is therefore an indispensable requisite in every family, and is to be met

with not merely in towns, but very generally among the peasants in the country. In Petersburg the number of ice-cellars is nearly 10,000. It may be conceived that the supply of these cellars is no unimportant branch of business. It is certainly not too high a calculation, if we assume that each of those 10,000 cellars requires 50 sledge-loads for its share. Many of the fishmongers, butchers, kwas-dealers, &c., have such large cellars as to hold several hundred loads. The breweries, distilleries, &c. consume enormous quantities of ice. Accordingly, 500,000 loads must be annually obtained from the Newa, and this amount can only be considered as the minimum, for every inhabitant of the city may fairly be reckoned to consume one sledge-load in the course of the year. Ice is the commodity with which most traffic is carried on in the middle of winter. Long trains of sledges laden with ice are then seen coming from the Newa, and thousands of men are engaged on all the arms of the river in collecting the cooling production.

✓ In breaking the ice, the process is this. In the first place, they clear away the snow from the surface, that they may mark the more exactly the pieces to be broken. They then measure a large parallelogram, and mark it out with the axe upon the ice. This parallelogram they divide by parallel longitudinal lines into long narrow stripes, and these stripes again by cross-lines into a number of small squares of the size suitable for the sledges. After these preliminaries, they fall to work to separate the entire parallelogram from the mass of ice upon the river, by cutting a deep trench round it with the axe. As the ice is in general three or four feet thick, you at last lose sight of the men while stooping to their work in the trench. They take care to leave beneath them a sufficient thickness of ice to support their weight, and

this is afterwards broken down from above. When the parallelogram is thus detached, it is easy to split it into the stripes as marked. A row of labourers place themselves on each stripe, and, keeping time, all at once strike their heavy iron crows into their respective lines. After this has been repeated several times, the violent shock given by the simultaneous descent of the crow-bars on the same line at length effects a separation. A single labourer upon each of the floating stripes then cuts them with less trouble into the small parallelipedons required. For the convenience of landing the floating blocks, an inclined plane is formed in the thick ice. A couple of holes are hewn in the surface of the block; strong iron hooks are inserted; and with an hurrah, the transparent mass is dragged out of the water. The ice of the Newa is emerald green, at least so it appears in winter when it lies on the white snow, and at the same time extremely compact, without bubbles or cracks. The blocks are placed in long rows about the quarry, and delivered to the sledge-driver, who, placing two or three of them on his sledge, and seating himself on this cold throne, posts off singing to the city. It is not a little amusing to visit the numberless ice-quarries on the Newa, and to watch the Russians at this employment, in which they feel quite in their element.

In the cellars the slabs of ice are piled regularly one upon another, and great walls are built with them on either side. In these walls are then hewn benches, shelves, niches, so that meat, milk, and other things, may be conveniently set in these cool receptacles. Such is the usual practice in well regulated cellars. The national Russian usage is merely to throw the blocks into the cellar, to break them in pieces with the axe, and to spread the whole level on the floor. One would imagine this mode of proceeding to be detrimental to the

consistency and durability of the ice; but that is by no means the case. On the contrary, the ice, when thus broken and rammed down close, freezes after a while from its own coldness into one solid mass, on which the articles to be preserved are placed. In these cellars the ice does not easily melt; indeed it loses more by evaporation than by fusion.

The Russians are so accustomed to these ice-cellars, that they cannot conceive how it is possible to keep house without them; and their wives are in the greatest distress when they perceive that they have not laid in a sufficient stock of this necessary during the winter, and that it is likely to run short. It may be assumed that the consumption of ice in Petersburg, the packing in the cellars included, costs the inhabitants from two to three million rubles a year.

Only the canals in Petersburg, or rather the small arms of the Newa, which have been widened, deepened, lined with masonry, and provided with sluices—the Fontanka, the Moika, the Catharine Canal, the Ligowka, &c., have permanent bridges. Most of these bridges, solidly built of stone by the empress Catharine, are most unnecessarily obstructed by gates, doors, and admittances for pedestrians, all formed after one model. There are more than thirty of them. They are much too narrow for the present brisk traffic of the city, and the passage of the stream of equipages pouring through the streets is continually impeded by them. A policeman is therefore stationed at each bridge to keep order and prevent accidents; and while in Germany you must pay a fine of two dollars if you drive too rapidly over a bridge, here both horses and drivers may expect a thrashing from the police, if they do not scamper across as fast as they can. Many new bridges have of late been

added ; these also amount to about thirty, some of which are very elegant chain-bridges. Nevertheless, the want of bridges in this island-city is still great, and before long more of them must be provided.

The bridge-communication across the large arms of the river has not yet attained the desired state of perfection. The two most important divisions of the city, Basilius Island and the Great Side, are connected, for example, by a single solid route, Isaac's Bridge, as are the Admiralty districts and the Petersburg side by that of Trozkoi-most. The Tutschkoi Bridge connects Basilius Island and the Petersburg Side ; and the Wiborg Side communicates with the Great and the Petersburg Sides by the Wossnesensk and the Hospital Bridge. These five great bridges, as well as four smaller, for connecting Apothecaries' Island, Stone Island, Jelagin's, and Kretowsky's, are nothing but causeways of wood laid on pontoons. Too much fear is felt of the prodigious masses of ice from the Lake of Ladoga, and of the immense expence and difficulties which would attend the erection of a solid bridge over so deep and broad a stream, to venture upon a permanent communication ; though for the last thirty years the building of such a one has been talked of, and the plan, situation, and cost, are every year anew considered and discussed.

It sometimes happens that storms break, drive about, and pile up the ice in the bay of Cronstadt, while the ice of the Newa, though detached from the banks, is still so strong that the connexion of its parts continues unbroken. It is said that in this case the entire covering of Newa ice follows *en masse*, and propels the ice of the bay ; and probably no bridge would be strong enough to withstand such a force. Even then means of counter-

action might no doubt be devised ; for instance the division of the icy covering of the river, by keeping open a narrow channel in the middle. The looseness of the ground on which the whole of Petersburg is situated, in which it would scarcely be possible to find a solid footing for the piers, as well as the swampy turf-like material composing the islands, on which a point of support for the bridges could hardly be obtained, are discouraging difficulties, but which in time will be overcome.

The nine above-mentioned pontoon bridges of Petersburg are all so constructed, that they can be speedily taken down and rebuilt in a few hours. They consist of two or three large divisions, and some have an additional smaller member, composed of two pontoons capable of being detached, so as to allow vessels to pass at certain times. All the summer they remain unaltered, lying at anchor, and moored to poles. But in autumn, when the ice begins to be strong enough to bear, they are taken to pieces. Every bridge has its commandant and a couple of hundred workmen to assist him. The portions are separated, and are borne by the stream to the shore in the harbour. Meanwhile, the only communication with the islands is by boats. When the ice of the Newa is fixed, the bridges are put together again and replaced. For, as the river generally presents a very rough and inconvenient surface, all give the preference to the bridges even in winter, and especially towards the end of the cold season, when the ice is extremely unsafe. It is true that, besides the wooden bridges, many tracks are formed in all directions over the desert of ice.

In spring, passengers avail themselves as long as possible of the bridges, till the guns of the fortress proclaim the breaking up of the ice, and they are once more removed by the commandants and their dexterous hands.

That the pontoons may move easily and without danger, the water about them has for several preceding days been kept free from ice. As soon as the mass of ice is gone, the bridge is erected again : but the appearance of every successive regiment of ice-flakes causes it to disappear. The anxiety of the different divisions of the city for a convenient and safe communication by bridge is so great that every moment when the river is clear is immediately seized ; and though the expense of putting together Isaac's Bridge amounts to several hundred rubles for workmen's wages and so forth, yet it has been known to be taken down and put up twice and thrice in a day ; and one spring it is said to have been taken to pieces and put together again no fewer than twenty-three times.

The expertness and boldness of the workmen in these manoeuvres, the activity of the commandants of the bridges, the danger threatened by the masses of ice, the bridges themselves floating down the river, and all the little incidents that are occurring, present a highly interesting scene. But human frailties and infirmities will occasionally peep forth. Thus, in the spring of 1836, Isaac's Bridge, the most important of all, was unexpectedly stranded. Some said that overnight a violent east wind had set in and driven the water of the Newa to the sea with such rapidity as not to leave the necessary depth of water. Others thought that the commandant of the bridge was bribed by the farmers of the boats to manage the matter thus, that their bargain might prove the more profitable. Be this as 'it may, there lay the bridge for eight days on the strand ; the farmers of the boats took enormous sums, and the commandant was long threatened with inquiry and arrest, till all at once a peremptory order came from

the director of the police to send three hundred men up to their necks in water with crow-bars, timber, chains, &c., to the pontoons; and thus the bridge, cracking and creaking, bending and breaking, was dragged, with hurrahs, out of the swamp, and floated to its old situation.

It may easily be conceived that the city of Petersburg finds its wretched wooden bridges no trifling expence. The incessant pulling to pieces and removal loosen the joints; the green wood employed for constructing them bears in its bosom from the first the germs of rapid decay; the incessant passage of carriages wears them to such a degree that they are constantly covered with a thick layer of splinters; and thus it is not impossible that Isaac's Bridge alone may have cost more during the short period of its existence, than the massive bridge of Dresden, for example, which has been built above three centuries.

Of course, the absence of the bridges places the different divisions of the capital in no very pleasant predicament. The city, at other times so intimately united into a whole, then forms so many separate towns as there are islands; for days together, relations hear nothing of their kinsfolk living on the other side of the river; the authorities, who cannot receive any commands from head-quarters, are obliged to act upon their own responsibility; commercial houses cannot communicate with one another; teachers cannot get to the schools; the *iswoschtschiks* are confined to a very limited space; social parties in the remote islands are less brilliant, and become impatient for their release. Of course, as well in autumn, when the ice is weak on account of its youth, as in spring, when it is infirm from age, all sorts of means are used to strengthen and take advantage of it.

No sooner does it become fixed, than straw is laid down for footpaths in various directions, over the tottering field of ice; and in spring narrow ways are constructed of planks over places where it is rotten, or loose boards are merely placed beside one another to diminish the danger of sinking. It is not till the whole is absolutely unsafe that the employment of these substitutes for bridges is forbidden. Police soldiers are then stationed on the banks of all the rivers to prevent the people from crossing. Nevertheless, as the errands to be executed are often very important, and the promised recompence proportionably great, many of the nimble Russian mushiks are seen, to the great amusement of the public, venturing to cross the ice in spite of the police and the danger; and, provided with a board, which they throw for a bridge from flake to flake, they often contrive to escape the perils of the passage and the canes of the gendarmes waiting for them on the bank. In this way, nevertheless, the arms of the Newa swallow annually their destined number of victims; and probably in no town whatever are so many people drowned as in Petersburg.

The idea that this beautiful, youthful city, with all its magnificent creations, is doomed to destruction, is really awful. There are towns, where a gradually progressive annihilation would operate beneficially. But in new and cheerful Petersburg, any destruction, wrought either by nature or by man, is to be deplored: and yet it is threatened by such pernicious influences that really not a city perhaps in the world stands on more dangerous ground.

The Gulf of Finland stretches longitudinally direct west from Petersburg, and the most violent storms blow from that quarter. These, of course, propel the water

of the sea straight to the city. If the gulf was broad in its vicinity, it would probably suffer little inconvenience from this circumstance. Unfortunately, the gulf narrows towards the capital, which is seated at its extreme point, and in the neighbourhood of which the waves are driven and pent up in a small narrow sack, the bay of Cronstadt. Besides, it is precisely here that the Newa, running from east to west, discharges itself into the sea, and thus its waters come into direct collision with those of the sea advancing from the west.

The islands of the Delta of the Newa, on which are seated the palaces of Petersburg, are extremely low and flat. At their uninhabited ends, turned seaward, they gradually decline to the level of the water, and below it; and even the farthest and most elevated parts of the city, those which are fullest of houses, are not more than twelve or fourteen feet above the level of the sea. A rise of 15 feet is consequently sufficient to lay all Petersburg under water, and a rise of 30 or 40 feet to drown the whole city. Thus the poor inhabitants are exposed to incessant danger of their lives, and they cannot be sure that in the next twenty-four hours all 500,000 of them may not be engulfed in a watery grave.

All that is needed to produce such a catastrophe, is that, some time or other, a violent west wind should take place in the spring simultaneously with the highest tides and the breaking up of the ice. The huge masses of sea-ice would then be driven landward, and encounter the shoals sent forth against them by the river. In the Titan conflict of these powers of Nature, all the palaces and fortresses of this extraordinary capital would presently be demolished, and the city, with all its beggars and its princes, would perish in the floods, like Pharaoh in the Red Sea. This is not a subject to be treated with

levity, for the danger is too imminent; and the thought wrings the heart of many an inhabitant of Petersburg. Their only hope rests on the improbability that those three requisites for the certain accomplishment of their destruction—the breaking up of the ice, high tides, and west wind—shall ever occur conjointly. There are happily sixty-four winds in the compass, and when it is high water it is not likely that precisely a west wind will maliciously block up the outlet. An east or south may come opportunely to favour the passage of the superabundant water; and even if the wind should blow for a long time from the west, the ice will hold out for a while, till it shifts to the north.

It is nevertheless certain that in spring there are often long-continued west winds, and that, when the ice breaks up in the Newa and the Gulf of Finland, the fragments are very frequently so large as to excite extreme apprehension. If the Fins, the aboriginal inhabitants of the Delta of the Newa, had but made and recorded their observations, we might learn from the doctrine of probabilities how many times in a thousand or in ten thousand years all those circumstances must happen at one and the same point of time. At any rate, we need not be surprised, if some morning we are told by the newspapers that Petersburg, which suddenly rose like a splendid meteor from the marshes of Finland, has disappeared as suddenly, like the ignis fatuus which haunts such situations.

Human aid is in this case wholly unavailing. Though there is little that appears impossible to enterprising Russia, she cannot think of confining the ocean with dykes, or scooping out new beds for rivers; and though canals for carrying off superabundant water, and protecting moles, have now and then been talked of, yet, the

futility of such schemes being apparent, nothing of the kind has yet been executed, and Petersburg stands wholly defenceless, and abandoned to the mercy of the winds and floods. As this city has reason to dread every moment the visitation of water, not less than most others the ravages of fire,—in many parts inundations are so frequent and sudden, that companies, on breaking up at night, if the wind has meanwhile shifted, find the streets overflowed and cannot return to their homes—arrangements have been made for giving speedy notice to the inhabitants of the impending danger, so that each may do the best he can for himself. If, owing to a continuance of west wind, the waters of the sea are driven up the Newa and overflow the extreme points of the islands, a gun is fired at the Admiralty, and water-flags are hoisted on all the steeples as a signal that the city is besieged by the Nereids. This signal is repeated every hour. When the water encroaches still further, and covers the lowest parts of the islands, the alarm-guns are fired every quarter of an hour. If it rises still higher, and appears in the city itself, the signals are given every five minutes; and finally, if the water keeps rising, the guns summon every minute in tones of despair the aid of the boats and shipping.

The misery and distress occasioned in Petersburg by an inundation and its consequences are indescribable. Every mouth is still full of the sufferings and scenes of horror which attended the great flood of the 17th of November, 1824. It is the most awful that the city has yet experienced, and its height is marked in all the streets. The water rose quite gently and innocently, as it does in all inundations at Petersburg, since they cannot proceed from accidents; and many people in remote parts of the city, not hearing the alarm-guns, and sus-

pecting no harm, wondered to see the bright water glistening in the streets. Thousands did not suspend their occupations on account of it, but drove and waded through; and hundreds forfeited their lives for their simplicity. Propelled by a most furious west wind, the water continued to rise, and at length rushed through the streets with such force as to carry away carts and equipages, pouring through doors and windows into the ground floors of houses, and rising in thick columns through the openings of drains. The distress was greatest in Basilius Island and the Petersburg Side, on which latter island many people of the lower class live in small and by no means solid houses. Many a wooden building was lifted gently and without injury from the ground by the water, and floated about in the streets with all its inhabitants. Carriages, whose passengers and drivers had climbed to elevations above the reach of the water, and the poor horses of which, unable to move freely on account of the harness, mostly perished miserably, collected by dozens in the courtyards. All the trees in the public places were as full of people as they are at other times of sparrows. Towards night the water had risen so high and the wind become so violent, that there was reason to fear every moment that the men of war might be driven from their moorings and dash in among the houses. The evil was the more mischievous, because nobody apprehended much harm, as the water had not assaulted the city with rage and fury, but stolen upon it with mild and friendly physiognomy. Worst of all were its at first invisible effects, and the bad consequences which followed. Great numbers of houses fell on the following day, after the waters had returned to their bed. Few could get rid of the damp. The inhabitants were thrown upon a sick bed,

and for weeks afterwards fatal diseases raged in many parts of the city.

The night was particularly awful, as the water continued to rise till towards evening, and the intense darkness seemed to cut off all hope of escape in case it should get any higher. Thousands of families, whose members were dispersed perhaps in different parts of the city, passed the night in the most painful anxiety. The scenes of horror among the 500,000 sufferers in that fearful night were no doubt sufficiently diversified and interesting. Thousands of comic as well as mournful anecdotes concerning that eventful day are still current in Petersburg.

A gardener told me that, being in a tree which he was pruning, he had not at first observed the rapid rise of the water, and was then obliged to mount for safety upon the roof of a small garden-house. But so prodigious was the number of rats and mice which gradually joined him in this retreat, that he was afraid of being devoured by them. Luckily, a dog and a cat also sought refuge there, and with their aid he saved himself from so appalling a death.

A shopkeeper related to me that, looking out of the window of his second floor, he perceived that three men, brought by a fragment of a foot-bridge, were stranded against his first floor windows. With uplifted hands they implored his aid. He lost no time in throwing out a rope, and, with the assistance of his man, drew them up one after another. The first whom they landed was a Jew, trembling like an aspen leaf; the second a long-bearded Russian, of the Greek church; the third a bald-headed Mahomedan Tatar. After they had stripped off their wet national dresses, he, a Protestant, made them

put on his fine London shirts and his French frocks, and then sat down with them, his grateful friends, to a right christian and cheerful supper.

Many are of opinion that, by the destruction of goods, houses, and furniture, and by the damage done to the street-pavements, this inundation cost the city above a hundred millions (of rubles,) and that mediately or immediately it occasioned the loss of several thousand lives. In all the streets of the city the height of the flood is marked on the houses by a line and the addition of the date. God grant that the painters may not have to earn money on any like occasion ! Every inch which the mark would require to be placed higher would cost the city a few additional millions, and put 100 more families into mourning.

The water of the Newa is one of the purest and most unmixed of river-waters. Even at the mouth of the river, it is as clear as at its source. It is well known that when drunk it produces at first peculiar effects, for which reason new comers take it mixed with wine or rum. But they soon get used to it, and then find it to be so excellent a beverage that they prefer it to every other water. The people of Petersburg, on returning from a journey, always congratulate themselves that they shall again have the Newa water to drink ; and many a one has no doubt been greeted when he came home, as I once saw an instance, with a brimming goblet of this much-prized water. I was told that the emperor Alexander, when he travelled, always had a supply of it sent after him in bottles. It serves admirably for making tea and coffee ; and beer brewed with it goes all over the empire. It is likewise excellent for washing ; and the English here are quite de-

lighted with the good qualities which it imparts to their linen.

Besides the great natural aqueduct of the Newa, the city has no artificial contrivance for the supply of water, not a single fountain, not a serviceable spring, nor even pipes for conveying the river-water to the houses; and many a district would no doubt gladly give a whole inconvenient arm of the Newa for a couple of fountains situated nearer at hand. The springs which rise in the domain of the city yield a water that is not drinkable, and are called *tschornije rätschki*, black brooks; thus too all the water that might be obtained by digging wells is only Newa water, filtered through the turf soil, which communicates to it a yellowish colour.

All the water therefore that is consumed by the city must be taken immediately from the Newa. Every family has for this purpose a water-butt, which is supplied by a person kept for that special service: and this man, with his little one-horse cart, is in general fully occupied the whole of the day. The poor merely send some of their family to the bank of the river, where, with buckets fastened to the end of long poles, they take up the water as far as they can from the shore; and for the supply of the wealthy there are small houses, in which the water is pumped up out of the river. In spring, when the snow melts, and muddy streams pour from all the streets into the river, most families are greatly annoyed, because the hose of the pumps is too near the shore, and the water which they bring up is none of the clearest. In winter many holes are hewn in the ice for lading water, and troughs made of ice are set up near them for watering horses. The one-horse water-

carts, with their dripping and spirting casks, belong therefore to the standing objects in the streets of Petersburg; and long files of them are seen continually going to and returning from the river. Thus much yet remains to be done for perfecting the civic organization of Petersburg, and an emperor who should establish water-works for the supply of the whole city would confer a signal and lasting benefit.

In our towns, washing is an occupation that is carried on only in the interior of houses. In Russia, the general practice is to wash at the rivers; and, even in the capital, the women go regularly with their train, like the princess Nausicaa, to the abode of the Nymphs, to renew the purity and whiteness of the flaxen tissue. Rafts are placed for this purpose on all the canals of the city, and on the banks of the different arms of the river. In the centre of them are openings into which they throw the linen, and around corridors for communication. The whole operation consists in wetting the garments frequently, and beating them with a smooth wooden beetle. This method of washing is met with among all the Slavonic nations from Petersburg to Macedonia. Even in winter, when they keep the openings in the rafts free from ice, these hardy women have no other washing apparatus, and you do not perceive that any degree of cold interrupts their occupation. Indefatigably engaged with their work, though encrusted from top to toe with ice, they never think of uttering a complaint about the severity of the cold. Of course, all the luxurious Petersburgers are not content with this primitive mode of washing. Nay, many of them carry fastidiousness in this point so far as to insist that there is not a woman in Petersburg who can wash a shirt; and

therefore they send their foul linen regularly every fortnight to London, that it may be returned to them got up in a way fit to be worn.

The Ssadoks, or fish-booths, floating on the canals and arms of the river, will interest a stranger in Petersburg still more than the rafts with their busy washerwomen. The Russians are particularly clever in the management of every thing connected with the catching, curing, and selling of fish: and they display the same skill in the arrangement of these Ssadoks, which are to be seen all over Petersburg. These are small, neat, handsomely painted houses, standing upon rafts, which are anchored near the shore, and having a bridge leading from it to them. Within, there is a room, in which are hung up smoked and salted fish, like the hams and sausages in the houses of the Westphalian peasants. Amidst these, for the protection of the establishment, are a couple of large images of saints, with burning lamps, as though it were a temple of the river-goddess, and the fish were suspended as offerings to her. Besides smoking and salting, the Russians have another mode of preserving fish, to which we are strangers—letting them freeze. In winter, therefore, large chests, like our flour-bins, stand around full of frozen fish, nawaggas, halibuts, herrings from Archangel, and with the delicate jerschtschis from the Lake of Ladoga.

On the two sides of this place are neat rooms, one for the crew of the Ssadok, the other for customers, who frequent these establishments more especially to eat fresh caviar. Behind the house, under water, are reservoirs of live fish, a large stock of which is kept constantly on hand, as the Russians are great epicures with respect to fish, and like to put them alive into the pot. In regard to living fish, considerable luxury prevails;

thus, for example, there are to be found in the Newa many of the fish of the Wolga, which have been transported hither at prodigious expence. The sturgeon, which may be bought dead for 30 or 40 rubles, costs living from 100 to 300, and nevertheless finds purchasers, who take a pride in showing it to their friends alive shortly before dinner.

In the middle of the city, the Newa is a werst in breadth, and, reckoning the great windings, above three German miles in length. Hence it may easily be conceived what deserts its surface must present in winter, from the irregular freezing of the flakes of ice that commonly takes place. You may then make journeys at night here in the heart of the city, where you may fancy yourself as lonely as in the sea solitudes of Finland. The lights in the houses glimmer only in the distance: the moon and the aurora borealis light the traveller; and he regulates his course by the compass and the stars. Dangerous as these nocturnal excursions on the ice in winter are reputed—it is then that robbery and murder are most frequent—and fain as one would avoid them, the case is altered in summer; then water-excursions are the most favourite and charming amusement. The glistening river then encompasses the finest parts of the city with a magnificent frame of silver. The nights are mild and amazingly clear; and the Petersburgers, who care less about pompous sledge-parties than we Germans, because with them sledges are rather an article of necessity than of luxury, indulge the more eagerly in the pleasure of boating, because it is allowed them for but a short time.

In the fine warm months of June and July, the arms of the Newa are studded night and day with boats, large and small, sailing and rowing, which never cease

to present a most enchanting picture to eye and ear; and all the magic scenes, which the canals of Venice with their gondolas have to boast of, are insignificant in comparison with the picturesque life here developed in the then so soft climate of the North. Imagine an atmosphere fanned by the gentlest zephyrs, warm and mild, the sun's rays not oppressive, as though the warmth oozed from the distant stars, enchantingly clear and bright, though the source of light is not visible above the horizon—a night in which nothing secretes itself, nothing slumbers, neither the twittering birds, nor wakeful man, nor the plants and flowers, whose colours are distinguishable—in short, a night possessing all the charms of night together with all the convenience of day, as though garish day had merely put on the more sober mantle of night. Here a river, sportively dividing into a number of branches, and presently uniting again into large streams, flowing on, placid, clear, and majestic; there an archipelago of islands, the one half of them studded with magnificent palaces, the other adorned with delicious gardens, tasteful pavilions, and luxurious hermitages; yonder the wide sea, before the gates of the city, and close to each of the six mouths of the rivers—conceive, I say, all this, animated with thousands of boats and vessels. Englishmen of nautical experience, proud of their superiority to all others in the management of their elegant little barks; German citizens, indulging at night with their families in forgetfulness of the cares of the day; Russians, pouring forth over the waters the harmonious airs of their national songs; the great and the wealthy of the empire, attended by bands of their slaves, entertaining them with that enchanting horn-music; the seamen belonging to the shipping of all the

maritime nations admiring the marvels of the splendid nights—form a lively conception of all this, or rather step into one of those elegant boats, make a tour of the islands, and in vain would you seek a city on the face of the globe that can afford any thing to be compared with the charms of these summer-night water-excursions in Petersburg.

CHAPTER IV.

STREET-LIFE.

Comparative loneliness of the Streets of Petersburg—Mixed Population—Pagans, Jews, Christians, and Mohamedans—The Fashionables in the Newski Perspective—Tcherkessians—Uniform and Frock—Influence of Weather and Religions on the Aspect of the Streets—Handsome Men—Inferiority of the other Sex in person and number—The English Quay—The Summer Garden—Original Palace of Peter the Great—The Children in the Summer Garden—Confusion of Tongues—Familiar Abbreviations of Russian Names—The Choice of Wives—The Czars' Field, a Military Parade—The Emperor Abroad—Street-Police—Rooks and Pigeons.

To the foreigner fresh from the lanes and by-streets of our close cities, swarming with people, especially to the Englishman or the Frenchman, accustomed to buffet the human torrent pouring through the streets of London and Paris, nothing is so striking as the solitude and loneliness of the northern capital. Here he finds vast desolate places, where, at times, not an object is to be seen but a solitary droschka pursuing its distant course; streets lined with silent palaces, traversed now and then by a few pedestrians. The vastness of the plan of the city and its colossal proportions indicate that its founders reckoned upon a long futurity for it. Even now the population, rapidly as it increases, is insufficient to produce that life and bustle which one naturally looks for in a great capital. The streets and open places of the city occupy an area of about 200,000,000

square feet, and if all the 500,000 men, women, and children were continually in the streets, with bag and baggage, there would be a space of 400 feet for each, and one would meet a human being at every ten paces. If we assume, and it appears a fair calculation, that every inhabitant passes upon an average two hours out of the twenty-four in the streets, then, in every part of the day, there will be upon an average one-seventh of the population, that is, about 70,000 persons in the streets; consequently, there will be about 2,800 square feet for each person, and you will meet a human being at every thirty paces. Such would be the average if the distribution were equal; and this may be taken [upon the whole as a correct standard of the traffic in the streets of Petersburg. There are of course times and places to which this standard is inapplicable, and where this proportion would be either too small or too large. On occasion of great public festivals and rejoicings, and at all times in the centre of the city, in the great Perspectives, in the Admiralty Place, on the beautiful quays of the Newa, in the Summer Garden, &c., the bustle is greater, and correspondent with the magnitude of the population; and the view then is not destitute of diversified interest.

The population of Petersburg is undoubtedly one of the most mixed and multifarious that can be desired, and, with the exception of London, there is, perhaps, not a city in Europe that can vie with it in this respect. The relations of Petersburg by land are more extensive than those of any other city in the world, and bring it in contact with so many nations of the globe, that it might be as difficult to find out those which are not constantly, or at least at times, represented by a greater or less number of individuals, as to reckon them all up.

How numerous, in the first place, are those tribes alone who here feel themselves upon native soil, who regard this capital as their own metropolis ! There is a particular corps of the guard for the Caucasian nations, a particular division for the Tatars, another for the Fins, a third, fourth, and fifth for the Cossacks, and the *élites* of which nations are obliged to abide continually in the capital, as hostages for the fidelity of their brethren. What a variety of scenes are hourly passing from this circumstance alone before the eye of the observer ! You see the Cossack galloping across the open places, with presented lance, as though there were Frenchmen to pursue ; the Tcherkess in his rich costume, every inch of his body mailed and completely armed, performing his military exercises ; the Taurian, mindful of his Steppes and of his Allah, gravely pursuing his way through the turmoil ; Russian soldiers, schooled and disciplined, filing in long columns through the streets of the city ; all the different uniforms and equipments of the great Russian army, specimens of which are continually to be seen in the capital—the Pawlow, the Semeonow, and the Pawlogradski regiments of guards ; the Ssum and Tschgujew hussars ; the jägers, dragoons, hulans, cuirassiers, and grenadiers ; the sappers, engineers, troops of the line, and artillery, which, on horseback and on foot, are incessantly passing to and fro through the streets, relieving guard, proceeding to barracks, or hurrying to parade.

Or confine your attention to the mercantile and peaceful classes. You miss none of the nations of Europe, and scarcely any of Asia, neither the Spaniard and the Italian, nor natives of the green British isles, nor the Norwegian from *Ultima Thule*, nor Bocharians and Persians, wrapped in silks, nor even Indians from Ta-

probane, neither the tail of the Chinese, nor the white teeth of the Arab.

Or consider the lowest classes of all. There saunter German peasants amidst a noisy party of bearded Russians, slender Poles beside short sturdy Fins and Esthonnians, Lettes with Jews, Mordwines and their brethren the Tscheremisses, American sailors and Kamtschadales, their antipodes; Jews and Mahomedans, pagans and Christians; the sects of all religions; the hues of all races; white Caucasians, black Moors, yellow Mongols.

The noble Newsky Perspective is decidedly the most interesting spot for the development of Petersburg street-life. This magnificent street, leading from the convent of Alexander Newsky to the Admiralty, is four wersts in length. Towards the end, it makes a slight angle. It intersects the different rings of the city, the suburban quarters of the poor, as well as the abodes of wealth and luxury in the centre. It is, therefore, of very different degrees of importance, and a walk along its whole extent is by far the most interesting that one can take in the precincts of Petersburg. At the very extremity are, on the one side, a convent, a churchyard, death, and solitude. Then come small low houses of wood, cattle-markets, and liquor-shops, frequented by singing Russian peasants, village-life, and suburban scenes. Further on, here and there, are houses of two floors and brick buildings, decent warehouses and shops, indeed, better than are to be found in the small Russian provincial towns; markets and magazines stocked with furniture, wearing-apparel, and other things, which, after the centre has done with them, are here offered for sale to the suburbs. The houses are painted red and yellow, after the old Russian fashion; and the men all wear long beards and still longer kaftans. A little further you

meet with iswoschtschiks, who have strayed hither from the inner circles, shaven chins, French frocks, and, here and there, a magnificent house. On turning the corner of the angle formed by the street, the golden spire of the elegant tower of the Admiralty, which all the principal streets have for their point of view, appears in the distance, rising above the misty haze that settles over them. You cross a bridge or two, and the heart of the capital gradually unfolds itself. The palaces rise to three and four stories, the inscriptions on houses increase in number and in size up to that of "Bouton, tailor," whose name stares you in the face in letters two feet long. Carriages and four become more frequent, and, now and then, an elegant plume of feathers glides past. At length you arrive at the Fontanka and the Annitschkow bridge, and here commences what is properly called the city, as the spacious palace of Count B. immediately denotes. From this bridge to the end is the really elegant and fashionable part of the Perspective. Carriages and four, generals, and princes meet you at every step. Here are the foreign shops, the silversmiths, the imperial palace, the cathedrals, and the principal churches of all the religions in Petersburg.

The scene in this fashionable portion of the Perspective about noon may vie with that of any other celebrated street in the world, and its effect is heightened by the extremely splendid decorations to this picture. It is formed by not more than fifty houses, but, as each is of gigantic dimensions, the series is long enough. Most of them belong to the different churches situated in this street, the Dutch, the Catholic, the Armenian, St. Peter's, &c. Peter the Great liberally presented them with large plots of ground, which, though they might appear of little value at first, yet, in the present state of things, lying as

they do in the heart of the city, produce astonishing revenues.

On fine serene days you may walk here as commodiously as in a saloon, to which the heavens form a canopy. The houses are as smart, brilliant, and showy with columns, as the decorations of a ball-room. In the middle of the broad street carriages roll noiselessly along on a wooden pavement. The footways are broad and convenient. Vulgar sounds and objects, labour and bustle, never intrude here. The cutting up of wood and other noisy operations, which, for want of room, are performed with us in the street, are here confined to the spacious inner courts. The public is universally courteous and civil; quarrelling and abuse are never heard. No one ever jostles another, partly from the respect which the inferior entertains for the superior,—partly because the Slavonian street-elements are not so sharp-cornered as the rough German molecules, and glide gently past without running foul of one another.

The walk between the Admiralty and the Annitschkow Bridge is certainly one of the most agreeable amusements of street-life that any city is capable of affording. Every Petersburg *élégant* is sure to take a turn or two here every day arm in arm with his friend. The most frequented side of the street is the northern, because here it is the sunny side that every one chooses. The shops on the north side are in consequence far more brilliant and pay higher rents than those on the other. This might have been calculated upon a century ago, for every thing depends—I mean both the importance of the Perspective, situated as it is in the centre of city life, and the superior value of the north side—upon natural necessity, upon the confirmation of the site of the city and the constellation of the stars; so that any man then possessed of

some speculation and capital, who had purchased a square werst here, might have left enormous wealth to his children and his children's children.

Out of the 500,000 inhabitants of Petersburg, 60,000 belong to the army. Every ninth man, therefore, that you meet in the streets is a soldier; and, as neither privates nor officers ever divest themselves of their epaulettes or arms, and they are obliged when they walk out to appear buttoned up to the teeth, and tight braced as for the parade, no sight is more common in these promenades than the plumes and glistening equipments of those gentry. Those of them who particularly excite the interest of the stranger are the wild Caucasians, the Tscherkesses, who, clad in silver cuirass and steel network, chat and jest with the civilised Russian officers, while their brethren in the Caucasus give no quarter to the comrades of the latter. But it is better even at Petersburg to keep out of the way of these people. Their daggers are kept continually whetted, and they carry their fire-arms ready charged. They never appear even at balls without their weapons, and dance the polonaise with the Russian ladies with loaded pistols. Some years ago, one of them, a Prince Ali, who was forgiven many indiscretions on account of his extraordinary personal beauty and amiable manners, was frequently seen firing his pistol in the streets of Petersburg, out of sheer wantonness, either at the sun or some other object. If the police attempted to seize him, he would leap upon his horse, which followed at his heels like a dog, and was gone like lightning. In general, he fired only at the sun, the lamps and lamp-posts, but sometimes at persons. This happened once to a Russian officer, who had affronted him by using in conversation some disrespectful expression concerning his mother in the Caucasus.

Luckily he missed him, not, however, because he had taken bad aim, but because another Russian officer gave a different direction to the pistol by a violent blow.—Wild nature is as inherent in the blood of these people as in the cat; so that the Russians find it very difficult to humanize them, though they are taken when little boys into the corps of cadets, and many years are devoted to their education.

It is not saying too much to assert that half Petersburg appears in uniform. For, besides the 60,000 military, there is about the like number who wear civil and private uniform—the civil officers, the police servants, &c., so that nearly half the entire public goes about bestarred, belaced, and betagged. It is nevertheless false that, as some travellers allege, the simple frock, the black surtout, are treated here with contempt. Convenience seems to be with mankind in general a still more considerable substratum of egotism than vanity itself; and every one who can and dare slips on the ordinary dark-coloured surtout, which is therefore almost as frequently seen in the promenades as the gaudy uniform. There are still in Petersburg wealthy private persons enough, foreigners and natives, who uphold the credit of the frock and the surtout, and know how to procure respect for them.

The whole numerous mercantile class, the English factory, all the German barons from the provinces on the Baltic, many young men of no profession, *petit-mâîtres* and *galanthommes*, many rich Russian landed proprietors, princes, and gentlemen, most foreigners, especially the numerous private teachers, all the older and most respectable part of the population, appear in the frock, which in consequence feels itself not a little honoured, but must, it is true, give way to the uniform worn by all

Military and civil officers, likewise by the teachers in the public schools, the professors of the universities, and in many cases even by youth, the pupils in the gymnasiums, in the circular schools, and the scholars in all the public institutions, who, as embryo civilians, are buttoned up in uniforms, striped, dotted, and garnished like butterflies or birds of paradise. No city has tailors so expert at making uniforms and liveries as Petersburg. The high estimation in which the civil dress is held may be inferred from the circumstance that each individual portion of it has a great number of professional virtuosos who particularly excel in making that article. Here, as in other cities, there are coxcombs who hold conferences every morning with a dozen tailors; with one about their waistcoats, with another about their trousers, and with a third about their surtouts, and so forth.

As in Nature, different weather brings out different animals; as moths fly about in the evening mist, butterflies in the noon-tide sun; as in the winter white hares and gray squirrels, and in summer gray hares and tawny squirrels, make their appearance: so in regard to men, other weather brings other persons into the streets.

Now, as the weather of Petersburg is amazingly fickle, the aspect of the Petersburg street-public varies very often. In winter you see thick pelisses; in summer thin gauzes and silks; in the day-time all light and airy, in the evening all cloaked and hooded: in sunshine flashy *élégants* and ladies of fashion, in rain all that is elegant gone, and none but "black people" left; to-day nothing but sledges and *traineaux* upon the snow, to-morrow nothing but wheel-carriages rattling over the stones.

The difference of religions changes the aspect of the public still more than the variation of the weather. On

Friday, the sabbath of the Mohamedans, turbans, the black beards of the Persians, and the shorn heads of the Tatars make their appearance in the streets. On Saturday, you see the black silk kaftans of the Jews, and on Sunday the streets are thronged with joyous Christians. Then again the diversity of the Christian sects. To-day the Lutherans are summoned to a penitential service; and you see the German citizens, father, mother, and children, with black gilt-edged hymn-books under their arms, wending their way to the church. To-morrow, the Catholics are called to a festival in honour of the immaculate Virgin, and Poles, Lithuanians, French, and Austrian subjects betake themselves to the temples. The day after peal the thousand bells of the Greek kolo-kolniks (belfries); and now there is a buzz in all the streets from the swarms of grass-green, blood-red, brimstone-yellow, violet-blue, daughters and wives of the Russian tradesmen. But on great political and state festivals, on "imperial days," *zariski dni*, as they are called, then all costumes, all colours, all fashions current between Paris and Peking, make their appearance. It is as though Noah's ark had stranded in the Newa, and was discharging its multifarious freight. People who suffer the hair to grow not only on the head but over the whole face and throat; others who, on the contrary, shave the whole skull, and clear away every thing like mowers in a meadow, excepting the eyebrows and a neat moustache on the upper lip; others to whom this practice is forbidden even by law, and who again make amends by the luxuriance of their locks; some, who imitate the goats, and have a tuft of hair hanging from beneath the chin; others—but who can reckon up all the Polish, Malorussian, Russian, Hungarian, French, Jewish, Tatar, Chinese fashions of wearing beard and hair—men in

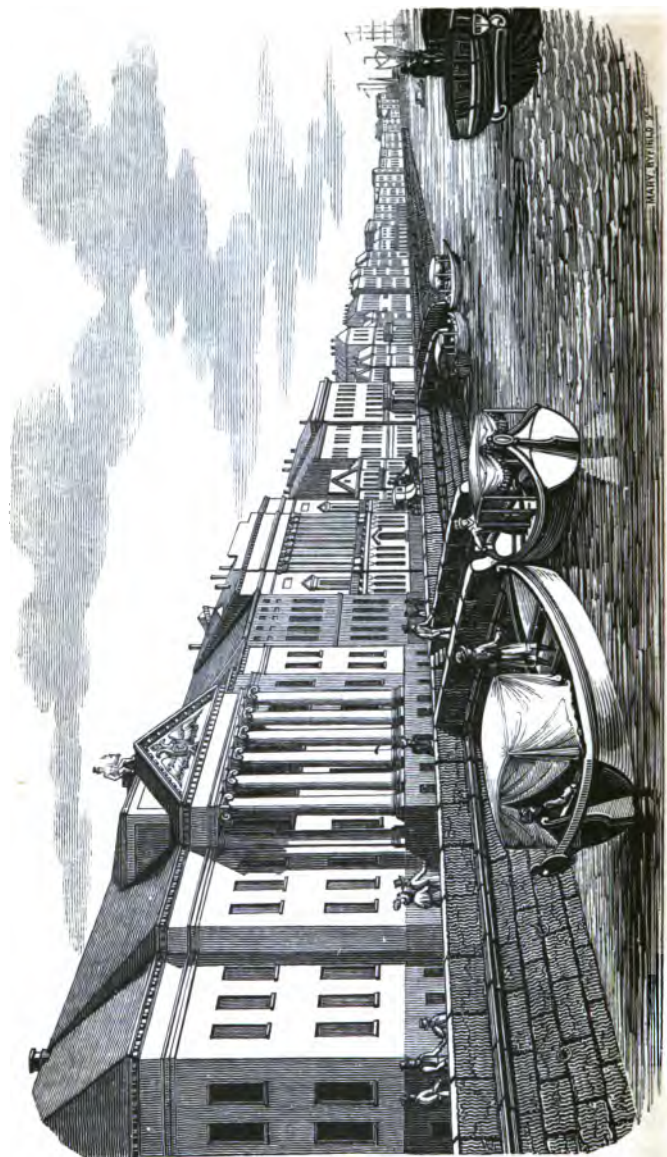
kaftans and talares, in sheepskin-caps, feather and felt hats, tschakos, turbans, and schapkis ; in boots, slippers, bast shoes ; women *à la Russe, à la Polonoise*, with hats, with caps, with kakoschniks, or mere cloths thrown over the head ; in Parisian dresses and old Russian sarafans, armed and unarmed, lions and sheep, hares and oxen, mice and elephants, storks and doves, kites and owls, each after his kind. There are then in the streets as many different publics as there are different costumes and nationalities ; and, as in nature, so in this case, like seeks to associate with like. That beautiful elegantly shaped lady in black, who enraptures the officer of the guards, makes no impression on the Gostinnoi Dwor shopkeeper, who lets her pass unnoticed. He is looking out for his red sarafan, which he understands, which understands him. The Russian girl wreathes her hair and garnishes her plaits with enticing ribbons, not for rakes of French blood, who flutter past her uncaptivated ; but they catch the eyes of a young coachman, which settle upon them like linnets on a limed twig. Yon German shopman, with a chain of false gold about his neck and long *paricides* peeping forth from under his cravat, tight braced, and his hat stuck on one side, let the officers of the guards laugh at him as they will, knows that somewhere or other a mate is waiting for him, who will not fail to be pleased with his assumed consequence and bragging speeches.

It has frequently been remarked that it is rare to meet with so many handsome men in one city as in Petersburg. This phenomenon is partly owing to the skill of the tailors, who are truly clever, and, by means of judicious stuffing and other expedients, contrive to make something elegant out of any figure whatsoever ; partly the effect of the many uniforms which one sees worn for parade,

and which give people more consequence than the dull dark frocks; and partly a consequence of the circumstance, that all the handsomest men in the provinces flock to the capital, where they find themselves best appreciated at court, in the regiments of guards, &c.; and lastly a result of the agreeable forms which the Russians every where affect. In no city will you see fewer cripples and deformed persons than in Petersburg; partly because they find little toleration here, and partly too because no race of mankind produces fewer cripples than the Russian. I scarcely recollect having seen any of those dwarfish and stunted figures among the Russians. On the other hand, you may meet at every step men whom one might envy their personal appearance, especially if there existed as much opportunity to please handsome women.

But the other sex wears a less brilliant aspect. Petersburg is a city of men. It contains 100,000 fewer women than men, so that the choice is proportionably not great. Besides, the climate of Petersburg seems to be unfavourable to the development of the charms of these delicate flowers; for their bloom is soon over; and it is universally admitted that, upon the whole, the women in Russia are less handsome than the men. Lastly, the less numerous they are, the faster they are worn out in the societies and amusements for which they are indispensable. You rarely see a young female with a fine blooming complexion; they are generally pale, and plainly show how much grace and loveliness the capital consumes. The German ladies are an exception, and with these Petersburg is incessantly recruited from the Baltic provinces, where they have grown up in the country, in gardens and in the woods. Finland, Livonia, Esthonia, and Courland supply the city with many beauties, and





Senate House.

THE ENGLISH QUAY AT PETERSBURG.

HAYWARD & CO.

almost all those who are particularly distinguished in society come from those provinces. Hence the Russians have such a high conception of German beauty, that they scarcely ever refuse a Njemka (a German woman) the epithet of Krassiwaja (fair). The ladies in Petersburg feel in various ways the ill effects of the disproportionate number of men. Thus, they must not appear out of doors unattended by one of the other sex; nay, a Petersburg lady would not dare to walk in broad day in the Perspective without the escort of a gentleman or her footman.

The most fashionable hours for promenading the Perspective are after breakfast, between twelve and two, when the ladies of distinction drive to the shops to make their daily purchases, and the gentlemen come to meet and pay them their compliments. About two or three, when these purchases, the Parade, Change, and commercial business are over, the promenading world resort to the English Quay, where the promenade, properly so called, being nothing but a promenade, commences, and where the Imperial Family is rarely missing. In the time of the Emperor Alexander, who preferred the Palace Quay, and regularly took his walk there every day, that was the more fashionable. The present Emperor has brought the English Quay into vogue. It is a not less splendid promenade than the Perspective. This noble quay, which, like all the quays of Petersburg, is built of granite, borders the Newa from the New to the Old Admiralty. Its construction, like that of all the quays in Petersburg, is one of the gigantic and beneficial works of the time of Catherine, who caused the banks of the rivers and canals for about twenty-four English miles to be faced with granite. As, in all hydraulic works, the gigantic nature of the undertaking is not externally very

perceptible, the immense foundation on which the quays rest is at a great depth in the bog, and so indeed is the whole vast substructure, merely the narrow tip of which is visible, forming the promenade, inclosed by neat iron railing. Elegant flights of steps for pedestrians, and handsome descents for carriages, the sides of which in winter are generally decorated with columns and balustrade, hewn out of the ice, lead down to the water. The English Quay is bordered on one side by a long row of handsome mansions, mostly built by Englishmen, but now chiefly in the possession of wealthy Russians; on the other, it commands a view of the broad mirror of the Newa, with all the ships, boats, and gondolas gliding upon it, and of the magnificent buildings of Wassili Ostrow, the Academy of Sciences, the Corps of Cadets, &c. on the opposite side.

The English Quay is to Petersburg much the same as the main street to Frankfurt, and the Jungfernstieg (Young Ladies' Walk) to Hamburg: only the first ought to be called the "Princes' Walk," being frequented solely by the *élite* of the *beau-monde*, emperors, grand-dukes, princes, so that wherever the stones are worn it is exclusively by noble footsteps. The carriages stop at the New Admiralty, where the company alight, and lounge several times up and down along the water. As there are no shops in the vicinity, nor any other traffic, such as at times interferes annoyingly in the Perspective, this is by far the most elegant promenade. The Emperor and his family being here, as every where else in Russia, the centre of the system, every individual of the company has but one object—to see the members of the Imperial Family two or three times, to salute and be saluted by them. This gives to the company a certain unity, and each feels as if among brothers. In external appearance

the company is much the same as you see in all the other promenades of the civilised world. From the Emperor and prince to the lieutenant and commercial clerk, all are cased in the same kind of envelope. In this respect modern times differ from the middle ages, when every class and every profession might be known by its feathers; whereas now there prevail such unlimited freedom and such perfect equality in dress, that the intrinsic consequence often forms the strongest contrast with these outward signs.

A man must have little imagination who should suffer himself to be deceived by this equality, which is conferred upon us by the tailors. The works encased in these black hats and dark surtouts are of as different cut as any two coats can be. No where are the contrasts between kernel and shell greater than on the English Quay, where the Emperor of Russia, simple as any other father of a family, walks amidst his subjects, who take their place here as well as he, though in fact they bear the same proportion to him as a child's doll to the Colossus of Rhodes. The Englishman, who has buttoned up to his throat in his surtout his abhorrence of despotism and arbitrary power, and scarcely lifts his hat when he meets the "Giant of the North," beside the Russian, who delights in obeying, and loves nothing more than the people who command—the elegant *attaché* of the French embassy, who, from his correspondence with Paris, knows better than any other what is the latest fashion, in what sort of bow his cravat ought to be tied, and whether the heels of his boots ought to be high or low, by the native *petit-maitre*, who examines the other with his glass as carefully as a naturalist does an insect, that he may make him on the morrow the model for his toilet—the count of the empire, the German baron, who has not forgotten

any of his ancestors from the times of the Hohenstaufen, and knows that his descendants will have a place in the Gotha Calendar, side by side with the Russian tradesman, who has risen like an ignis fatuus from a dreary bog, and whose name will expire with himself for ever, without being interwoven in the smallest shred of the history of mankind—the great landed proprietor, who keeps thousands of hands at work for him in the Ural, in the steppes, and on the Wolga, by the poor shopman who dares scarcely call his soul his own, unless, perhaps, when bedecked with his best apparel, which he displays with as much vanity and self-importance as if he were nothing but coat, waistcoat, and trousers.

The greatest men who walk here are the two gigantic lacqueys, who, clad in purple coats, follow the Empress wherever she goes. Their huge figures are to be seen in all the public places of Petersburg. One of them is said to be a Jew. But they are an inch shorter than another well-known personage in Petersburg, the tall drum-major of the Semeonow Guard, who excites general astonishment on the Parade. This giant is rivalled by two Russian gentlemen, the brothers ——|——, who are universally known on account of their extraordinary stature.

Upon the whole, there is no want of original characters and permanent figurants in the promenades of Petersburg. Thus, you rarely miss, on the English Quay, the Baron ——n——, who is so corpulent that he has not seen his toes for these thirty years, and can, nevertheless, manage his unwieldy person with such astonishing agility and elegance, that he has the reputation of being one of the most active dancers, and that many ladies prefer him in a waltz to a leaner partner. Nearly as regular in his attendance is Count F——, not indeed a

sansculotte, but a sans-chapeau; for he cannot bear any head-covering, and goes without hat even in the most intense cold of winter, leaving his hair, always nicely arranged, to the mercy of wind and snow. A Mr. —g— is also pointed out to strangers as a Petersburg promenade eccentric, who, in spite of the great changes that have taken place around him, dresses in the style of the Emperor Paul, and still wears the flowing wig, the wide-skirted coat, and the long silver-headed walking-stick of the eighteenth century. It is said that the anger of the Emperor, which he once incurred, terrified him to such a degree, that the works of his reason suddenly stopped, and now, after the lapse of forty years, the hand still points to the same hour that it did then.

Besides the north side of the Perspective and the English Quay, there is another place in Petersburg which must be reckoned among the most frequented promenades; this is the Summer Garden. All the other gardens in the city, those of the Taurian and Michailow Palaces, are little or not at all visited*. The Summer Garden is situated on the Newa, at the end of the Palace Quay, and is seven hundred yards long and half as broad. It is the oldest garden in the city, contains a great number of fine lofty trees, chiefly limes, and as a spot consecrated amidst masses of houses to the Fauns and Dryads, it is of incalculable value to the city. It is divided into a number of long alleys, interspersed with circular beds and parterres of flowers, somewhat in the old style: numerous statues of the deities of spring, summer, the flowers, and the woods, dance beside the alleys, and on the north side it is bounded by the famous

* The German artisans only have taken possession of another public garden in the Szadowaja, where they give concerts, balls, illuminations, and other entertainments, in which they are joined by many Russians.

iron railing which runs along the Newa. This railing, with its large iron gates, its granite pillars and socles, and its beautiful and tasteful iron wreaths, arabesques, and bars, is, in design and composition, so perfect a monument of solidity and beauty, that an Englishman travelled from London to the Newa on purpose to see it, and, after making a drawing of it, returned home contented. This garden is kept with almost as much care as the gardens of Zarskoje-Sselo, where a policeman runs after every dry leaf that is blown off by the wind to remove it from the way. In autumn, little houses are built over all the statues, to shelter them from the rain and snow of winter. All the more delicate trees and plants are carefully packed in straw and mats, till, in April, when people throw off their furs, the trees and statues also part with their winter coverings. The greensward is regularly watered, and the paths are continually kept in order and swept. Owing to this attention, its turf and its trees are green in early spring before any others, and it affords throughout the fine season a most agreeable retreat.

In one corner of the garden still stands the small palace inhabited by Peter the Great. It is a low house, the ground colour white, with a number of tasteless basso-relievos painted yellow, like the window-frames. On the roof, between the chimneys, rides St. George upon a tin steed, slaying the dragon. In the interior are still preserved some pieces of furniture used by Peter. The house seems to be ashamed of its diminutive size; for it completely hides itself behind the tall limes in the garden, and does not venture to show its face in the company of the lofty and splendid palaces which have sprung up around it. But it twinkles here and there with its old-fashioned windows through the trees, and rejoices in the

gorgeous children to whose birth it gave occasion. How proud it no doubt was when in sole possession of the waste, and the only *élégant* amidst the rude fisher-huts of the Fins. Some good-natured *restaurations* contribute their share to heighten the enjoyment and comfort of the garden. The 500,000 square ells occupied by it in the heart of the city, if sold for building upon, would, probably, be worth twenty million rubles; so that, by keeping up the garden, the corporation foregoes an income of a million per annum. But it is not a loser by prolonging the existence of the garden, for the pleasure and health which it affords are certainly worth a great deal more.

The Summer Garden is more particularly the promenade and place of recreation of the youth of Petersburg. Hither come young ladies with their governesses, teachers with their pupils, nurses with their infants, and here you have the best opportunity for studying the rising generation of the city. You cannot have a more charming sight than this sportive assemblage of pretty little Cossack, Tscherkesses, and Mushniks. For it is the fashion with the Russians of all classes to dress their children till they are seven or eight years old *à la Moujik*. The hair is cropped close all round, like that of the peasants; neat little kaftans are braced by a smart belt, after the fashion of the Gostinnoi-Dwor tradespeople, and they wear high Tatar caps, like the sledge-drivers. Of late the Tscherkessian dress has become a great favourite with the young people of Petersburg; and it looks more elegant from the quantity of silver lace and fur-bordering. It is not till they are nine or ten that children begin to be dressed in the European fashion. But it is singular that this should be the case with the boys only. Little girls are accustomed from the first to the French toilet, and never wear the sarafans and kakoschniks of the peasant

women, either because they are more aristocratic or less patriotic than the boys. The same course is pursued with the young grand-dukes in the imperial palace. They are not to be distinguished, in the form and cut of their clothes, from the children of the meanest subjects.

As it is from among the youth of the Summer Garden that Fate and the emperor choose in the sequel their admirals, generals, and statesmen, one cannot contemplate them without lively interest. Next to their dress, the most remarkable thing about them is their language. As they have Russian footmen and *dätkas*, English and French *bonnes*, and German tutors, they learn the languages of all these nations at once, and adopt into their peculiar infantine language such words of all the idioms as are convenient to them. The result is a most extraordinary medley; and, if, as there can be no doubt, language is connected with the intellectual conceptions and notions, their's must produce a remarkable confusion of ideas and a singular indistinctness of thought and feeling. It is no uncommon thing to hear, for example, such expressions as these: — “Papa, I have been in the *letnoi ssad*, (Summer Garden) Feodor *ss'nami buil*, (was with us). *Est ce que vous n'irez pas?*” I once overheard the following conversation between a charming little fellow and his French *bonne*.

Bonne. Nikola, have you been a good boy?

Nikola. *Da, Nana*; (Russian, “Yes, Nana.”)

Bonne. Are you sure you have not been naughty?

Nikola. No, no. *Koko sa, Koko mi* (*Koko*, a Russian abbreviation for *Nikola*; *sa* French *sage*, good; *mi*, Russian *mihloi*, good, dear).

Bonne. Has your brother Iwan been good, too?

Nikola. *Wawa na!* (*Wawa*, Russian abbreviation for *Iwah na*; English, naughty.)

Bonne. What has he done, then ?

Nikola. *Bibi Koko* ; (Bibi, English, he has beaten, Koko, Nikola.)

Bonne. What will you have to eat ?

Nikola. *Tsa, tsa, ko pa* (*Tschai, tschai* ;) Russian, tea ; *ko*, coffee, *pa*, (French, *pas*.)

The older children often jumble together still more languages, though it is true they speak them less imperfectly than the little ones. At the same time it is remarkable that words of coaxing or endearment are always in the mother tongue. There is scarcely any language so rich in tender expressions, in affectionate and flattering diminutives, as the Russian, *Lubesnoi*, my dear ; *Milinkoi*, my little dear ; *Däduſchka*, grand-daddy ; *Matuschka*, little mother ; *Druschka*, little friend ; *Golubtschik*, little dove ; but, above all, *Duschinka*, my little soul, are, therefore, expressions which have been not only retained by the Russians, but adopted by the foreigners residing among them ; so that not only do the French *bonnes* call their children *Duschinka*, *Druschka*, &c., but Germans also give one another these appellations. Coaxing and wheedling are so intimately blended with the nature of the Russians, that they have a number of diminutives for each christian name ; but these are sometimes so little like the name itself, that you cannot tell which of the children is meant. Such abbreviations are, for example, of Alexander, *Sascha* ; of Mary, *Mascha* ; of Olga, *Olinka* ; of Constantine, *Kostje* ; of Nicola, *Cola*, or *Niese*, *Nizzi*, *Kolinka* ; of Michael, *Mischinka*, or *Mische* ; of Anna, *Annuschka* ; of Iwan, *Wanka*, or *Wanne* ; of Paul, *Pawlusche* ; of Feodor, *Fedje*, or *Felinka* ; of Alexei, *Losche* ; of Praskowia, *Paschinka* ; of Peter, *Petruschka* ; of Natalia, *Natasche*, or *Tascha* ; of Sophia, *Sone*, or *Soninka* ; of Gregory,

Grischa. Even in the imperial palace the grand-dukes and grand-duchesses habitually call one another Sasche, Masche, Olinka, Kolinka, Kostje, and Mische. Many of the peculiar names of the West Roman church have not been admitted by the Greek church into its calendar, and are, therefore, never used by the Russians. Thus, for instance, not one of the forty million Russians is named Charles, nor can one of them be so named unless he be converted to some other religion. So, likewise, there is not a single Henry or Edward among them. What is still more extraordinary, they sometimes make a single Russian name serve for a substitute to a whole party of our names, though it has not the slightest resemblance to any of them. Thus, for instance, Demetrius, Henry, Edward, Edmund, Edgar, are called all alike *Dimitri*; so that if you tell a Russian your name is Edward, he is sure to call you *Dimitri*.

The most brilliant day in the year for the Summer Garden is Whit-Monday. On that day the Russian tradesmen assemble there for the famous ceremony of choosing wives. This is a spectacle so unique in its kind, that it would have been well worth the while of the Englishman to whom I have elsewhere alluded, to ~~make a~~ journey hither expressly to see that also. According to an ancient Petersburg and a still more ancient Russian custom, which reminds one of the markets for young women in Hungary, all the tradesmen's grown-up sons and daughters meet here on that day; the former to gaze, the latter to be gazed at. The girls, pranked out in their finest clothes, are drawn up in a row along the parterres. Their mothers are stationed behind them. They have rummaged their own and their grandmothers' wardrobes for every thing showy and brilliant, to bedizen their daughters, attaching it to hair, ears, and arms,

round neck and waist, to fingers and feet, wherever there is a possibility of fastening it; and many are, in fact, so covered with gold and jewels, that little, if any thing, of their natural charms is visible. It is related that on one occasion a mother, not knowing what more to add to the decorations of her daughter, fastened six dozen gilt teaspoons to a gold chain, and hung them in a double row about her neck, in addition to the pearl necklaces; and that she surrounded her waist in like manner with three dozen table-spoons and two large punch-ladles placed crosswise before and behind.

The young men, with their fathers, in long kaftans of fine cloth, and their beards smartly curled, walk along the file of blushing, silent damsels, who, at the same time, are desirous enough to please; and Cupid, who is sure to attend, points out to them the children of the Graces, but is prudent enough, before he speeds his arrow, to ascertain the genuineness of the gold and precious stones. The young men and the mothers and fathers here and there try to get up a conversation, in the course of which glances and sentiments are interchanged. Eight days after this exhibition, a second meeting takes place, in which the affair is more pointedly discussed, and, by the aid of officious relatives and female go-betweens, all the preliminaries are settled; on which the company return home coupled and mated. Similar customs at marriages prevail among all the Slavonic tribes. But it is extraordinary that, in gorgeous Petersburg, where a numerous portion of the public never fails to ridicule the practice, such a singularity should maintain its ground to the present day. It is only of late years that this custom has gradually declined; and, if on Whit-Monday many pretty girls and young men meet in the Summer Garden, and many a match is begun there,

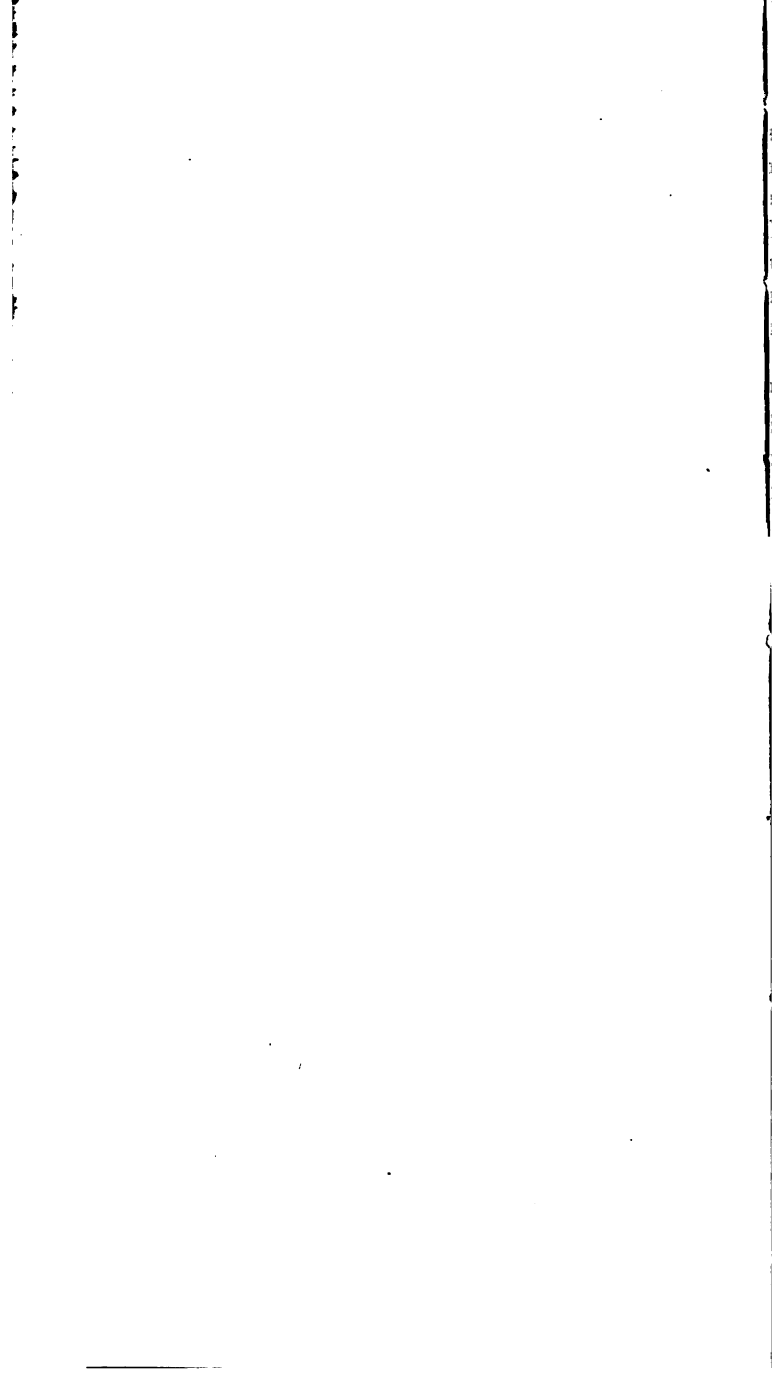
still the whole proceeding is not so formal, stiff, and old-fashioned, as it was ten years ago.

The Summer Garden is bounded on one side by what is called Czars' Field, (*Zaryzinskoilug*;) by the Germans, *Marsfeld*, and by the French, *Champ de Mars*, one of the principal parades in the city. The others are the Semeonow, Preobrashenski, and Alexander Parades, or, as the Russians call them, by a whimsical transposition of the German appellation, Placeparades, for instance; Semenowskoi Placeparade, Alexandrowskoi Placeparade, &c. The latter is the largest of them, being not less than a square werst. The Czars' Field is more used than any other parade for drilling recruits, and sometimes for exercising whole *corps d'armée*. The ordinary daily parade is not held here, but in the Admiralty Place, near the palace; and this affords a daily amusement to many of the inhabitants.

The Admiralty is surrounded by a Boulevard and a double alley of trees. Under these trees the public are accustomed to walk during the parade. The emperor himself usually commands; and, as there are always some thousand men and a number of generals and superior officers under arms, this simple parade is a brilliant spectacle, and as good as a review on a small scale. To see the emperor ride past amidst his numerous staff, is alone a remarkable sight — he himself a portly, majestic figure, at his side his youthful successor, and about and behind him a train of galloping equestrians, none of them less than the son of a prince, or beneath the rank of major-general. Enveloped in dust, the cavalcade dashes along like a mighty thunder-cloud, from which flash forth the lightnings of arms and orders. The soldiers, drawn up in rank and file, present arms, while all the spectators uncover their heads on the approach of his ma-



THE ADMIRALTY AND BOULEVARDS.



jesty. "Good day, my lads!" cries the emperor to the men. "We thank your majesty," is the simultaneous response, that bursts like thunder from every mouth. The parade frequently lasts for several hours, and, whoever has seen that, the English Quay, the Perspective, and the Summer Garden, has not missed any thing of consequence under the head of promenades.

For the rest, it is by no means necessary to go to the Parade to see the Emperor. He appears so often on foot, on horseback, in droschka, or in one-horse sledge, that he is precisely the person whom you are sure to meet most frequently in the streets of Petersburg. There is not a monarch in the world whom so many occupations lead into the streets as the successor of Peter the Great, nor any who is pressed by such a prodigious mass of business—daily inspections of the hundred institutions of his capital, visits to the offices of the different ministers, reviews, participation prescribed by ancient custom in public popular amusements, personal directions for the building of new public edifices, visits to high personages and powerful favourites, nay, even to sick old ladies whom he wishes to oblige, and a hundred other matters, which one cannot enumerate.

It is well worthy of remark that, on all ordinary occasions, wherever the emperor makes his appearance, it is in the plainest and most unostentatious manner in the world. Natives of the West, as well as Orientals, are surprised to see how so much greatness, power, and majesty can submit to be drawn along the streets in a simple sledge by a single horse. On his journeys in the interior of the empire, the sovereign is frequently seen in a common rudely made *telega*, such as is used by the serfs; and one can scarcely conceive how it happens that he is not afraid of diminishing his consequence in the

eyes of the people, when thus exhibiting himself divested of all the signs of grandeur. One is the more puzzled to account for this, because, at other times, the court of Russia displays a splendour and magnificence not surpassed by any. It is not merely a custom peculiar to the present Emperor, but is common to the sovereigns of Russia in general. Peter the Great followed it, so did Paul; and the plain appearance of Alexander in 1814 astonished even the English, who received from the mightiest sovereign in the world lessons on unnecessary splendour. I am convinced that the pettiest prince in Germany would make some scruple if he were asked to step into a small low droschka, such as the Emperor of all the Russias is seen in every day. It is a peculiarity of the Russians in general that, in the ordinary concerns of life, they are as simple as possible, though, on the whole, so extremely fond of luxury and ostentation. Another contradiction equally difficult of explanation is that, at first sight, they are so simple, blunt, and open, though, in general, so strongly addicted to etiquette and the punctilious observance of forms. The highest magnates suffer you to speak to them frankly and bluntly; so that you need not make so much ceremony, or feel so embarrassed with them as with the most paltry burgo-master in Germany. *Bes zereemonije* is therefore an expression which the Russian has constantly in his mouth, especially when he has to do with long-winded, round-about Germans, "who very often cannot stir a step without seeming as if they had stiff ell-long ruffles at their wrists and were mounted on stilts." Such were the very words which a Russian once used in talking to me about my countrymen.

The superintendence of the Petersburg street-public is committed to a class of men called butschniks, who

are quartered night and day in small butkas (booths), from which they derive their name. These wooden dwellings stand at every corner, and at all the crossings. Three butschniks are allotted to each booth, where they have their beds, their kitchen, and their whole domestic establishment. One, in a grey coat turned up with red, and armed with a halbert, mounts guard on the outside; the second takes prisoners to the siäschas or police offices, of which there is one in every quarter, and brings police-orders to the others, or to the inhabitants of the neighbouring houses; while the third attends to the household concerns of the little party. The one who mounts guard is at his post day and night, and thence overlooks the district assigned to him, apprehends drunken people, settles the quarrels of the drivers, forces the noisy to be quiet, and takes up careless is-woschtschiks who hurt pedestrians. The butschniks are provided with small whistles, with which they give signals to the nearest posts, when a runaway is to be caught; and, as they are themselves under the inspection of quartalniks and police-overseers, who are continually going their rounds to see that they are vigilant in the performance of their duty, excellent order is maintained upon the whole in the streets of Petersburg, and the public quiet is more rarely disturbed by violent or scandalous conduct than in any other capital. At night the streets are moreover patrolled by small pickets of horse gendarmes. The same police regulations are introduced in all the other towns of the empire. Two or three thousand men are engaged in this duty in Petersburg alone.

The only inhabitants of the city excepted from this inspection are the rooks and the pigeons, in both which species of birds Petersburg abounds more than any other

capital. They fly to and fro unmolested : sometimes they alight on the head of Peter the Great, at others, on the cross of the angel on the Alexander pillar ; sometimes they are cawing on the cupolas of the churches, at others, on the roof of the imperial palace. The rooks have their principal resorts at the Annitschkow palace in the Perspective, where they hold their evening conversations in assemblages of several thousand. They are said to prefer roofs painted green to such as are dark-coloured, black, or red, probably because the former are more like the foliage of the trees. Pigeons, it is well known, are considered as sacred by the Russians, for which reason nobody ever annoys them ; they are in consequence so bold that they seek their food in all the streets amidst all the bustle and traffic, and scarcely stir out of the way for carriages or pedestrians. They are, nevertheless, in a half-wild and neglected state, and chiefly harbour and build their nests on the roofs of the churches. They likewise build in all the markets, and beneath the pillared roofs of the Gostinnoi Dwor, the shopkeepers of which are their great patrons and friends, and amuse themselves in their leisure moments with feeding them. In the middle of the inner courtyards of the houses of Petersburg, there are always large holes and bins into which all the dirt and offal of the houses are thrown. In these unclean repositories, whole flocks of blue-grey pigeons—their universal colour in Russia—are seen busily engaged in devouring the impure contents ; and it is surprising that, at this sight, the Russians do not lose all respect for these creatures, which degenerate here to such a degree that they fight like wolves for remnants of flesh and the entrails of animals. In general, as I have observed, it is deemed a sin to hurt them ; but yet you sometimes see little

boys with a stick to which is attached a cord with a knob of wood or a stone tied to the end of it : this they throw so as to twist about the neck of the birds as dexterously as the inhabitants of the Pampas in South America catch the oxen with their lasso. The prisoners which they take in this manner they sell to Germans, who stew them down into a right unchristian but not less savoury ragout.

CHAPTER V.

THE ISWOSCHTSCHIKS.

Peculiar necessity for Public Carriages in Petersburg—Various Nationalities of the Drivers—The Droschka—Absolute authority of the Rider over Driver and Vehicle—Character of the Iswoschtschiks—Cruel Regulations for the protection of Pedestrians—A Street Adventure—Carriage Races in the Perspective.

From the astonishing extent of the Russian cities, which, with their endless streets and their numberless spacious vacant places, stretch over whole provinces, it is but natural that the institution of public vehicles for the service of the public, of hackney carriages, should be of old standing in Russia and far more widely diffused than among us. With us it is only the largest towns that yet possess this agreeable convenience, whereas in those of Russia containing only a few thousand inhabitants—there is such a disinclination to walking, and so many occasions are found for riding, as to produce a necessity for a whole company of Iswoschtschiks—so hackney-drivers are called in Russian. Hence it is easy to conceive what hosts of them are plying in the streets of the great capitals of the empire. According to statistical data, there are not fewer than 8000. In many parts of the city, you take in hundreds of them at one glance; and if one considers that the length of all the streets in Petersburg amounts to little short of 400 wersts, this

gives about 25 to each werst—and that number appears to be by no means too large.

There are in Petersburg, as we have already observed, among the rest three contiguous buildings, which it takes exactly half an hour to pass on foot. A morning visit, a dinner, a tea-party, would here frequently rob the pedestrian of his whole day. In winter the streets are covered with a deep snow-dust, produced by all the incessantly trampled and ground crystals of ice, and through which you cannot proceed on foot more rapidly than in the sands of the Sahara. The keen wind too, which has free scope every where in the unsheltered city, drives all into sledges, where, wrapped over hat and all in bear-skins, it is easier to defy its blasts; in spring half Petersburg is a quagmire; and in summer a most intolerable dust stops the breath and relaxes the muscles of the legs. It is therefore no wonder if the most resolute pedestrian is soon fatigued here, and despairingly cries, *Dawai Iswoschtschik!*—"This way, driver!"

Nor will he have occasion to repeat this *Dawai*: nay, in general he needs but think and cast a searching look from the foot-pavement into the street, and half a dozen sledges are instantly darting towards him. The nose-bags are off in a moment, the reins put to rights, and each seats himself on the box, as though sure of being the one that will be selected. "Where to, sir?"—"To the Admiralty."—"I will take you for two rubles."—"And I for one and a half," cries another; and thus they underbid each other in quick time down to half a ruble. You take him whose charge is lowest; and, being thus liable to get the worst, you expose yourself to the jeers and raillery of the others. "Look thou now, daddy, how stingy thou art! To save a few copecks thou takest

that beggarly fellow to drive thee. Thou wilt stick fast with his three-legged horse. Don't go with him. The old greybeard is a drunkard. He is so drunk now he can hardly stand. He will carry thee to the shambles, and tell thee that is the Admiralty." Meanwhile your old Jehu laughs in his sleeve, and mutters, "*Nitschewas!* Don't be afraid, sir, we shall get on very well."

Most of these men are native Russians, from all the different governments of the empire. But there are also many Fins, Esthonians, Lettes, Poles, and Germans among them. They generally come to Petersburg as lads ten or twelve years old, hire themselves to a coachmaster, who entrusts them with a horse and sledge, and they continue to take money for their employer till they have scraped together enough to purchase a set-out, with which they strive to establish themselves on their own account and to obtain a subsistence. Their profession, like all the arts in Russia, is free: if, therefore, fodder becomes too dear in Petersburg, they pack up their all and drive southward, to try their fortunes in the streets of Moscow; and thus they remove first to one then to another town, till their lucky star guides them to a place favourable to their business and permanent establishment. In the provincial towns, where fodder is to be had for next to nothing, they universally drive two horses; but in Petersburg the public is content with one. In winter they employ their favourite vehicle, the sledge, which they drag about over the pavement so long as the least vestige of a snow surface is to be felt beneath the spring mud; but in summer the clattering *droschka*. They never drive covered carriages. Protecting garments must render that service to passengers in Russia which coaches perform among us. Muffled in cloaks and furs, inacces-

sible to cold, they patiently bide the pelting of snow, rain, and mud, and, on reaching their destination, sally forth, spruce and clean, from the bespattered envelope.

The Iswoschtschiks of Petersburg are a sort of Hamaxobites, who vagabondize among the palaces of the imperial capital from one year's end to another. They encamp all day in the streets, and many of them also at night, their sledge serving them for bed and bed-chamber. Like the Bedouins, they always carry with them a nose-bag, which they never fail to fasten about the head of the horse in moments of leisure. Provision has been made for all their wants in the streets, where cribs are set up at certain distances. For water, they take their beasts to one or other of the numerous arms of the river, or canals, intersecting the city; hay is sold by the bundle, in portions suitable for one or two horses, in a great number of booths; and the itinerant venders of kwas, tea, and bread offer a resource against the hunger and thirst of the masters. The animals are as great strangers to indulgences as their human governors. Both care nothing about wind and weather. They eat when they have time, and doze now and then when chance permits them. At the same time they are always in the highest spirits; the horses ever ready for a new trip, the drivers disposed to singing, fun, and gossip. When not engaged in eating or any other occupation, they lounge listlessly along beside their sledges, and, regardless of the princely palaces around them, sing some song which they learned in their native forests. When they meet with comrades, as they do at the corner of almost every street, they are at all sorts of frolics, snowballing, wrestling, cracking jokes on one another, till the "Dawai, Iswoschtschik!" of a pedestrian gives the signal for

seizing the whips, and instantly makes them the most eager competitors for the job.

The poorest Iswoschtschiks in Petersburg are the Finlanders. Their droschka is frequently nothing but a board over the axle of the wheels, and their small long-haired horses, with dim eyes, botched head-gear, and bony haunches, are many of them perfect images of poverty and distress. Scantily covered with ragged kaftans, they frequent the outer rings of the city and suburbs, and, poor themselves, they carry the poor for a trifle to visit their equals. In the inner districts, on the other hand, you meet with very elegant equipages, as smart as hands can make them, black horses, with coats that shine like satin, harness adorned with the precious metals, sledges of such light and elegant construction that they seem to be made for flying, covers tastefully lined with fur, and drivers, with superb beards and long kaftans of fine cloth, like Turkish pachas, who do not stir but for "blue tickets." As it is not thought quite respectable in Petersburg to ride with an Iswoschtschik, and not to be able to pay visits in your own carriage and four—they are used by the female sex only as high as ladies' maids and tradesmen's wives, but by men of all ranks, though by those of the highest only in cases of necessity—recourse is had to these spruce Iswoschtschiks when you wish it to be supposed that you are in your own carriage.

As in wealthy Russian houses only the footmen wear the family livery, and the coachmen one and the same old national uniform, though of different quality, you need but order the elegant Iswoschtschik to hide the mark which distinguishes him as such under his kaftan, and then every body will imagine that horse, driver, and

vehicle, are your own property. Sometimes, in fact, these are the carriages of people of quality, who have turned their coachman into an Iswoschtschik for the time of their absence from Petersburg, and sent him into the streets to earn money for them. Petersburg swarms, moreover, with people, officers civil and military, who are sent sometimes this way, sometimes that, and who meanwhile authorize their speculative coachman to earn provender for their horses and something to boot.

The Iswoschtschiks, as I have said, guess the thoughts of pedestrians from a distance, and well would it be for masters, if all ministering spirits attended as promptly to their summons as the Iswoschtschiks of Petersburg. If a pedestrian but looks around him, ten of them instantly cry, "Dawat ss?"—"Shall I come, sir?" If you seem not disposed to accept their services, they eloquently descant on the inconveniences of walking; they tell you that the heat to-day is enough to make you faint, or that you had better get into their clean droschka than wade through the mud; they beg the kitchen-maid, returning from market with her load, to take a seat in the sledge, or the fair milliner's girl, with her caps and finery, to commit herself to their care rather than to run the risk of being pushed about in the crowd of pedestrians.

As there is no rate fixed by the police for the charges of these people, you must bargain with them for every job. But upon the whole they are very reasonable, and for a few groschen they will drive you several wersts. But they are more or less shy, according to the wind and weather, and according as it is a black or a red letter day in the almanac. On holidays they are often very saucy, and will not abate a single copeck of their demand; and, in the middle of the day, in the height of business, they

will frequently not do for two rubles what at another time they would do for one. But, in the morning, and on ordinary days, they are often so courteous and good-natured, that they will carry you for nothing, out of mere civility, across a muddy street from one foot pavement to the other.

The Russian sledge surpasses in lightness, elegance, and adaptation to its purpose, the same kind of vehicles of all other nations. It is the result of the experience of a century and practice in its production, and a creation of Russian national ingenuity, which passes half its existence on the ice-roads of winter.

The droschka is equally national, characteristic, and perfect in its kind. The imitations of this Russian vehicle which are seen among us are clumsy productions, wretched and tasteless copies. It is impossible for a people not to be characteristic in all its productions, and we might penetrate deep into the Russian national character, were we to explain from it the construction of the droschka. To Spanish grandezza these vehicles would be an abomination. German indulgence is fond of the formal coach. The French and Italians brought out phaëtons, and the English gigs and tilburies. The Russians, studying rapidity more than comfort, invented droschkas, into which you throw yourself with less ceremony than into an arm-chair, though you do not sit much more conveniently upon it than on horseback. But this is one of the petty circumstances on which thick volumes might be written. We content ourselves with these hints, and shall take a closer survey of the Iswoschtschik, who, in our peregrination through the streets of Petersburg, will afford us abundant matter for reflexion.

The various nationalities of the Iswoschtschiks may

be easily known from the different way in which they treat their horses. The German is most intelligent; he talks little, not at all to his horses, which he controls merely by the reins and the whip. The Fin sits on the box, quiet and impassive, like Dumbness personified. Nothing escapes his lips but a long drawled out "*Nah! nah!*" the various intonations of which the horse must understand. The magic word of the Lette is *Núa! núa*, which he now and then repeats in half despair, when the horse will not stir from the spot, or is taking the wrong way. The most restless of all is the Pole, who, labouring incessantly, shifts to and fro on his seat, hissing, whistling, howling, cracking his whip, and pulling at the reins. But the most eloquent of all is the Russian. He uses the whip but very rarely, and in general merely taps with the handle on the board in front of the sledge, as a warning to his horse, with which he is in constant oral conversation, and which he calls "my brother, my friend, daddy, sweetheart, my white pigeon."—"Dovey, do stir thy legs! Well, what is the matter, now? Art thou blind, then? Brisk! brisk! Mind, there's a stone. Dost see it? That's right. Well done! Hopp, hopp! Keep to the right. What dost thou look round for? Straight forward! Hussa! Juch!"

Above all things, it is interesting to know that for the time our ride lasts our Iswoschtschik is become our serf, and we, that is to say, if we are the sort of people for it, are his absolute lords and masters. When we address him, he will not speak to us otherwise than bareheaded. If we scold, he replies with a courteous smile, and he answers our commands with prompt obedience: if he is to drive faster, he learns our pleasure by means of that organ through which all slaves are apprized of the pleasure or displeasure of their masters, that is to say, oy

means of the back, on which our hand feelingly impresses our directions. His horse, too, becomes our property, and, if we carry a stick, we thrash away with it. The very reverse is the case with our obstinate German drivers, who fancy themselves to be so completely masters of their horses and vehicles, that they consider the passenger whom they take up as a mere appurtenance. Slavery has so intimately blended itself with the Russian character, that they are proud to be the slaves of any one whom they acknowledge for their master : and, if to-day all their masters and chiefs were shipped off for America, by to-morrow they would have created plenty of new ones out of their midst. The bit and the reins are natural to them. Whoever has a vigorous hand may grasp the reins and guide the steeds at pleasure. But, if they perceive in any one a deficiency of skill or energy, he may expect to encounter greater obstinacy than ever he met with among the most free-born people.

But a truce to such melancholy reflexions ; let us skim the surface of things. Let us put our Iswoschtschik in good humour by a few familiar words, and we shall be delighted with the fellow. Even though he be but a boy with down upon his chin, he boldly plunges into the turmoil of the streets of Petersburg, and steadily and skilfully guides his beast through the labyrinth of carriages. He contrives to maintain his right against the other drivers, and to give warning to pedestrians, shouting first to one, but without checking the pace of his horse, then to another, *Padji, padji!* (Way, way!) to the slow-motioned cart; *Beregissa!* (Take care!) to the pedestrian; *Läwije!* (to the left) *Prawije,* (to the right) to the carriages that he meets. If the throng is not great, he even addresses each by his proper style and title.—“Retired soldier, get out of the way! Take care,

old mother!" At the same time he defends himself from the attacks of others, who feel offended with the pert chap, puts up with no affront, and returns apposite answers, without a moment's hesitation. Though incessantly taken up with all sorts of fun; nothing escapes him that is going forward in the streets. He points out to a driver whom he is passing that a strap in his harness is broken; and to another Iswoschtschik, who does not observe a pedestrian that wants him, he shouts: "Why, brother, art thou asleep? The people are crying after thee, and thou dost not hear? Have thy wits about thee!"

Though you may not speak Russian, you need not be apprehensive lest the Iswoschtschik should not understand you. A child in many respects in comparison with the German, he is in others a man of the world, a cosmopolite, compared with the latter. He has already had to do with all the nations of Asia; individuals belonging to all the nations of Europe have had dealings with him; and more than once persons of every class, from the beggar to the emperor, have sat behind him. He knows how to behave fitly, civilly, decorously, to each; he understands all the languages of this hemisphere, Tatar as well as French, German as well as English, the language of the eyes, fingers, looks, and gestures. When he has an Italian at his back, out of complaisance to him, he scolds and abuses his horse in Italian: "*Ecco kakoi canaille, signor;*" when a German, he thanks him in German, "*Dank, Ssudar!*" when a Mohamedan, he takes off his hat, and says: "*Allah grant you prosperity!*"

In this respect the position of a Petersburg Iswoschtschik is more interesting than that of a hackney-coachman in any other capital, and affords as much occasion for acquiring a knowledge of the world as a diplomatic post.

At one time, the companion of the Iswoschtschik is a cook returning from market with a load of vegetables ; at another, an officer with a star, hastening to the parade ; and again at another, a foreigner just arrived, gazing with inquisitive eye at the northern Palmyra : to-day, a turban, the grave attitude of which the rapid driving has not a little deranged ; to-morrow a Yankee, who does not know which is the right way to seat himself in this strange Russian vehicle ; then a pair of lovers, who, as they fly round every fresh corner of a street, clasp one another the more closely ; or a long-legged Eissäki,* who sprawls his limbs over the droschka ; sometimes a person of consequence, who wishes to be incognito, and muffles up his face in his furs, that he may not be recognized ; sometimes a German journeyman mechanic, who looks exultingly around, and would fain cry out, " Look at me ; see in what high style I am riding about !" To-day you see him with mourners, slowly and dolefully following a corpse ; to-morrow with wedding guests, gaily galloping to the dinner. As the Iswoschtschiks are always at hand, and ready to engage at a low rate in any speculation, the cabinet-maker employs them to carry his mirrors and tables, and the coffin-maker to convey his work to the house of mourning. The gardener beckons to them when he can get no further with his flower-pots ; and the policeman whistles for one, when he has to take away a drunken man, whom he lays before him, as the carpenter did the coffin. Nay, the droschkas are even employed to draw the new carriages that are to be removed from the builder's to the coach-houses of the rich.

The greatest anxiety of the Iswoschtschiks, and indeed

* A nickname given by the Petersburgers to the English, from their continual repetition of the words, " I say."

of all the carriage drivers in Petersburg, is occasioned by the pedestrians. These are armed, for their protection and for the terror of drivers, with extraordinary privileges; and well they know it. While the cry in other streets is "Pedestrian, take care of yourself," the pedestrian here, crossing the street with provoking deliberation, thinks, "Driver, take care of yourself!" Whoever brushes against a pedestrian with horse or carriage, for him the law decrees "fine and flogging;" and for him who throws a person down, though without hurting him, "flogging, Siberia, and confiscation of the whole equipage." "Take care!" cries the driver. "Take care yourself of Siberia, Iswoschtschik!" rejoins the pedestrian. The moment a shriek is heard from a foot-passenger who has been thrown down by a carriage in the street, the butschniks, the promptest servants of the police-director, sally from their watch-houses, and, let the equipage belong to whom it will, let it be one-horse or four-horse, it is seized as a good prize by the police; the poor driver is bound, whether he is to blame or not—here the Iswoschtschiks are always regarded as guilty—and secured for Siberia. There are cases in which this doom is most cruel; but perhaps there is no other way of checking in some degree the furious driving of the great, who, in spite of those terrible laws, are constantly crying out to their coachmen, "*Shiwäje, shiwäje!* faster! faster!*" In fact the fine streets of Petersburg resemble vast race-courses. With the prodigious traffic in the

* Begging the author's pardon, we cannot help thinking that nothing would be easier than to apply a remedy to this evil. Let but one of the reckless givers of such orders, and not the wretched slaves who are obliged to obey them, suffer the penalty of the law,—“flogging and Siberia”—and our word for it no more examples of the kind will be needed.

streets, accidents, however, cannot always be avoided, and you hear every moment that "Prince N——'s splendid carriage and four has been seized by the police," or that "Count R——'s coachman is under examination."

I once witnessed a highly comic scene on such an occasion. The magnificent equipage of Countess T——, in coming along the Perspective, had the misfortune to push down an old woman, who was crossing the street, into the snow; but, as it afterwards proved, without doing her any personal injury. When the old creature dropped, the ladies fell back fainting in the carriage; but the coachman, having the fear of the knout and Siberia before his eyes, made good use of his whip, and started his horses off at full gallop. By this time, all the dreaded butchniks in the whole street had taken the alarm, and were waiting at every corner for their prey. At one of these corners some of them boldly rushed towards the flying equipage; but, not daring to seize the reins of the spirited horses, they clambered up behind the carriage, with the intention of following it in this way till it should stop. In this case, coachman, horses, and carriage would have been irretrievably lost. Prince L——, a young, strong, and active man, recognizing his friend, the Countess T—— in this critical situation, darted from the foot-pavement upon the unwelcome escort, and with a few sound cuffs tumbled the butchniks into the snow. Enraged at the escape of their booty, they seized the prince, dragged him to their watch-house, and strove to detain him as a prisoner. But they had some trouble to close the door; and the prince, who had no inclination to be confined for hours in that disagreeable cage, with the exertion of great strength, burst the door open again several times, and in so doing had time enough to perceive one of his friends passing in uniform

and with his star, and to call out to him "Sauvez-moi, pour l'amour de Dieu ! je suis le Prince L——." The butschniks clapped the door to again, but the prince again got it open, crying, "Sauvez-moi, je suis le Prince L——," and was at length liberated, through the mediation of his powerful friends among the spectators.

There is not in this world a more original, in its kind grand and superb spectacle, than the charioteering in the Petersburg Perspective, or any other frequented street on a fine winter day. The race-courses of the Olympic games could not have been more entertaining. The street, covered with a smooth coat of snow, is like an arena, in which thousands of competitors are trying their strength and their dexterity ; and the scene is the more magical as every thing glides so noiselessly over the snow, and there is no senseless clatter of wheels to stun the ear. The snorting of the horses, the cries of the drivers, warning, encouraging, commanding, which are all full of meaning, one likes to hear. It is an indescribable pleasure, seated in a small sledge, to glide up and down in this surge of carriages. The enchanting palaces smile on either side of the course, in the holiday splendour of the brightest sunshine. The course is broad and convenient, and yet it is filled with the multitude of vehicles. The equipages are by no means uniform. They are of all shapes and dimensions, of all qualities and degrees of decoration. Humble Iswoschtschiks, with an inferior civilian or a lady's maid behind them, equipages and four with elegant ladies mounted on high carriages—for, even in winter, persons of the highest distinction ride in wheel carriages, despising the sledges, which slide with us over the ground in the dust, and are unbecoming the Grandezza. Like ships of the line, hey steer with their whole numerous crew of footmen, coach-

men, and outriders, through the crowd of little boats. Carriages with a pair of horses bespeak the merchant by their substantial elegance; and neat vehicles with one shoot past like arrows. *Shiwäje! shiwäje!* cries the man decorated with a star, who is seated in it. These are generals and ministers hastening to their offices, and, after the example of the emperor, committing themselves and their consequence to the conveyance of a single horse; while their wives require the services of four. Nay, the emperor himself, wrapped in a cloak, yet observed by all, will not scruple to dash past; for business calls him to all parts of the town. *Gossudar! gossudar!* (the master! the master!) flies from lip to lip, and he is gone with the swiftness of the eagle. *Padji, padji, padji,* incessantly cry the young outriders with shrill voice and long-drawn tone, amidst the concourse. Though a foreigner may have forgotten all the Russian that he learned in Petersburg, he will certainly not forget the cry continually repeated in the most diverse tones, *Läwije! prawije! beregissa!* with which the driver is every moment directing and warning; and if there was nothing in Russia that he learned to love, he will certainly remember with pleasure these sledge-promenades, and likewise his lively, skilful, and willing Iswoschtschik.

CHAPTER VI.

WINTER.

A Long Fall—Variable Climate—Precautions against it—Frost-bitten Noses and Frozen Eyes—Sensibility of the Russians to Cold—Russian Stoves—Double Windows and Doors—Fatal Effects of the Cold—Inattention of the Wealthy to their Servants—Winter Dress of the City.

In 1836, in the month of December, a person in Moscow threw an apple-paring out of a small upper window. This paring did not reach the street, but accidentally hung on the edge of the window-sill, to which it was immediately frozen fast. For four, five, six weeks this apple-paring was thus suspended over the abyss, and in all that time there had been no weather to thaw it. At length, in the beginning of February, thawed by the warm sunshine, it dropped, and finished its fall to the street begun six weeks and three days before—a striking proof of the obstinate perseverance of the climate of Moscow in evil.

In Petersburg such a circumstance cannot happen, for, in the swampy Delta of the Newa, the climate is not so steady as in central Russia. In the former, the tempering influences of the Baltic frequently oppose the icy winds that issue from Siberia. Rainy west winds, cold north-east winds, thick fogs, and clear frosty days, are continually succeeding one another at this season of the year, incessantly struggling for the mastery, and alternately victorious during the whole six months; so that you are

not safe in January from rain and mud, any more than you are in the spring months from snow, ice, and cutting winds—totally different from Moscow, where December was never in so soft a mood as to drop ever so few tears, and where in January no man ever yet splashed his boots in the streets.

The thermometer, nevertheless, falls oftener to a low degree in Petersburg than in Moscow; so that the average of the whole winter shows a lower temperature than that of central Russia. The climate of Petersburg is constantly varying between extremes. In summer the heat rises to 30° , and in winter the cold sinks to 30° —a distance of 60° between the extreme points. In no other city in Europe are the differences of the extremes so great. Besides, in like manner as heat and cold are unequally distributed in the course of the whole year, so they mingle unharmoniously together in the individual parts of the year. In summer, an extremely hot morning is often succeeded in the afternoon by a piercing wind, which lowers the scale of the thermometer and the temperature of the blood twelve degrees, as though the city, like a ball, were projected sometimes to the equator, and at others to the north pole. In winter, too, the differences from one day to another are not unfrequently from twelve to eighteen degrees. It would, of course, be impossible to exist in such a climate, if man had not provided for himself a constant protection against the fickleness of Nature, whose caprices he is utterly incapable of foreseeing. With us, where the changes are not so great, and the oppositions of temperature so violent, it is possible to follow the variations of the weather, and on one day to leave off the surt-out, on another to wear the cloak, sometimes to keep a larger fire, at others a smaller. In Petersburg people are less moveable. It is taken for granted that the winter

begins in October, lasts seven months, and ends in May. Accordingly, at the beginning of October, they wrap themselves in furs calculated for all possible degrees of cold, and do not leave them off till the cold and stormy season is over. Unchangeable in the warming of their rooms as in their dress, they keep them constantly heated to the same point, that the house may never get cold. Just in the same manner, it is assumed that the season for sledges lasts five months: accordingly, wheel-carriages are laid up in October, and nothing but sledges are used, whether the snow lies or whether it melts. None but giddy foreigners ever attempt to follow the movements of the weather; but they set about it so injudiciously, that they frequently pay for their indiscretion with a fit of illness, or even with their life.

In general, therefore, life in winter pursues its old beaten track, whether it rains or snows, freezes or thaws. Day after day birchwood crackles in the stove; day after day, the sledges glide along the streets with humanized bears and wolves. As it is always to be presumed that the cold will continue, the public rooms for the poor are constantly heated, and fires are regularly kept up in the public streets and near the theatres for the drivers and others. It is only when the cold attains to an extraordinary degree that considerable changes take place in the movement in the streets and in the aspect of the whole. When the cry is, "The thermometer is down to 20," people prick up their ears, look at the instrument, and count the degrees. At 23 or 24, the police begins to be on the alert; the officers go the rounds day and night, to keep the sentries and the butschniks awake, and severely punish on the spot those whom they catch napping: for, under such circumstances, sleep is the surest means for an easy passage out of this world into the next.

In a cold of twenty-five degrees, the theatres are closed, because the requisite precautionary measures can no longer be taken for the actors and the carriage-drivers. Pedestrians, who at other times move rather deliberately, now run in such haste as if they were upon business of the utmost importance; and the sledges, which before went at a good pace, now glide in *tempo celeratissimo* over the creaking snow. I know not how to account for it, but certain it is that a cold of twenty degrees in Petersburg is a much more serious matter and much more mischievous in its effects than with us. You then cease to see faces in the streets, for all are muffled in furs over head and hat. Every body is afraid of losing eyes, nose, or ears by the frost; and, as no unpleasant sensation gives warning of such accidents, people have enough to do to think of the different extremities of the body, and not to forget to rub them in time. "Thy nose, daddy!" says one passenger to another whom he meets, and, without ceremony, he rubs his nose, which is as white as chalk, with snow. People are accustomed to such circumstances and courtesies, and they take notice of the noses of their fellow-men, that they may now and then rescue one of those valuable organs from the clutches of that arch nose-destroyer, the Petersburg Boreas. The eyes, too, occasion a good deal of trouble, for the lids freeze together every moment. You then grope your way to the door of the first house, beg the inmates to allow you a place for a few moments near the stove, where you drop a thawed tear of gratitude for their compliance.

The cold of Petersburg is certainly, as we have observed, more intense than ours; but, on the other hand, the Petersburgers, like all the people of the north, feel it much more sensibly than we do. All foreigners — Spaniards, Italians, French — are far bolder and less tender.

Gloves, with us a matter of luxury, are an indispensable article of clothing for every body, and the very peasants never follow the plough-tail, or work on the dunghill, without gloves. You see persons muffled up with belts, furs, clothes, hoods, nets for head and ears, which never make their appearance among us. It is a regular thing for every foreigner, on coming to Russia, to despise all these precautions at first, till he has learned their value ; and, on the contrary, every Russian, on his first arrival in Germany, has a thousand inconveniences—insufficient clothing, bad fires, and windows admitting draughts of air — to complain of. It is remarkable that the German stands in the very same predicament to the Italian as the Russian does to himself. The Italians who come to Vienna regard as superfluous the many precautions which the natives deem absolutely necessary ; and the Viennese talks of the cold which he has experienced in Florence, just as the Russian does about the uncomfortable coldness of the houses of Germany. When the cold is from twenty to thirty degrees, no Petersburg mother will suffer her children to go out of doors. If ladies venture abroad, it is only in close coaches, every crevice in which is carefully covered with stripes of fur, and it not rarely happens that whole families are shut up for weeks without once breathing fresh air. At last, you see nobody about in the streets but the lowest of the people, foreigners, men of business, and officers : for, in regard to the latter, there is no intermission of the parades and guard duty, be the cold as intense as it will ; and it excites surprise to see elegant colonels and generals of the guard, in glittering uniforms, attending strictly to their duty, in a degree of cold severe enough to cripple a stag, and moving about on the windy Admiralty Place, active, lively, talkative, and comfortable as though they were in a well-warmed ball-room. Not a

bit of a cloak, nor a sigh about the unmerciful cold, is allowed them. The emperor's presence forbids both; for he exposes himself to the wind, snow, hail, and rain, just as much as his officers.

Russian stoves are the most perfect thing of the kind that man has invented. They are built of earthenware, and the flue winds to and fro in such a manner that the heat has often to travel a distance of a hundred feet and more before it escapes into the chimney. The great mass of pottery composing the stove warms very slowly, while ours of iron becomes red-hot in a few minutes; but then it retains the heat so much the longer, and, when once heated, imparts warmth the whole day. The fuel for heating almost universally used in Petersburg is birch-wood, which is to be had cheapest in the vicinity, and yields a more durable coal than the wood of the pine species. And it is chiefly from the abundant formation of coal that the Russian mode of heating derives its superiority. For while with us it is only the flame that actually heats, in Russia it must first burn out; and, no matter how many birch billets have been consumed, the interior of the stove is scarcely warmed through. It is not till the chimney is closed by the *juschka*, an iron plate which slides across it, that the warmth begins to communicate itself to the room. The Russian stove-heaters are very expert at every thing connected with that duty. They use neither tongs nor shovel, and have no other instrument than a long iron fire-hook, with which they are continually stirring the ashes in the stove, breaking the lumps of charcoal; bringing forward such as are not quite burnt through, and exposing them to a greater draught. Every great house has one, perhaps two, stove-heaters, who have nothing to do the whole day but to supply the stoves, bring in the wood, attend to the process of heat-

ing, and prepare every thing requisite for the purpose. Those useful servants are obliged to begin their work in the night, that their employers may find the room warmed by breakfast-time. In general, they build up a pile in each stove over-night, that the wood may dry a little, and light the whole in the morning with fir and pine wood. The entrances and outlets are usually in the long corridors of the houses, which are all warmed at the same time ; as is also the ante-house, though that is always provided with a stove of its own. So amusing as it is to stroll at night through the lighted corridors, and to see these good people increasing the mysterious glow, so painful was the acquaintance made by our countrymen and the French in 1812 with the implement which they employ. For, at that time, many of these peaceful instruments were beaten out straight, filed, sharpened, and used as a lance by the incensed people for the defence of their country.

It may easily be conceived that with this mode of heating, when, by any trifling oversight, the charcoal has not been wholly freed from its noxious fumes, a very small quantity may become extremely dangerous, and, perhaps, destructive to life. It is true, accidents enough happen, and it is not uncommon to hear of persons suffocated by the vapour. But when one considers the number of stoves that are heated in Petersburg, where for six months in the year all the houses are warmed from top to bottom, basement, ground-floor, and first-floor, front-house and back-house, one cannot but admire the skill of the Russian stove-heaters, who almost always hit the proper time with the greatest certainty.

In autumn, the houses of Petersburg are in general damp, and, therefore, often cool ; but in December and January, when they have been warmed for some months, and everything in them is as dry as the houses of Con-

stantinople after they have been scorched by the July and August sun, there constantly prevails in them, behind their double windows and triple doors, so mild and agreeable a temperature that one cannot but acknowledge this whole arrangement to be highly perfect. The setting of such a stove of course requires great skill and much reflection, especially as it is necessary to study the different locality of each. It is the Great Russians, the Moscovites only, who, under the guidance of their climate, have attained such skill as to be complete masters of this business. It is they who are consequently in the greatest request for setting stoves, as well in the south of Russia as in the Baltic provinces, where the Russian stove is universally introduced among the Germans, Lettes, and Fins.

The stove, as it may easily be supposed, acts an important part in the houses of the common Russians. It is swollen here to a machine of extraordinary size, which serves at once for cooking, heating, and baking apparatus. Benches run all round for the enjoyment of the warmth; for these northern people take as much pleasure in imbibing the heat from a fire, or basking in the sun, as in resting themselves and sleeping. Many small niches and hollows are made in the stove, for the purpose of drying a thousand things in them; and wet stockings and garments are always hanging around. On the platform of the stove lie beds, in which, wrapped in sheepskins, they enjoy at once the gratification of warmth and the delicious *far-niente*. For the rest, the Russian stoves are the most unpoetical and uncomfortable in the world. Only think what a part the cheerful fireside plays in social life in England, what familiar conversations, what events are connected with it, and then you may conceive how much the inmates of Russian rooms lose by the absence of the

flame of the stove. Owing to their construction, the Russian stoves must be so large that it is difficult to give them an elegant form. In general, they are plain square masses, rising to the ceiling of the room, which they are far from adorning. In distinguished houses, therefore, they are so contrived as not to project from the wall, and covered with looking-glasses or other furniture. Sometimes the thick walls are hollowed out into the form of a stove, so that, in such houses, the heating apparatus being wholly invisible, the agreeable artificial warmth seems to be converted by magic into an absolutely natural temperature.

The double windows, common in Petersburg and all over Russia, contribute not a little to keep up the warmth in apartments. In October, no sooner has the first sharp frost set in, than the whole house is put to rights, the smallest crevices are stopped, the double sashes which have been papered up are replaced. This custom of double windows prevails even among most of the peasants. Scarcely more than a very small air-hole is left here and there; and you may imagine the freshness, the cheerfulness, the joy, that take possession of the rooms, when, at length, in May, these barriers are removed, and the windows can be opened for the first time. In the intermediate space between the double windows, it is customary to place salt or sand, which substances are said to absorb the damp collecting there. The salt is heaped up in all sorts of fanciful forms, which stand untouched till spring; and the bed of sand is planted with handsome artificial flowers, which bloom for the same length of time in this cage. Every house has its own whims and devices, and whoever takes delight in trifles, makes a tour of the streets some bright winter-day, to observe the different ways in which the double windows are decorated.

The doors are not outdone by the windows; nay, you sometimes meet not only with double, but even triple and quadruple doors. The peasants of Little Russia have in their earthen dwellings a covered passage, which leads down some steps to the house-door, and which has in front a door of its own. This part of the house, unknown in our domestic architecture, the Little Russians call *pojesd* (passage). These *pojesds* are met with in Petersburg, where, it is true, the steps lead *up* to the house-door. They are attached to almost every respectable house, and serve to protect the company coming full-dressed to balls, who, amidst the outrageous weather that sometimes prevails in the streets of Petersburg, would risk their whole toilet if there were not a friendly roof to receive them the moment they step out of the carriage. The house-door is in general double, and sometimes there is a third door before you enter the front-house, which is warmed by its own stove. The doors of the churches, of the theatre, and of all public buildings, are, in like manner, double and treble.

The Russian stoves are in general heated but once a day, twice when the cold is from 20 to 30 degrees, never oftener, as it would be quite superfluous, because they always take twelve hours to receive the heat and to throw it out again. When the apartments are too hot, it is easy to reduce the temperature by pulling out the *juschka* already mentioned, to allow the cold air to enter and cool the stove.

With us the sufferings of the poor in cold winters are extremely severe. There is no doubt that in Petersburg they have far superior means of protecting themselves from cold. The public precautions taken in their behalf, the warm rooms established for them in various parts of the city, where the poor may find shelter from the cold

all day for nothing, and the fires in iron cabins near the theatres, for the carriage drivers, when the cold is intense, are among the least effective of those means. But the thick furs and garments, which the very beggars are in possession of, the close dwellings which, even huts not excepted,* are all water and air-tight, constitute the best defences. When the cold is at 25 degrees, all the sentries in Petersburg are supplied with pelisses, and it is quite a new sight to a foreigner to see these soldiers muffled up in thick furs, marching to and fro, as if in masquerade, before the palaces. Nevertheless, it is a matter of course that, in such cruel extremities of cold as sometimes prevail in Petersburg for weeks together, many a human body, full of health and life, is congealed by the chilling breath of Boreas into a statue of ice. But such accidents are not so much owing to the scantiness of the means of defence as to the manners of the people, and more especially to three causes—the laziness of the lower classes, the intemperate use of ardent spirits, and the hard-heartedness, or, to speak more correctly, the recklessness of the rich.

The Russians, full as they generally are of spirits, dislike every kind of exertion, and intellectual and physical gymnastics are alike hateful to them. In cold weather, therefore, they creep behind the stove, or load themselves with furs, and quietly submit to their fate, instead of doing what every one who is not a Russian would do, defending themselves tooth and nail against the cold. The butschnik slinks into his hut; the soldier, if he thinks he can do it unpunished, into his sentry-box; and the drivers roll themselves, like a tortoise, into a ball under the mats of their

* Even the temporary habitations, which the excise searchers run up before the gates of the towns with rafters, straw, and clay, are always provided with double doors.

vehicles. Many of them are, of course, surprised in these positions, and carried off by the cold. The sentry is lifted out a statue, the butschnik a mummy, and the driver a petrified cripple. The immoderate drinking of spirits increases the danger. Intoxication and sleep which it induces are, as everybody knows, the surest ways of perishing by cold ; and as the cold is never severe in Petersburg but a great number of persons are to be found drunk and asleep in the streets, it may easily be conceived that the sacrifices which Winter demands are not few. The utter insensibility of the wealthy in regard to their servants increases this number. It is incredible what is required of these poor fellows, footmen, outriders, and coachmen. In visiting, they are left for hours in the street, no matter what the weather may be. Many, when they go to the theatre or into company, make them wait the whole evening at the door, to be in readiness the moment they are wanted. At such times, the coachmen naturally fall asleep upon their boxes, and the outriders, boys not more than twelve years old, who have not yet learned to keep awake till midnight, sit dozing upon their horses, or, twisting the bridle round their arm, stretch themselves on the frozen snow of the street-pavement. Many a poor coachman has lost nose or ears, hands or feet, from being frost-bitten, while his master or mistress has been enjoying the most exquisite treat for ear or palate : nay, how many have paid with their lives for the most frivolous amusements of their employers ! For the rest, this is one of the easiest of the many kinds of death which the wretched Russian serfs sometimes have to suffer ; nay, this gradual sinking into the arms of slumber and death is said to be accompanied by a sensation so soothing, that those who have been roused from it in time to be recalled to life have at first shown themselves exceedingly dissatisfied.

The highest degrees of cold occur in general only in calm, serene weather ; so that with a cold of 30 degrees Petersburg may reckon upon splendid weather. The sky is clear, the sun shines brilliantly, and the more brilliantly as his rays dart through millions of minute glistening crystals of ice, with which the atmosphere is filled as with diamond dust. From all the houses, and likewise from the churches, which are heated too, whirl thick columns of vapour, which appear as dense as if there was a steam-engine in every house, and reflect all sorts of colours. The snow and ice in the streets and on the Newa are white and pure, as though all were baked of sugar. The whole city is clad in a dress of the colour of innocence, and all the roofs are coated with a like stratum of sparkling crystal dust. Water freezes as it is poured out ; and the horse-troughs, the vehicles engaged in carrying water and their drivers, the washer-women at the canals, are all encrusted with ice ; for every drop is instantly changed to stone, and contributes to form about them the most fantastic icicles and wrappers. In the streets every thing displays the most active life in order to escape the clutches of death ; and all scamper in such haste as if he were literally at their heels. The snow, as you tread on it, crackles and howls the strangest melodies ; all other sounds assume unusual tones in this frigid atmosphere : while a slight rustling or buzzing is continually heard in the air, arising, probably, from the collision of all the particles of snow and ice that are floating there.

CHAPTER VII.

MARKETS.

Russian Markets — The Gostinnoi Dwor in Petersburg — Shopkeepers — Inferior quality of Russian Commodities — Continual Ebb and Flow of Petersburg Population — The Tschukin Dwor — Russian Thieves — Saint Shops — Fruit Shops — Shops for Bridal Ornaments — Incense — Money-brokers — Rich Scenes in the Markets — Pastry-cooks and Pirogas — The Tolkutachi Ruinok, the Rag Fair of Petersburg — Poultry Market — Feathered and Four-footed Game.

The Russians have the custom, which is very convenient for purchasers, of exhibiting on one and the same spot almost every thing that is to be sold in a town, so that you find the most different articles that you can want collected in one and the same building. A stranger, therefore, has no occasion to inquire, Where is this or that to be bought? He need only go to the markets of the city, where he finds at once every thing that he can ask for. The only exceptions to this rule are provisions, for which there are special markets, wines, and some other articles, which every housekeeper likes to have as near at hand as possible.

The great markets, where stocks are kept of all the most important commodities that the consumption of a town requires, are called by the Russians *Gostinnoje Dworui* (inns). These are generally spacious and very tastefully constructed buildings of two floors, with a colonnade running round them. The courts which they

enclose, as well as the upper floor, serve in general for magazines and for wholesale dealings. The ground floor, on the other hand, is entirely occupied by retail shops. The shopkeepers, who live at their own homes, fasten and lock up these places of business at night, and leave them to the care of watchmen and dogs.

In every town in Russia of any importance there is such a *Gostinnoi Dwor*, the size of which furnishes the statistical inquirer at once with an excellent standard for judging of the extent of the traffic of a town. Even in the German towns of the Baltic provinces, in Mittau, Dorpat, and others, the Russians have erected *Gostinnoje Dworui* of this kind ; but they are not met with in commercial sea-ports, such as Riga, Libau, Odessa, &c. In those places which have no markets, where all sorts of commodities are collected, there is nevertheless a particular district which is the especial seat of trade, and which is occupied by uninterrupted lines of shops, though in other parts there is nothing whatever for sale—this is the case, for instance, in Odessa.

In no country does like stick closer to like than in Russia. Not only are all the tradesmen to be found together here in one market, but all those who deal in the same commodity unite to form a smaller mass. Thus all the stationers are in a row, all the silk-mercens are together, and all the leather-sellers in one group. The spirit of division and subdivision is so deeply implanted in the character of the Russian tradesmen, that, wherever they come forward as sellers, they naturally split into large classes of this kind.

Hence it is that those commodities which are excluded from the *Gostinnoi Dwor* are generally found by themselves in a certain part of the town ; so that there are in reality as many markets as there are commodities, which,

in the larger cities, for instance, Moscow, Petersburg, Odessa, can be accurately pointed out, and where the demand for each single article is sufficient to require a certain number of shops. Such rows of shops for the goods excluded from the Gostinnoi Dwor, the Russians call merely *Rädi*, with the addition of the commodity sold there. Thus they talk of iron-shops, charcoal-shops, wood-shops, sledge-shops, coach-shops, furniture-shops; for the articles here mentioned, requiring a great deal of room, cannot be admitted into the markets.

The same principle extends to the market-places, which the Russians call *Ruinoks*. These two, according to the commodities offered for sale, are strictly separated, but of course only in the great cities, into divisions, in which no other goods but those appropriated to them are to be found. Thus there is a distinct market for eggs, another for fowls, another for hay, one for butcher's meat, one for fish, one for game — and all more distinctly parted than we find them in our great cities.

The Gostinnoi Dwor is usually situated in the centre of the city, and all the other markets and shops are further and further removed from that point towards the outskirts, the coarser the commodity is; thus provisions are at a greater distance than manufactured goods, wood than iron, coaches and sledges than household furniture; and hay, straw, cattle, horses, and the like, quite out of the city. Be it observed, however, that we are here speaking only of national Russian dealers and productions, of that which grew and was reared in the vicinity of the towns for their consumption, or was furnished by the industry of the empire itself, or the neighbouring countries of Asia—in short, by the traffic of Russia with Tatar, Buchar, and China. For, as to the articles produced to the west of the Cossack line, or, if within the

empire, yet made by foreign, that is to say, West-European artisans, these are wholly excluded from the Russian markets and market-houses, and for them are expressly built, in the most fashionable and elegant street, magazines, in which English, French, and Germans display and dispose of their ware, all twice as good and thrice as dear as those sold by the Russians.

In the genuine Russian towns of the interior, the Gostinnoi Dwor, with its subordinate shops, always surpasses the magazines in magnitude and importance in the same proportion as that which calls itself polished society is surpassed by that which is termed barbarous, Asiatico-Russian, and on which the former only floats like a thin cream. But in Petersburg, where the foreign and European elements equal the Russian, they about balance one another in the value of the goods offered for sale, though, in regard to the mass of raw productions stored up there, the Gostinnoi Dwor has, of course, the advantage.

This gigantic building of two floors, surrounded by colonnades, and inclosing several courts, abuts on one side on the Perspective, on the other upon Garden Street, and has several wings and appendages branching off into the latter and some other neighbouring streets, both sides of which are so occupied with shops, that this whole quarter of the city looks all the year round like a continual fair.

The Gostinnoi Dwor contains within its precincts the better sort of Russian commodities. For those of inferior quality, destined for the lowest class and the poor, there are two spacious places further off, by the side of Garden Street, new towns of booths, or rather tent villages, called Apraxin Ruinok (the Apraxin market), and the Tschukin Dwor (the Tschukin court). Still lower down Garden Street, both sides of which are still occupied by uninter-

rupted lines of shops, at length opens the Ssennaja Ploschtschad (the Hay Place), the provision market of Petersburg.

In like manner, on the other side, almost the whole Perspective is filled with shops — first the silversmiths, then the fruit-shops, then the ironmongers, the coach-repositories, the wood and charcoal dealers, the furniture brokers, &c., down to the very end, where, in the vicinity of the Newski convent, is situated the Simnaja Ploschtschad (the Winter Place), covered with the supplies for numberless sledges and *telegas* (peasants' and carriers' carts). In the same half semicircle with this Simnaja Ploschtschad, are also the horse-market and the cattle-market. Besides those here enumerated, there are a few other market-places in other quarters of the city, for example, the Krugloi Ruinok (the Round Market). But these latter are so insignificant as to be scarcely worth mentioning.

The peculiar and with us unknown commodities, the singular way in which they are arranged, the originality of the people resorting hither, the civility and insinuating address of the shopkeepers, and their cleverness in cheating their customers, render this district of Petersburg one of the most entertaining and instructive schools for the foreigner desirous of studying the national character and the ways of this city.

All the different periuloks and streets intersecting the Gostinnoi Dwor are inundated all day long by a torrent of droschkas and sledges, bringing and carrying away the servants, cooks, house-stewards, ladies'-maids, dress-makers, and housekeepers, who come to make little purchases. In every city, with half a million inhabitants, where every hour so many old dresses are thrown aside, where every morning more than fifty new-born infants

are crying for food and clothing, and every day a like number of persons are prepared for their last journey, where comers and goers are incessantly pouring in and out, where one has occasion for widow's weeds, another for a portmanteau, where 80,000 families must supply the wants that are hourly arising in their establishments, the demand for each article is every moment great and urgent. What a quantity of grocery is required to furnish such a city with a single breakfast! How many hundred weight of sugar and salt are bought in single pounds and half pounds to eke out the nearly exhausted store! The total harvest of a Cuba plantation is not sufficient to fill a morning pipe for it. But the daily wants, for the supply of which Petersburg daily resorts to its Gostinnoi Dwor, are particularly great for a two-fold reason, namely, in the first place, because it is served more than any other European capital with a worse, a less substantial article, which needs incessant renovation and repair; and, in the second, because it has more whims than any other capital, and is fond of change. The wealthy Russians, who are sometimes here, sometimes there, sometimes travelling abroad for their health, sometimes exchanging the capital for the country in order to improve their revenues, sometimes returning to the Newa out of some other caprice, putting hundreds of thousands into circulation, are daily in want of so many complete suites of furniture, that the stock and magazines of all kinds here must be larger and more numerous than in any other city.

Look, to begin with, at the long line of stationers adjoining to the Perspective, who have every conceivable writing material piled up in vast masses to supply the numberless offices and countinghouses of Petersburg, which consume more paper and strip more geese than

any others in the world. Or, look at the incredible quantity of toys stored in the Igruschnije Lawki, in order to form some conception of the number of little Petersburg children, whose squalling founded and maintains this street of toy-shops. Or go to the colonnade of the dealers in sherbet and confectionary, see the hundreds of hands busy with the luscious commodities, and admire the vehemence of the longings and desires which this city is every moment bringing forth.

It is, as I have said, a peculiarity of the Russian tradesmen to deliver every thing they offer for sale as much as possible in a state fit for immediate use. The reason of this is because Russian buyers scarcely purchase any thing till they are in urgent want of it. Hence the manufacture-like production of every possible sort of goods. Each commodity has its row of shops, which is named after it, and you hear the ignorant incessantly asking, "Father, where is Fur Row? where is Cap Row?"—"brother, where is Boot Row?"—"mother, is this the way to Stocking Row? to Petticoat Row?"

If the loungeur perambulating the colonnades is amused by the inquiries of buyers, he will be still more interested by the characteristic sayings and doings of the Russian Gostinnoi Dwor tradesmen. These are all extremely sharp fellows, with flaxen or light brown hair and beard, dressed in blue kaftan and blue cloth cap, which is worn of the same form by the shopkeepers throughout all Russia. They are incessantly recommending their goods to passengers by the most extravagant panegyrics, "What are you looking for, sir? Clothes—the very best, of the newest cut. Hats—the best that can be made. Kasan boots—first-rate"—"What is your pleasure, madam? what can I do for you? what can I serve you with?"—Have I nothing that suits you, sir?—a bear-

skin, a fox-skin, a wolf-skin pelisse? You will find every thing here, if you will be pleased to step in." Officious attendants are always ready, cap in hand, to open the door to every one who passes, chanting the while their accustomed tunes, and pouring forth their eloquence without distinction of person, rank, sex, or age. Little boys invite you in to the bear-skin pelisses, fine gentlemen to the clumsy boots, old women to the toy-shops, young lasses to the shops for swords and fire-arms, peasants and labouring men to those for millinery and haberdashery. They care not whom they address, their only thought being, "No matter who the people are; so they have money, in with them!" When the shopkeeper himself does not undertake this office, he employs a young barker, who, walking to and fro the whole day, rubbing his hands, sings out his polite invitations. It is remarkable how these folks, like school-boys, get accustomed to a particular tone, by which the Gostinnoi Dwor tradesman may be instantly recognized, but which he changes the moment the fish nibbles, and there is occasion to talk further about the commodity. It is easy to conceive what life all this clamour must impart to Russian markets in comparison with those of other countries.

As neither fire nor light is allowed in their bazaar, excepting the numerous lamps that are burned there before the images of saints, and these, it is taken for granted, cannot do any mischief, they are exposed in winter to the most unmerciful cold, which they bear with the greatest patience and unvarying cheerfulness. Then, to be sure, they put on over their kaftan a thick pelisse, which is worn of the same stuff and the same cut by all the Gostinnoi Dwor shopkeepers, and indeed throughout all Russia, a light gray wolf-skin, with fox-coloured stripes.

The experience of many ages, numberless bazaars and markets consumed with all their goods, have induced the Russians to adopt those precautions against fire, and taught them that brick is safer than wood, and therefore all the Gostinnoi Dwors in the empire are now built of brick and roofed with iron. That of Petersburg is also vaulted throughout, and there is not a stick of wood about the roof. All business ceases there at sunset. The tradesmen shut up their shops, leaving them to the guardianship of great dogs, which are chained up, and watchmen appointed expressly for the duty, while the small altar lamps remain burning within under the care of nobody but their saints.

The Gostinnoi Dwor of Petersburg, with its appendages, may contain full 10,000 shopkeepers, traders, and dealers, exclusively of the peasants, who supply the market with provisions. As these people, whose homes are not at hand, are wanting all sorts of things in the course of the day, those wants have drawn about them a great number of other traders. The alleys and streets of the bazaar incessantly swarm with itinerant venders of tea, with their large steaming copper kettles of kwas, bread, cheese, sausages, which find a brisk demand among the Kupzni, who are blest with good appetites. Complaints and distress, such as are heard and seen in our markets, are as yet unknown in the bazaar of Petersburg; for, in the first place, the Russian drives all care out of his head, and never suffers a murmur to escape his lips; and, in the next, trade is always brisk in this rising country, *slawa Bogu* (God be praised!) be the commodity as much beneath animadversion as it will. In other countries goods obtain a ready sale by aspiring to the highest degree of excellence in quality: here it is just the reverse. The worse an article is—so, I verily believe, the

Russian speculators think—the sooner the buyer will have need to replace it. You buy a pair of new boots, are pleased with their handsome make, and walk out in them twice or three times in fine weather ; but let a heavy shower come on, and they soak up the water like sponges : the outer soles, merely glued on, drop from your feet, and you run upon the inner to the bazaar, to buy a new pair. “ Oh, how shamefully thy boot-maker has treated thee, daddy ! Come to me ; I will sell thee a pair, the best that can be made. I ask but 15 rubles. Upon my honour I cannot abate a farthing.”—“ I will give thee half the money.”—“ O daddy, daddy, thou wouldst not wrong me ? Only look at this make ; feel the leather, how soft, and yet so strong ! Thou wilt not live to wear them out. Nay, nay, be not so hasty. Don't go away, daddy. Thou shalt have them for 8 rubles ; I cannot let them go for less. There, take them, and I'll pack them in nice paper for thee. Fare thee well, and God grant thee health to wear them !” And you will have reason to thank God, if the first hot sunshine does not make the leather crack in all directions.

A genuine German tradesman, seated in his shop, brooding over plans and thinking of his wife and children, looks like calculation personified. The Russians are almost invariably without thought or care. Rarely do you see them writing or keeping accounts : their business is simple and needs no such artificial aids. When, therefore, they are not engaged with customers or with chanting their invitations to passengers, they are in general full of all sorts of fun and frolic. In fine weather, a very favourite game with them is backgammon, and the board is even painted on the benches and tables that stand outside their shops. In winter they exercise themselves with a game at ball in the spacious passages of their

bazaar, where they kick a large ball very adroitly over the heads of the passengers from one to another ; or they assemble round the breakfast-table and the steaming Ssamowar, and swallow whole cans of hot tea. At times, they attend to their nightingales and other singing birds, which always surround them in abundance, fasten their kaftan together, put something or other to rights in their shops, and now and then, approaching their Bog (saint) with devout reverence, pray for prosperity in their business.

Besides the furriery, which of course is partly most excellent, and besides the ironmongery, the wax-chandlery, and some other articles, there are upon the whole but few genuine Russian commodities in the Gostinnoi Dwor itself. Most of them are bad imitations of foreign patterns ; though it cannot be denied that in these copies there is much that is peculiar. As little too are the customers resorting to this bazaar, the europeanized Russian ladies' maids, the livery servants, the civilians, the foreign teachers, &c., national Russian. But higher up Garden Street, where you pass through narrow gates, by which you enter the market-places already mentioned, called the Tschukin Dwor and the Apraxin Ruinok, there all, both buyers and sellers, as well as the goods themselves, are more truly Russian, and in the heart of the elegant city, with its gorgeous palaces and plate-glass windows, in this residence of powerful magnates and distinguished nobles, are displayed scenes of low and squalid life, such as may have animated the market-places of the ancient mighty Novgorod in the middle ages, and such as are still to be seen in those of the towns of the central provinces, a busy traffic with tinsel and rags, with old clothes and oily eatables, such as is not to be met with in any other European capital.

The population of the city of Petersburg is from its highest regions down to the lowest so incessantly ebbing and flowing, subject to such continual changes, that, with the exception of very few elements, scarcely any thing in it appears stationary and sedentary. The great are constantly going and coming; foreigners resort to it, to amass treasures and then return to their own country; the soldiers are ordered first hither, then thither; the civil officers are seldom left long at their posts, but sent into other parts of the empire; the common people, the servants, the labourers, a hundred thousand carpenters, masons, workmen in manufactories, artisans, &c., are serfs, to whom only a furlough for a time is granted by their lord, and who are frequently replaced by others. The very Iswoschtschiks and carmen in the streets of Petersburg are seized with the nomadic vertigo, by which the population of the whole Russian empire is incessantly hurled from one extremity of it to the other, and mingled and mixed; and on the front seats of droschkas are continually appearing new faces, issuing, as at the time of the migration of nations, from the countries watered by the Wolga, the Don, and the Dnieper, and by and by returning to them again. In short, Petersburg, like all the cities of Russia, is only a place where the population meet to transact certain business, but, not like our towns, a spot where men behold the light of day between gloomy walls, where, like the mosses clinging to the roofs, they vegetate for a century, turn grey, and rot, that they may make room for others. In the tenth part of a century, the great mass of the population of this city is wholly renewed; of course an infinite multitude of old faces are swept away in these renovations; and this accounts for the prodigious extent of its markets for second-hand things, and the astonishing quantities of cast-off clothes, old

furniture, and household utensils, which are sold for a trifle by persons who are leaving, and bought at a good price by new-comers.

In winter, in particular, thousands of persons daily enter the gates of the city without knowing whether on the morrow they are to be cooks or carpenters, bricklayers or painters, or to exchange their peasant's frock for the livery of a footman, the dress of a clerk or a musician, or the shopkeeper's kaftan. The Apraxin and the Tschukin markets are prepared for all these contingencies, and are provided with such a stock of every sort of provisions, apparel, and household necessaries, that, were the Samoyedes of Siberia and the hordes of the Hurons and Chippeways, naked as they grew up in their native forests, to enter their gates all at once, they might sally forth again in a few moments fully equipped as civilized people, provided with every possible requisite for their household establishment, without the youngest of their children or the oldest of their graybeards having occasion to complain that they had not found what they wanted.

The two markets just mentioned form together a covered area of about 1500 feet square, or about two million square feet: they are almost entirely covered with shops so closely that only narrow streets are left between them; consequently, if we allow to each shop, with the street belonging to it and the open space about it, 500 square feet, which, considering their small size, is an ample allotment, they must contain nearly 5000 shops, booths, and tents. They form a town of themselves. The buildings nearly touch at top, and the narrow streets are as dark as those in the Jews' quarter in many German towns, or those of many oriental cities. Narrow gates lead out of the cheerful bustle of Garden Street into this gloomy region, where you meet with not one

well-dressed man, not a single French frock, nothing but "black people," bearded, befurred, and old-Russian; and it is only here and there that you catch distant glimpses of the torrent of decent pedestrians pouring through Garden Street, and of the magnificent edifice of the Bank beyond it. Under the gateways hang large lamps before saints in gaudy array, and likewise at all the corners of the streets of this Petersburg Rag Fair; besides which, in the open places that occur here and there, are small chapels, the style of which, with their flaunting decorations, seems borrowed from the Chinese pagodas. But Russian devotion is not yet satisfied, and therefore wooden bridges and arches are frequently thrown across the streets from roof to roof, and saints with burning lamps are suspended aloft; but, to verify the old adage, that extremes meet, close to these chapels there is sure to be another building, to which, next to the church, the Russians are most attached—the *kabak*, or liquor-shop. Planks are laid down here in the streets on account of the everlasting mud, which obliges you to spring from one to another. These spirit-shops, where liqueurs, kwas, and beer, are likewise sold, are many of them neatly fitted up with all sorts of coloured paper and variegated carpets, in the Russian taste.

"Put your arms into the sleeves of your pelisse, and button up your fur collar about your ears," said my companion to me the first time that I entered this market, when I had left those two articles hanging carelessly down after the Russian fashion, "for we are now in the quarter of the Petersburg thieves, where every thing that is not close and clenched is considered as good prize. Slip your rings into your pocket, for they would not stand about cutting off your little finger for the sake of the gold, and if they but knew that you had your

pocket-book about you, they would cut your clothes and whip it away in a trice." In fact, many have come out of this market strangely clipped and docked, without coat-skirts or fur collar. For my own part, I never experienced, neither have I ever witnessed, any thing of the kind, though I frequently sauntered carelessly enough through the mazes of this continual fair.

But, even in this seeming chaos, the general arrangement has adapted itself to the Russian fashion. Like has here sought out like, and the *tout-ensemble* divides into a great number of clearly defined and easily distinguishable masses, so that the study of them is most materially facilitated to the observer.

In one corner, for example, all the dealers in images of saints have established themselves. The Russians, who always imagine that they are forsaken by God and all his angels, where they have not visible and palpable representations of his omnipresence, where the Almighty has not taken actual possession by the hand of the priest, and who therefore hang their persons, their rooms, their doorways, and their gateways, as well as their churches, with images of saints, have occasion, of course, for an incredible quantity of them. In heaps, like gingerbread-nuts, and sold by dozens, little brass crosses, portraits of the Virgin Mary, St. John, and St. George, and other amulets, lie exposed before the shops. On the walls of the latter hang glittering figures of false silver and gold, of all forms and dimensions; small ones, a few inches in length and breadth, which the servants of great families fetch away by the gross, to supply new-built houses, where they are nailed up in every room, behind the curtains; large ones, six or eight feet high, for orthodox tradesmen, who, with their wives and children, prostrate themselves before them; others for the use of village

churches and city chapels. Some are fitted, after the new fashion, into mahogany frames; others adorned in the old style, with pillars, porches, and whole temples, curiously platted with silver wire. Many are new and fresh painted by pupils of the Petersburg Academy of Sciences, but most of them are antiquated figures, seemingly encrusted and embrowned with the dust of ages, and these the lower class of Russians like best; just as the German peasants prefer old, thumbed, and soiled hymn-books to such as are bran-new and fresh bound. They are in particular request when it is known that they have belonged to churches, but less valued if they have grown old in the service of private individuals.

In another part of the market, is a whole quarter occupied by fruit-shops, where incredible quantities of dried fruits are kept for sale. These shops are all alike most fantastically decorated. In the centre, on a tall pedestal is amphitheatrically arranged a rich battery of bottles and boxes, containing Kiew preserves and confectionery; round about the walls is drawn up a host of little chests, containing raisins, currants, almonds, figs, and oranges; in the corners stand large bags and coffers, full of plums, nuts, juniper-berries; and in the street, at the door, are posted hogsheads full of the red berries, of which the Russians are so fond, and which they call *gluckwi*. In winter they are frozen like small pebbles, and they are measured out for customers with a large wooden scoop. All these shops are garnished, externally and internally, with dried mushrooms, which are fastened together in long strings, and which are an ordinary article of food with the lower classes of Russians. It is extraordinary that no good painter has ever thought it worth while to sketch one of these Russian fruit-shops, which exhibits many other picturesque accessories besides those

above-mentioned ; with its bearded sellers and buyers, it would furnish an interesting subject. Probably, however, all the good painters of Petersburg find their account in confining themselves to the unmeaning physiognomies, uniforms, and diamonds of the great, and for this reason none of them has deigned to contemplate the habits and manners of the people with the eye of an artist.

In other rows of shops again is displayed an infinite store of tempting bridal ornaments, metal crowns, which are placed on the head of the new-wedded pair in the church, artificial flowers, and wreaths, at the most reasonable prices : for instance, a whole chaplet of roses, not made amiss, and tastefully entwined with silver wire, for eighty copecks (about five groschen, or between seven and eight pence English). To rig out a bride here from head to foot, and handsomely too, it would not require a high figure in groschen, or perhaps coin of a higher denomination than copper copecks (100 of which go to the ruble). As thirty weddings, and as many other festive solemnities, may be occurring every day among the lower classes in Petersburg, it may easily be imagined that a good stock of ornaments and rarities must always be kept on hand here for brides and bridesmaids, for lying-in women, for churchings, birth-days, &c.

In a city like Petersburg, where there is an incessant demand for every trifle, the different branches of trade are, of course, subdivided into an immense number of sprays and shoots ; and what in other places is to be found only together with other goods, is of sufficient consequence here to be the exclusive support of a business. Thus, whole groups of shops here deal in nothing but incense, of which article they have a sufficient stock to perfume the whole of Isaac's Place for a century to

come. Others, again, sell nothing but honey, mostly from Kasan, Tula, or the neighbouring provinces, in neat vessels of lime-wood; some of it of the most delicate white, other parcels of every hue between that and black. The finest is sold at forty rubles the pood.

Many articles are singularly coupled together, but agreeably to ancient and undeviating custom. Thus, for instance, in the shops which deal in pitch and chalk, two articles which the Russians use in great quantity, you always find balalaikas hanging up, though those instruments have nothing whatever to do with either the one or the other.

Though the ring upon the finger is said to be unsafe in this market, it is clear that the silver rubles and ducats on the tables of the money-brokers are perfectly secure; for tables of this kind stand at the corners of all the streets, amidst the thickest of the throng, upon which columns and heaps of the different sorts of coin are invitingly exposed to the public gaze—a phenomenon that could not take place in London, Paris, or any other great city. How easy it would be for any one intent on plunder to upset the table, and tumble its valuable freight into the mud; and who, amidst the confusion, could point out the rogue that was enriching himself with the spoil? And yet certain it is, that though thousands of rubles are often placed under the care of lads only twelve years old, not a creature would risk a farthing, if he did not think himself perfectly safe with his money amidst all these people. But the Russian rogue is a strange fellow, who has not the least scruple to commit an action palpably dishonest, for instance, to charge you six times as much for a thing as it is worth, or to pick your pocket of your purse, while he thinks others most disgraceful, and is therefore, in certain points,

as honourable and trustworthy as the most conscientious men of other countries. These money-brokers are under the protection of the public, and of the thieves themselves. No doubt it has often happened, though I never witnessed the circumstance, that such money-tables have been overthrown, and not a single copeck, much less a ducat, has been lost, because all the bystanders, in their sheep-skin dresses, assisted with the most courteous officiousness to pick up all the pieces of gold and silver out of the dirt.

Thousands upon thousands assuredly pass through the gates of the Apraxin Ruinok, and saunter gaping out again, without being aware of the richness of the scenes passing before their eyes: and, were any one afterwards to take the pains to give a faithful delineation of them with pen or pencil, they would be astonished at the apathetic somnambulism which overcame them, and caused them to pass those extraordinary sights without being interested by them. Indeed, these resorts of the lowest class of the population of Petersburg—where hungry and thirsty, well-fed and half-starved, poor and rich, are constantly intermingled; where knavery and thievery, honesty, courtesy, and good nature, and a whole host of human passions and virtues appear in thousands upon thousands of forms and disguises, pride in rags, vanity under ugliness, integrity and goodness of heart under a rough exterior; and, what is not uncommon among the Russians, honour coupled with the face of a bandit, roguery in elegant attire, childlike simplicity in greybeards, and enlarged understanding in boys—abound in scenes of the most heterogeneous kind. For three hundred and sixty-five days in every year of the hundred that have rolled away, the most interesting phenomena have been passing in that market, unobserved,

unnoticed, undescribed, and they are daily recurring in ever new shapes; and, could any one borrow the magic horn of the fairy-king Oberon, to enable him to seize all that is going forward there at any single moment of those three hundred and sixty-five days, there would be pictures enough to employ a thousand pencils and pens.

The pastry-cooks, like all the other trades, have taken up their abode in a long street, where they supply the common people with the fish and oil pirogas of which they are so fond. They have built themselves a great number of wooden cabins, in which there is a table with benches around it, where customers take their seats; and the pirogas, which are eaten as hot as they can be got, are covered with greasy sail-cloths. Beside them stands a pot containing a green oil, and a large salt-cellar. As you pass him, the seller dips the cake in the pot, sprinkles a little salt upon it, and presents it to you upon his hand; and most assuredly, if you are a bearded Russian, clad in sheep-skin, you cannot look long at the savoury morsel, dripping with oil, without being tempted to bite. You seat yourself on the bench, and devour one piroga after another, till the whole of your long beard glistens like polished mahogany. "*Horreur! horreur!*" exclaims the French exquisite. "What an abominable race!" cries the Englishman. For my part, I was much more disposed to be amused with the wit and the civility of these oil-eaters than to quarrel with their disgusting taste. It is characteristic of both nations that, among us Germans, and especially the English Germans, coarse things are handed to you coarsely, nay, even fine ones sometimes not in the most delicate way; the Russians present the very coarsest and foulest with the utmost civility and politeness. Thus, the bearded shopkeeper does not hand you a green oil piroga without some delicate or witty

remark, nor does he receive your copeck and a half for it without thanking you in the civilest manner.

It is astonishing with what adroitness the Russians carry on their heads all sorts of things, which with us would not be trusted so high, but with which they thread their way through the crowd as unconcerned as though the goods piled up on their heads were, like the weapons of the Romans, only members of their body. In this way you see them do things, which you would only expect of a juggler or rope-dancer. Thus, you may see them in the thronged streets carrying on their heads high pyramids of eggs, piled up on a plain board, and yet lying as still as if each were held in its place by an invisible magnetic power. Others have live fish in low troughs of water, which they balance upon the head, and which they lift when necessary from its lofty position and replace with a swing, without spilling a single drop. What a difference there is in the world! In Germany, it is the women only who here and there practise this art; in Russia it is the men only, and every one of them is a master in it.

In the whole Tolkutschii Ruinok, everything is cheaper and of inferior quality; and yet what a long perspective from bad to worse opens upon you here, when you travel to its furthest quarter, where the old clothes and furniture are exposed for sale! There you see things which you would suppose to be valueless—rags, scraps of paper, broken crockery, garments which the common carman has cast off, petticoats which the meanest servant-maid would scorn to wear, and a thousand other articles, with which the poorest Gostinnoi Dwor shopkeeper would not scruple to heat his stove; but yet displayed with a certain elegance and not without taste, each, as far as possible, washed and cleaned, and offered by a beggar as seller,

not without civility and warm recommendations, to the poor barefoot beggar-women, gipsies, and Jewesses, who with their children perambulate these repositories, casting wistful looks at so many things that would be serviceable to them, to cover their nakedness and to decorate their cabins. But the copper-plates which they twirl in their hands are too highly valued to be parted with, and, indeed, if their owners were ever so willing, they would not suffice to satisfy the high demands of the shopkeeper. The crumbs which fall profusely from the tables of the rich are weighed in these places with gold scales; and what is not worth all together a blue ticket, which a wealthy Petersburger sportively crumples up, is here valued individually at the utmost penny, and not sold for a quarter of a copeck less.

But decidedly the most entertaining and interesting part of this great market-world for the foreigner, is that division of the Tschukin Dwor where the poultry-market is held. It is composed of two long rows of shops, stocked with birds, large and small, alive and dead, pigeons, fowls, geese, ducks, swans, larks, bulfinches, linnets, nightingales, and a hundred other Russian birds, which form the most picturesque and party-coloured aviary that can be conceived. The shops are built of wood, but almost entirely open in front, so that one may conveniently see all that is in them from the street. In each of these shops there is a piquant medley of the real quintessence of rural sounds: the crowing of cocks, the cackling of hens, the chatter of ducks, the cooing of pigeons, enough to supply a hundred villages. From one row of shops to the other, the saints have built themselves flying bridges, such as we have already described. These bridges and the roofs are the resort of innumerable pigeons, each party of which is accustomed to its own

roof, and which may be easily caught when a person sets about it. The Russians, as every body knows, do not eat pigeons, which, as the dove is the representative of the Holy Ghost, they would consider it a heinous sin to do; and, therefore, they buy these birds merely to feed them, to play with them, and to amuse themselves with watching their flight. It is a truly interesting sight to see the Russian shopkeepers directing the flight of these birds at ever so great a height. For this purpose they merely fasten bits of rags to a long stick, and wave it about in various ways, which indicate to the well-schooled birds whether they are to fly higher, whether to the right or the left, or whether it is intended that they should come down, in which case they descend as instantaneously as if they were shot.

The force of custom reconciles even the bitterest enemies: thus, among the pigeons, and familiarly associating with them on the roofs, are to be seen cats, one of which is kept in each shop, on account of the mice. It is a remarkable sight to see these blood-thirsty animals among the little birds, to which they never do any harm, because their masters have cured them of the disposition to murder birds, and taught them gentleness and forbearance. The fly-catcher, the nightingale, the linnnet, the bulfinch, the lark, all of them favourite birds with the Russian tradesmen, who always have a great number of them hanging up in their dwelling-houses, their bazaars, and their national coffee-houses, twitter, in spite of the intense cold—it is probable that they too, like man, are less tender here in the north than their brethren in the south—whenever there is a bright gleam of sunshine. These poor animals have not, during the whole long winter, a drop of water given them to drink, because in the cold shop it would instantly be converted into ice.

Their little bottle is merely filled with snow, which they are obliged to turn into liquid in their bills for themselves. They are, therefore, seen, wherever the sun has melted the ice ever so little, fluttering eagerly about the precious fluid, of which they have so long been deprived, and drinking it greedily, and none of them more so than the ducks and the pigeons.

The best fowls, which are here seen strutting both in and out of their cages, are of the Moscow breed. The best pigeons came, it is said, from Novgorod, and Finland furnished the most singing-birds, and China a small portion of the geese, which made a journey by land of five thousand miles to be sold as a rarity here in the Tschukin Dwor. Gray-coated squirrels roll, like incarnate quicksilver, in their cages, and numbers of young hedgehogs and rabbits are playing in the hutches provided for them in each shop. In front, amidst all this peaceful life, wrapped in a wolf-pelisse, stands the bearded master of the place, who gets rid of his little slaves at any price that he can accept; and in the centre of the back of the shop, surrounded by larks, hangs the image of the saint, whose lamp sheds a friendly light on all this flutter, and protects the house, that it may be secure from the entrance of evil spirits, which, in fact, it does effectually ban, with the exception of one evil spirit, man, who here rules despotically, and prisons, keeps alive, or puts to death, according to his interest and advantage. The booty of his murderous tube, the livers of the beautiful swans of the North, snow-white partridges (kura-patki), and wood-grouse (rebtschki) lie in fearful profusion on the floor of his shop, with the slavish pigeons and captive larks ranged in long rows above them. It is astonishing what quantities of these delicate birds are consumed in luxurious Petersburg. The permanence of

the winter's cold, which preserves frozen flesh for months, and the rapidity and facility of conveyance, allow all these wild birds to be brought hither from the remotest parts of the empire. Saratow furnishes the partridges, Finland the swans, Livonia and Esthonia send the wood and black grouse, and the very steppes are obliged to contribute their bustards, which flutter all the year round over their boundless prairies, and which the Cossack kills with his whip. All these birds, as soon as the warm blood is drawn from them, are transformed by the cold into stone, and, packed in large chests, transmitted to the capital, where there are tables at which some dozen of them are daily consumed.

The cold, which on the one hand keeps this country so poor, promotes, on the other, its luxury and profusion; and late in the winter there is no deficiency of those animals which can be shot only in summer and autumn. Large sledges, drawn by horses, bring frozen hares, which used to be swift enough in escaping danger, and now give a hard job to the horses, which cannot proceed with them but at a slow rate. They are all frozen, with ears pricked, legs stretched out before and behind, as though they were living and running. The master unloads them, and ranges the marble hares around his shop. Bear's flesh is said to be sometimes offered for sale in this market, and now and then a frozen reindeer is to be seen lying in the snow in front of the shop, his hard snout stretched upon the ground, the knees drawn up under the body, the antlers high and erect. The mighty elk is not rare in this market, and quietly offers his horns to the pigeons for a perch, till at length hatchet and saw have left nothing more of him, and the cooks of the great houses have shared the last remnant among them.

There are similar markets for feathered and four-footed game in all the considerable towns of Russia, and the egg-market is usually close to them. It may be taken as a general remark that all the markets of Russia closely resemble each other in the entire mode of their composition and in the development of their system ; and, in studying that system, you always find, just as though it had been preconcerted, certain things in the neighbourhood of certain other things, and all united or separated in the same manner. The same market customs prevail in Moscow as in Tobolsk, and have been transferred unchanged to Irkutzk, as to Odessa and Archangel.

With the bird market the interest of the whole Tol-kutschi Ruinok is by no means exhausted. Let us here conclude our observations : others may bring new matter to light out of this multitude of interesting phenomena, into which it is scarcely possible to dive without bringing up every time something interesting.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BLACK PEOPLE.

Garden Street — Russian Booksellers — Woollen Drapers — Braziers — Wax-Chandlers — The Haymarket — Riot and Barricades at the time of the Cholera — Frozen Meat and Fish — Russian Horses — Winter Provision Market — The Tschornoi Narod, or black people — Their Character — Rough Exterior of the Lower Classes — Their politeness, good-nature, devoutness — Knavery and integrity — Drunkenness — Consumption of Spirits — A Russian drinking-bout — Humble opinion which the Russians entertain of themselves — Their high estimate of Foreigners — Russian Bonmots — Kriulow's Fables.

From the Gostinnoi Dwor, as I have observed, traders and shops extend themselves the whole length of Garden Street. The ground floors of all the houses here are let to dealers of some kind. After the line of toy-shops follow the booksellers, that is the Russian booksellers, who sell none but Russian books; for the German and French booksellers, and some Frenchified Russian, are situated, like the first-rate foreign shops, in the Perspective. In these Russian book-shops the commodity is delivered in a finished state; that is to say all the books are bound: nay, it would almost seem that they come into the world in that state, for you never see any unbound. Nationality sticks with such tenacity to every thing, that even the binding of Russian books is peculiar, and you may tell at a glance whether a book was bought at one of these *knischnije lawki* or not, though it might be difficult to explain wherein this peculiarity consists. These shops are also decorated with copper-plates and

lithographs, among which you very rarely see any other subjects than portraits of the emperor and a few eminent generals, views of the surrender of Varna, or a battle with the Persians, or Persians seated with Russian officers at a long table covered with red cloth, and paying them the tribute.

Then follow the woollen-drapers, in a row a mile long, where they, like all Russian shopkeepers, hang up all sorts of curtains and cloths to their doors and windows, that in the twilight within the inferior quality of their goods may not be so easily discovered. These sly fellows, however, are sharp enough at hearing whether the money offered in payment rings well or ill.

Next come a few dealers in metallic goods and in bells, though the main body of the latter has taken post in the innermost courts of the Gostinnoi Dwor itself, where they hang up their bells, from the most diminutive with its squeaking treble down to the deepest full-bodied bass, in long rows. Again I say "in long rows," as I have said numberless times already, for long is the dimension of every thing Russian. Their streets of houses are long, the files of their soldiers are long, the regiments of the *werst*-poles which they set up on their interminable roads are long ; all their buildings are drawn out to a great length ; the ranges of their shops are long, and their trains of carriages and caravans are long. With them nothing pushes out in breadth, still less in height or depth. Hence so much that is frail, fugitive, unsubstantial ; so little that is firm, solid, compact, far less sublime. Every thing is long, flat, smooth, drawn out with military stiffness by line and rule.

Lastly, the wax-chandlers form the rear ; these supply tapers of all sorts and sizes, from those which are as thick as a man and as tall as pillars, to those which are

spun out to the fineness of worsted yarn. These people are doing the most brilliant business of all, for it becomes more and more thriving in proportion to the increase of the Greek Russian church. All the tribes which in later times have, on becoming Russian subjects, adopted the Greek faith, have need of wax, which their new religion enjoins them to burn in considerable quantity for the good of their souls. The quite recent union of the Lithuanian church with the Russian, the numerous proselytes whom the Russians are every where making, the numberless churches which they are building in all their new colonies, in Siberia, in the Steppes, and even in Petersburg for its constantly increasing population, occasion a vast additional consumption of tapers. The wax, usually in a purified state, comes in large cakes, weighing two pood, of a beautiful yellow colour, to Moscow, where it is bleached. In Petersburg itself there are of course no wax-bleaching establishments. The wax-tapers are decorated in a great variety of ways. Many are surrounded with gilding, others with silver and gold wire wrought into all sorts of small figures, garnished with glistening pieces of metal, and red and blue beads of cut glass, as with precious stones. In those made of unbleached wax, I fancied that I could perceive a semi-transparency as in alabaster, which I have never observed any where else. Perhaps this may be a peculiarity of the Russian wax.

With these wax-chandlers, the pedestrian has at last reached the end of the long Garden Street, and enters the spacious area of the Haymarket, near the church which is named after it. This entrance is remarkable; for on this spot, at the end of the Ssadowaja, was thrown up the only barricade that young Petersburg ever beheld in the whole course of its existence. It was in the year

1832, when the cholera raged here, and the common people, who hold their 'Change every day in the Haymarket, infatuated like those of some other European capitals with the notion that it was not God but the medical men who afflicted them with this disease and kept it up by poison, rose in open insurrection against the authorities. The mad idea which had long been current among these people at length set them one morning in a flame; aged greybeards ran frantically and riotously through the neighbouring streets, seized the cholera carriages, made the patients whom they were conveying to the hospitals alight, unharnessed the horses, shattered the vehicles to shivers, which they carried to the neighbouring Fontanka, where they flung them into the water, and then, to prevent the interference of the police, entrenched themselves in the Haymarket by barricading all the avenues to it with hay-carts. The end of the broad Ssadowaja, in particular, was fortified by a pile of carts as high as a hill, behind which the thousand rioters bivouacked during the night, fully determined on the morrow to take as severe vengeance on the doctors as they had already done on the carriages for the patients. Next morning they actually stormed the great cholera-hospital near the Haymarket, flung one of the most active of the German physicians out of the window and tore him in pieces, and turned all the patients out of the house, with the intention of releasing them from the clutches of their supposed tormentors. Presently, the emperor arrived from Zarskoje-Sselo, whither intelligence of what was passing had been sent to him, and drove, wholly unattended, in an open calèche to the Haymarket, where the barricades vanished before him. He proceeded directly to the door of the church situated on the edge of the market, ordered it to be opened, crossed himself, prayed,

and then addressed a few words to the crowd, which were repeated at the time in all the newspapers, admonishing them to pay due reverence to God and the church, and commanding them to fall on their knees, to implore forgiveness of the Almighty for the sin which they had committed, and to beseech him, in his mercy, soon to remove the fatal disorder from the city. "*Na kalenije ! na kalenije !*"—on your knees ! on your knees !—cried the emperor in a loud voice, standing up in his calèche, and the mob, just before so furious, dropped submissively upon their knees, penitent, sobbing, praying, and quietly suffered the ring-leaders to be apprehended and taken off by the police, who meanwhile were not inactive.

Without stopping to inquire how much there is in this circumstance highly illustrative of the relations between the emperor and his people, let us enter the interesting place itself, and take a nearer survey of the doings of the Russian populace, which has often played such stupid and likewise such cruel tricks, and yet seems to be so quiet, good-natured, and humorous.

The Haymarket is, in the morning of every week-day, so thronged with people who are brought thither by business that the police have great difficulty to keep a clear passage in the middle for carriages. On one side of this passage, the dealers in hay and wood, and in spring those who sell trees and plants, are accustomed to stand ; on the other, peasants with meat, fish, butter, and vegetables. In the broad street in the middle, the cooks of distinguished families and the citizens' wives are driving to and fro, and ladies in their sledges and equipages, the elegance of which often forms a singular contrast with the vegetable and animal provisions with which they are laden ; and close to the houses which border the place all round are stationed the dealers in kwas, pies, mead,

beer, and tea, who afford the peasant opportunity to put into circulation again immediately some portion of the money that he has taken for his commodities.

The mode of proceeding with these commodities is so new to the stranger in Petersburg, that we may venture to indulge in some remarks on the subject, especially as they will furnish occasion to glance now and then at the internal economy of this city. Petersburg maintains in its stables a herd of not fewer than 30,000 or 40,000 horses, without reckoning those belonging to the military, but, including the latter, of 50,000 to 60,000, without doubt a greater number proportionably than is kept in any European capital; for this allows one horse to eight inhabitants, a proportion, most assuredly, that is nowhere exceeded. The daily consumption of hay is consequently prodigious. In summer, whole fleets of vessels and rafts laden with high piles of hay come down the Newa, and long caravans of small hay-sledges are continually entering the city and drawing up in companies and regiments in the Sinoi-Ploschtschad. The hay is partly sold in whole loads, but most of it is spread upon the ground by the peasants, and divided into small parcels at 20 copecks each, so that the itinerant iswoschtshiks may at all times procure an armful for their horses. Between the rows of these heaps, poor women and little girls and boys creep, like sparrows after grains of oats, to sweep up with little brooms and collect in their aprons the scattered halms dropped by the carmen and peasants. As soon as they have gleaned a mouthful for a horse, they run with it into the streets to dispose of it to the iswoschtschiks, and to earn a mouthful for themselves.

Not only is everything brought in sledges, but the sledges serve at the same time for shops and counters. The mats which cover the goods are thrown back a little,

and the pieces of geese, fowls, and calves, are ranged on the edge, and hung up at the corners and on the tops of the posts. The geese are cut up into a hundred pieces; the necks are sold separately, the legs separately, the heads and rumps separately, each in dozens and half dozens strung together. Whoever is too poor to think of the rump buys a string of frozen heads, and he who finds the heads too dear, gives six copecks for a lot of necks, while he who cannot afford these makes shift with a couple of dozen feet, which he stews down on Sunday into a soup for his family. The sledges with oxen, calves, and goats, have the most extraordinary appearance. These animals are brought to market perfectly frozen. Of course they are suffered to freeze in an extended posture, because in this state they are most manageable. There stand the tall figures of the oxen, like blood-stained ghosts, lifting up their long horns, around the sides of the sledge; while the goats, looking exactly as if they were alive, only with faint, glazed, and frozen eyes, stand threateningly opposite to one another. Every part is hard as stone. The carcasses are cut up, like trunks of trees, with axe and saw. The Russians are particularly fond of the sucking pig, and whole trains of sledges laden with infant swine come to the market. The little starvelings, strung together like thrushes, are sold by the dozen, and the long-legged mothers keep watch over them around the sledge.

The anatomy of the Russian butcher is a very simple science. For, as every part, flesh or bone, is alike hard, they have no occasion to pay regard to the natural divisions of the joints. With the saw they cut up hogs into a number of steaks, an inch or two inches thick, as we do a rump of beef. The flesh splits and shivers during the operation, like wood, and the little beggar

wénches are very busy picking up the animal sawdust out of the snow. You do not ask for a steak, a chop, a joint, but for a slice, a block, a lump, a splinter, of meat.

The same is the case with fish : they too are as if cut out of marble and wood. Those of the diminutive species, like the *snitki*, are brought in sacks, and they are put into the scales with shovels. The large pike, salmon, and sturgeon, every inch of which was once so lithe and supple, are now stiffened as if by magic. To protect them from the warmth, in case of sudden thaw,—for thawing would essentially deteriorate their flavour—they are covered with snow and lumps of ice, in which they lie cool enough. It is not uncommon for the whole cargo to be frozen into one mass, so that crowbar and pincers are required to get at individual fish.

So long as the cold in winter keeps every fluid congealed, and the snow covers every impurity with a white carpet, this Haymarket is tolerably clean, and you cannot pick up much dirt that may not easily be removed. All offal that is thrown away is instantly frozen to the ground. Hence there is formed in the course of the winter such an accumulation of sheeps' eyes, fish tails, crabs' shells, goats' hair, hay, dung, fat, blood, &c., that when Spring strips off the covering kindly lent by Winter, the place is like a real Augean stable ; but this does not prevent the public from walking and dealing, and eating and drinking there the same as ever. Those only who are acquainted with the disgusting shambles of Vienna can form a faint conception of the meat which, after it has been frozen, thawed, and again frozen, is sold here.

This, however, does not spoil the appetite of the Mushiks, and the butchers around the market see customers in abundance wading through the mud to them. These people thoroughly understand the art of keeping

food hot. For this purpose they wrap it in thick cloths, which retain heat much better than earthenware or metal. They cover everything with thick cloths three or four times double, as well the copper tea-machines as the earthen potato-pots. Their hot cakes and pea-soup (Gorochowoi-Kissel) are in like manner covered up with coarse canvass. It is interesting to follow this covering system, which Nature taught man, in detail. Even when the Russian peasant is slowly sipping his tea, he will clasp the glass in both his gloved hands, that the cold may not deprive him entirely of his warm treat.

As the Ssadowaja leads on one side past the line of booksellers and waxchangers to the old clothes' and provision market, so the eastern side of the Newsky Perspective takes you through a multitude of dealers in wood, iron, and furniture, to the Zimnaja-Ploschtschad (Winter Place) the market place for live cattle, oxen, horses, peasants' sledges and carts. The Russian telega, many thousands of which are to be seen in this extensive place, is a vehicle of such peculiar construction, that it is scarcely possible to convey a distinct conception of it without a drawing. Upon the whole, the form is pretty, and, in comparison with the peasants' carts of other countries, elegant and light. Thus, too, the sledge of the Russian peasant is as admirable, light, and regular a composition as the sledge of the person of distinction: it is broader behind than before, that if in winter it should sink into one of the snow-pits, which are so frequent and deep, the horse may the more easily drag it out at the foremost and least heavily laden end; the sides rise very high in front, so as to glide the more lightly over all the inequalities of the way. At the same time the form is elegant, and the whole, being composed of birch-wood, is extremely light.

Among all the animals which man has taken into his service, he has not such powerful influence as master and instructor over any as over those which he has put into harness, and which, by means of whip and reins, have daily experience of his displeasure, his anger, his intelligence, his mildness, and his kindness. It is, therefore, perfectly natural, that the character, and, if I may be allowed the expression, the moral faculties, of the different races of horses, in different countries, should be cultivated in very different degrees. But, even to the bodily constitution and the external habit of the horse much seems to be communicated by the different nations; and this certainly appears more mysterious and unaccountable. Look at the long-legged, lean, English horse, swift, but less adroit than he is rapid in a straight course; or at the smaller, silky-haired, punchy, proud Andalusian, puffing forth fire and flames; or at the soft, tame, well-feeding, good-tempered German coach-horse, free from tricks and vice, but at the same time without fire; and compare them with the nations whose country and whose fortunes they share: the further you pursue the comparison, the more you will be struck by the resemblance between the brute client and the human patron. The Russian horses, so many of which are continually seen together in the horse-market at Petersburg, seem, in their whole manner, action, and behaviour, to be faithful copies of the nation in whose service they have been for so many ages. Like the Russians, their masters, neither very large nor elegant, but agile and adroit in their manners, with long manes, matching the long hair and beards of the former, small-boned, and at the same time having the toughest constitution; lazy in the stable, but most willing and active when in harness; indefatigable in running, and playful and sportive under the severest labour; hardy in

the highest degree, and insensible to cold, wind, and heat; enduring hunger and thirst with the greatest patience, and better contented with foul straw than his German brother with gilded oats; still he has no real bottom and energy at work, does not overcome obstacles unless at the first onset, cannot master any weight by cool, deliberate, but determined pulling, and sticks fast in the mud, if the hill is not to be ascended at a gallop. The Russian, in general, cannot be charged with cruel usage of his beast; he is seldom in a passion with him, and gives him more soothing words than threats and stripes. But he bestows little attention upon him, neither does he indulge him more than he is himself indulged by those in whose school and under whose discipline he is himself. It may be assumed that Petersburg needs a weekly supply of 200 horses to recruit its stables, and some conception may thence be formed of the bustle of the monthly and half-yearly horse-markets held in this place.

But in the early part of December dead animals create a far greater bustle here than those living ones. On the 6th of that month, not a day earlier or later, it being the festival of St. Nicholas *, when it is taken for granted

* The Russians regulate their whole lives, and especially the different actions of their domestic economy, not according to nature, but by certain church-festivals which are once for all established as the times for doing certain things. Thus cattle are turned out, not when there is grass for them to eat, but on the 17th of April, because it is St. Stephen's day, when the priest blesses and sprinkles them with holy water. In like manner, they do not begin ploughing when the weather is favourable, but on St. Gregory's day, who gives success to the operation. Apples are not gathered when they are ripe, but on the festival of the Virgin Mary, in August. An apple eaten before that day is liable to operate like poison; but, after it, unripe fruit is not hurtful, even to infants at the breast: and if flux or inflammation ensue, and carry them off, it was the will of God. On Easter Tuesday all the Tschumaks (drovers of the south) set out, because the roads are then good; and

that the snow routes are established for the winter, and that autumn, with its storms and intermingled thaws, is over, all their considerable sledge-transport commence. All the caravans of sledges engaged in traffic start on that day, and all the supplies which have been accumulating in the country, far and near, for the city of Petersburg, that has been obliged to fast now and then during the autumn, are poured in immense quantities into the capital for its winter provision. The same scene which we have witnessed in the Haymarket is then repeated here, in a place six times as large, and on a proportionably increased scale. Herds of frozen oxen are ranged around, pigs are piled in pyramids upon the snow, and goats and sheep into mountains of flesh. This winter provision-market then presents a sight which a stranger should not miss seeing, and which he will not fail to remember as one of the most interesting in Petersburg.

The extensive repositories built near this place, of wood, for the elegant carriages, droschkas, calèches, britschkas, and neat sledges kept for sale—they are above half an English mile long, and furnished with articles complete to the very last touch—belong assuredly to the most remarkable establishments of the kind that are to be met with. In this neighbourhood, too, are to be seen, in astonishing quantities, various commodities, which with us are of very inferior importance, but here constitute a distinct and considerable branch of trade, for instance mats (*ragoschki*). These are an article in such astonishing request throughout all Russia, that very extensive warehouses are filled with nothing but mats, neatly done

about Pakrowi (the 1st of October) they return home, because, after that festival, it is not quite safe, on account of spirits, to be abroad. Within similar established limits the snow communications of the north are confined.

up into packets and bales, which are there sold wholesale and retail. They are used not only for packing all sorts of goods, but also for covering them, as well while on the road as when deposited in warehouses or in the public places. The market-gardeners use an incredible number of mats for covering their plants, travellers for lining the kibitkas of their sledges, seamen to carpet the decks of their ships and to hang their cabins with. Sometimes whole buildings are matted with these ragoschkis, which are applied to such manifold purposes, and are an article the more useful from being so liberally employed.

With these horse and winter provision-markets we have mentioned the last of the three remarkable public places where the Russian populace are to be seen continually dealing and chatting, drinking and making merry : and now it may not be amiss to subjoin some remarks and observations concerning this class itself.

The great of all nations, who in general are more disposed to condemn what is uncouth and displeasing than to appreciate what is good in the low, have in all countries invented designations not the most flattering for the unpolished classes of society. The Russians have, from ancient times, called their canaille *Tschornoi narod* ; literally, "black people : " this name existed so far back as the time of the old republic of Novgorod. High tory as the expression may seem at first sight, if the term "black" be taken in a figurative sense, which might imply the notion that the nation is divided by nature into two distinct classes, black, dark, and white, brilliant minds, it is probably not in fact so much so as the expressions used by other nations. *Tschornoi* means in Russian not only black, but likewise dirty ; as, for example, the shops in the old clothes market are called *tschornuije lawki*, dirty shops, because not the most inviting things are sold in them. *Tschornoi*

narod, therefore, may signify simply "dirty people," without any allusion to mental qualities, "dirty in person and apparel." The term comprehends the peasants, especially those who make their appearance in the towns, the street populace, beggars, day-labourers, and artisans performing the duties of serfs.

An individual of the *Tschornoi narod* is called, in Russian, *Mushik*. In the German Baltic provinces a common Russian is also called *Plotnik* (which properly signifies only a navigator of a raft), an appellation that has become an abusive epithet, and is synonymous with "low, mean, fellow." It originated probably at Riga, to which city numbers of Russian rafts come down the Dwina.

The Russian *Tschornoi narod* are distinguished by so many striking peculiarities from the mob of other countries and cities, and display many bad and good qualities in so extraordinary a degree, that the like is not to be met with among any other nation on earth; so that the common people of Russia have been for three hundred years the wonder of all thinking and comparing heads that have visited their country and had occasion to observe them. We will here endeavour to note the observations that we have had occasion to make on this interesting subject, principally in those markets where so many varieties of this species present themselves, as dealers in fish, in hay, in provisions, as peasants, butchers, gardeners, to the bodily and mental eye, and to combine them into one general picture. The pains that we bestow on so seemingly obscure a being will not appear to be thrown away; more especially when it is considered that the notion of those who wished it to be believed that the Russian common man is a creature apart by himself, oppressed and without influence, and that the higher and more civilized

classes of the country float above him, like oil over water, or ether above the clouds, or like the gods of Olympus above the tumult of this nether world, pursuing their own totally different course, curbing the docile mass of the people, and modelling it according to their own changeable pleasure, is utterly false; that, on the other hand, all within the bounds of the empire are intimately connected, perhaps more intimately than any where else, and that they are less divided into distinct and permanently separated classes and castes, than we in our West European aristocratic states; that one and the same popular spirit pervades all, and that the same peculiarities which we discover in the bearded Mushik appear—though, it is true, under different forms and masks—in the topmost pinnacles of the Babel tower of Russian society.

We have before us, in the Haymarket, the pure and unadulterated original from which all that is called Russian has proceeded; the elements, unchanged for ages, out of which Russian history and the Russian political edifice, as it now stands before the eyes of the astonished world, developed themselves. These bearded fellows are the same people that we meet, ground and polished, in the drawing-rooms; they are the caterpillars and the nymphs which have been transformed into those butterflies, whose gorgeous colours and whose skill in diplomatic transactions astonish us. They constitute the roots and the trunk, whose sap is transmitted to all the leaves of the wide-spreading tree, and from which its good as well as bad fruit has proceeded. Something of the kind may be asserted more or less concerning every nation, and the relation of the lower mass of the people to its heads; but all this applies most particularly to the Russians, because among them the contact of the high with the low is—contrary to the usual opinion—far more immediate, the tran-

sitions from the one to the other are more frequent and sudden, and the dirty man is much more easily transformed into a clean one, than in any other country.*

These peasants, so mild and so fond of peace, are the very same whose invincible bravery astonishes us in the field of battle. When somewhat trimmed, this seemingly rough chump makes a clever tradesman; with a little trouble and instruction it is taught to speak French, English, and German. It readily takes a polish, learns to dance and to coquet, and appears, on closer observation, a very Proteus, that can change to all shapes. It is extremely probable, or rather it cannot admit of a doubt, that we have before us in the Haymarket the same populace, having precisely the same external and internal quality as that which in the middle ages assembled, at the summons of the Wetscha bell, in the forum of the mighty republic of Novgorod; the same that seated Boris Godunow on the throne; the same that tore in pieces the false Dimitri and elevated the house of Romanow, which has risen out of the strongly fermenting masses of this *Tschornoi narod* to its present astonishing power. From the great unity of the Russian stock, which shoots out less than any other into characteristically separated and marked branches, which, on the contrary, presents a perfectly homogeneous mass, composed of one and the same

* The frequent rise of men of consequence from the lowest classes, recorded in history, and still of daily occurrence; the metamorphosis of peasants into priests; the transformation of nobles into peasants and Siberian colonists; the frequent degradation of the highest officers to common soldiers; the disregard of nobility, whether inherited or acquired by merit and distinction; the practice introduced of transferring the *glebe adscripti*, who are not so firmly bound to the soil as the free peasants of some other countries; the facility with which poor persons become rich; and, lastly, the shrewdness and speculative spirit of the whole nation, are here co-operating causes.

dough, the common man of Petersburg is precisely the same that we find in the markets of Moscow as in those of Odessa, and who, adhering in all regions and climates, to the frontiers of China and America, with wonderful tenacity, to the manners inherited from his ancestors, and preserving his original character, still remains, and will for ages remain, the same in the minutest details of his disposition, his culture, his manners, his food, &c. There cannot, therefore, be a doubt that we are here occupied with the essence of an extraordinary phenomenon, with the peculiarities of an aboriginal mighty natural power, which has been active from the remotest periods on record, and which, as it seems, is not likely to cease very soon to operate upon the future, but rather to cut out more and more work for mankind.

Externally, the Russian Mushiks have, at the first glance, a repulsive and alarming rather than courteous and pleasing look. With their long hair and beard, muffled in a thick pelisse, dirty, noisy, they at first rather deter the stranger, and almost dispose him to believe that he has before him a legion of barbarian banditti, who are more inclined to murder and plunder than to any peaceful occupation. All natives of the west of Europe, on landing in Petersburg, and finding themselves surrounded by such rackets, rough-looking fellows, have felt this impression; and their notions of the barbarism of the North, of the slavery, oppression, and misery of the lower classes of the people, have been at once confirmed and strengthened; and, recollecting the scarcely smothered rage which in their opinion burns in the breast of all these "slaves" against their masters, many a one may have secretly thought: "How if these poor wretches, inflamed with hatred against all who are decently dressed, should take it into their heads to wreak their vengeance on me!"

But all this roughness, that is at first so striking in the Russian, arises only from his long, thick hair, his bushy beard, his shaggy pelisse, his loud, harsh voice*. Only learn a few phrases of his mother-tongue, and address a few kind words to him, and you will immediately discover in every Mushik a harmless, good-natured, friendly, and officious disposition. “*Sdrastwuitje brat!* Good day, brother; how are you?” — *Sdrastwuitje batuischka!* Good day, father. Thank God, I am well! What can I do for you? How can I serve you?” At the same time the whole face relaxes into a smile, hat and gloves are taken off, bow after bow is made, your hand is grasped with as much politeness as unaffected cordiality, and then he answers your questions with the utmost patience, and the more cheerfully, because the common Russian always feels flattered if you ask him about any thing, and is fond of acting the part of instructor. A few words often suffice to draw from him long stories and narratives.

The Englishman, it is true, feels disgusted when he thinks of this civility and courtesy of the Russians, because he regards them as the natural result of slavery and the whip, with which the character of the people has, in his opinion, been degraded, and their self-respect brought down to nothing. The Russians, indeed, are sometimes taught civility in a way that is far from civil; but a portion of it may always be ascribed to natural disposition; and we may accept the whole, when we have occasion to visit the Haymarket, as a very considerable and welcome boon, especially when we recollect the rudeness of the low English market-people. How far that courtesy in the behaviour of the Russian is from being

* All the Russians have a very powerful organ, and a hollow drawling voice.

merely a consequence of a slavish spirit, how much rather it is in an equal degree a consequence of the mild, gentle, hospitable spirit of the nation, the stranger may learn from the scene which takes place on the meeting of two common Russian peasants, who make more ceremony than gentlemen would with us. The lowest Russian day-labourer salutes his poorest *kum* (cousin) with the same politeness, takes off his hat three times to him, hastens towards him, shakes him by the hand, calls him brother, father, grandfather, bowing repeatedly, inquires with the kindest interest how he does, and wishes him the grace of God, the blessing of Heaven, and the protection of all the saints, as he would a person of the first distinction. With the greatest astonishment has many a foreigner, who imagined that he had found the lower class so bowed by the rod, so humbled and debased before their worshipped tyrants, that they could scarcely bestow the most ordinary forms of politeness on one another, witnessed such scenes a hundred times. *Iswoltje* (be pleased), or *iswinitje* (excuse), is always the third word with the Russian. "Pardon me! Forgive me! Excuse me!" says one beggar incessantly to another, pulling off at the same time his greasy cap; and though, with us, a person of quality would not deem the question rudely worded if one were to ask: "Were you lately at your brother's?" yet, even the Russian peasant would think it more delicate to give this turn to the expression: "*Wui iswolili buitj u bratju?*" (Were you pleased to be yesterday evening at your brother's?) In Germany, the common people, as it is well known, *thou* one another: in Russia, the polite "you" is universally used.

The *bonhomie*, the good faith, the sincerity, expressed in the whole manner of the Russian, form a striking contrast with the submissive fawning, and hypocritical demean-

nour of the Pole and other Slavonic tribes, among whom you find the same smooth outside; and, as this good-nature and excessive courtesy are shewn by the highest as well as by the lowest class, hence it is that the Russians are always complaining of the want of warmth and cordiality in the Germans, though the latter especially pride themselves on those qualities. Russian thieves and rogues are good-natured, and, to all outward appearance, harmless scoundrels, and the worst Russian despots have been droll, frank, familiar, and seemingly innocent fellows.

Nothing distinguishes the Russian of the lower class more than his trust in God and his religiousness, which he is continually evincing in the most trifling incidents of ordinary life. *Bog s'teba* (God with thee)! *Bog dastj* (God grant)! *Slawa Bogu* (glory be to God)! are expressions that meet the ear at every step. This religious tone of mind has certainly no small share in that unalterable cheerfulness and content of the common Russian, who, indeed, may be said to live and move in God. Let any one make the experiment, and go for once to the Haymarket from dealer to dealer, and ask each how business goes with him, and *Slawa Bogu, charasco* (glory be to God, well), *Slawu Bogu, paradoschni* (glory be to God, tolerably), *Slawa Bogu, ju dawolnui* (glory be to God, I am satisfied), are the precise answers that will follow one another. One day, when I pursued my inquiries farther, I came at last to a little man, and asked, "How is business with you to-day?" "*Slawa Bogu, ostchen plocho*" (glory to God, dogged bad). "If you have fared so ill why do you still stay, 'glory to God?'" "What God does is always for the best, sir, and so I praise him when I am unlucky as well as when I am prosperous." Is it possible to understand and to

practise Christianity better than this Russian did? Methinks we of other nations might learn a great deal of the Russians. I should like to note down the answers that I should receive to similar questions in any marketplace whatever from my own countrymen, who are but too prone to murmuring and discontent.

The matter, it is true, has its dark side, and if this trust in God is, on the one hand, a source of the cheerful temper of the Russian, it is, on the other, a cause as well as a consequence of his levity, his indolence, and his planless resignation to whatever may betide him; and, on questioning him further about the future, about his objects, intentions, reasons, you very often obtain the unsatisfactory answers: "I can't tell, God knows,"—"God will grant it,"—"If it pleases God,"—"God is great and almighty,"—which are echoed in a thousand tones in the ear, and remind you in Russia, at every step, of Mohamed and the East, so that you are tempted to regard the Russians as the Mohamedans of Christianity, if I may be allowed the expression, with this difference that, like all Christians, they mix up the devil with every thing as well as God.

The Germans set down every Russian for a knave, and assert that it is impossible to have any dealing whatever with him without being cheated in some way or other. It must be admitted that numberless rogueries are daily practised in those markets, but, with the astonishingly slight influence of religion and the priests on the moral culture of the lower classes of the people, this is perfectly natural; since religion is used as a cloak for the most scandalous things, and the aid of the saints is invoked in the most unholy acts. It is wonderful, therefore, that, in a moral state without curb or check, instances are not rarely occurring of such sublime integrity

that one would imagine that the Russian nation, disposed as it is to roguery, made a point of getting up occasionally some superlative example of the purest disinterestedness. Many writers have recorded extraordinary instances of this kind : thus, Storch relates one of a poor Russian woman of Cronstadt, a dealer in spirits, who took care for six years of a purse containing 200 ducats, belonging to the captain of a Dutch ship, in the hope that he would some time or other visit that port again, and who, when this did actually happen, was overjoyed to restore the money to its owner. A similar instance, which has not been made public, came to my knowledge. An English woman, who held an appointment in the Winter Palace, and whose daughter was educated a Zarskoje-Sselo, delivered to a poor Isdawoi* 500 rubles, which he was to carry to the latter. Next day the man came back to his constituent, kissed her hands, and said : "Forgive me, I am in fault : I have lost your money, I know not how, and have searched every where but cannot find it. Do with me what you think proper." The lady, who had no wish to ruin the poor fellow, put up with the loss, said nothing about the matter, and some time afterwards entirely lost sight of the man, on his removal to another part of the palace. At length, six years after the occurrence just related, he went to her one day, with joyous countenance and in the most cheerful mood, and counted out upon the table the 500 rubles which he had lost by his carelessness. On her inquiry how he had raised such a sum, he told her that he had

* These Isdawois are common mushiks, many of whom are employed in the imperial palaces as couriers. They are to be seen continually galloping through the streets of Petersburg and the environs on stiff raw-boned hacks, charged with all sorts of commissions. At first, they are paid a few rubles per month, but are raised in time to footmen, valets, &c., and thus gradually improve their condition.

denied himself every indulgence, and saved so much of his monthly wages till he had at last scraped together 300 rubles. As he had lately obtained a better situation and higher wages, he had found himself in a condition to marry. His wife had brought him 100 rubles and other little valuables. He had persuaded her to give up these articles and dispose of them by lottery among his comrades, and the produce of this had completed the sum, which he now repaid as a debt that had weighed heavily upon his mind for six years. As the honest fellow was not to be persuaded to take back his money, the English lady, whose head and heart were likewise in the right place, put the little capital out to interest as a gift to the first offspring of the marriage, thus grounding the good luck of the child on the honesty of the parent.

Such-like instances of integrity are by no means rare among the Russians; but whether at the last day they will counterbalance the rogueries committed by them, God alone can decide. For the rest, the Russians have a peculiar method of cheating: they usually effect the object in such a dexterous, and one might almost say, amiable manner, that one can scarcely be angry with them. If a German imposes upon me, I cannot help feeling incensed; for he does it with the worst conscience in the world; he is thoroughly acquainted with the quality of his goods, is perfectly aware of the dishonesty of his demands, and scandalously betrays the confidence which I place in him as a fellow-countryman. The Russian, on the other hand, knows that every body looks upon him as a knave, who, with his lively imagination, may really fancy that his commodity is, in fact, as he loudly proclaims it, *ssamolutschije* (the very best). Nor has he any notion why one ought not to charge for

a thing four times rather than twice its worth, and is, therefore, as unaffected as a conjuror at his tricks ; jests, jokes, ogles his cheated customers ; and thanks God and all the saints in a hearty prayer for having granted him such success. When a German is cheating, you see that the devil is at his elbow, and a Russian, that his guardian-angels are assisting and encouraging him.

In regard to sobriety, the Russians are in much the same predicament as in regard to honesty. The nation has an innate disposition to knavery, and yet it not only comprehends people of the most scrupulous integrity, but there are a hundred cases in which even a Russian rogue would be as honest and punctual as the most conscientious foreigner ; the same remark holds good in respect to sobriety. The whole nation, there is no denying it, is addicted to intemperance both in eating and drinking ; and yet it not only furnishes models of the most exemplary sobriety, but there are times when the greatest drunkards practise the strictest temperance. It is generally admitted that in drinking, and especially in the drinking of ardent spirits, the Russian surpasses all other nations ; and yet, it is singular, he seems to be little affected by it. The awful lesson which Hogarth has given, on excessive indulgence in spirituous liquors, is not applicable to this country : on the contrary, these people, who, while infants in arms have been accustomed by their mothers to their share of the dram, live to the age of eighty or a hundred years, and are hale and hearty, as though they had never swallowed anything but milk warm from the breast, and can justly say of brandy as Voltaire at fourscore said of coffee, that, if it was a poison, it must be a very slow one. When they have money, they are to be seen not sipping out of thimble-glasses as we do, but gulping incredible quantities of these perni-

cious liquors out of tumblers, or, still more unceremoniously, out of the largest pewter measures in which they are served to them. Women, girls, boys, and literally infants at the breast, partake of these carouses, which in any other country would be productive of the worst consequences.

Notwithstanding all this, there are times when even the drunkard makes it a point of conscience to drink in secret; and there are individuals who have never tasted ardent spirits, and many others, who take a vow, either in private or publicly in the church, not to drink for a certain period a drop of spirituous liquor, and fulfil it most punctually. Many impose on themselves this kind of voluntary abstinence for a long term of years, and equal in sobriety the khalifs and the apostles. But, as extremes produce one another, there are to be seen, on the other hand, even sober exemplary people suddenly seized with the mania of drinking in a frightful degree. This is a phenomenon peculiar in its kind to Russia, so rich in the strangest eccentricities. It frequently happens, namely, in Russia that the most regular persons, who have punctually performed all their duties, are suddenly seized with such an irresistible hankering after spirituous liquors, and to such a degree, that for months together they are in a state which reduces them to a level with beasts. They assert that they cannot help it, that the devil has got into them, and that they are forced to drink, drink, drink, whether they will or not. They often beg, as if in pity to themselves, that those about them will put the maddening liquor out of their reach, and shut them up, and keep them in confinement. They, nevertheless, break through all restraints, and strive like persons possessed to drown the devil within them in liquor. In Little Russia especially, which is the seat where the

demon of brandy has established his worship, and where on holidays whole villages are frequently found intoxicated, this peculiar mania rages with the greatest violence; and it would be worth while if well-informed persons would once observe and note down all the symptoms attending this disease, which the Russians call *sapoi*.

The great sums derived by the government from the brandy monopoly, the prodigious wealth amassed by the farmers of spirituous liquors, who regularly make vast fortunes by their scandalous and fraudulent trade, the hundreds of thousands of ruined prospects and blighted hopes, are the sad evidences how absolute in this country is the sway of that fire-breathing demon to whose altars all throng to sacrifice their own prosperity and the welfare of their families, for whose seductive gifts all long with a vehemence of desire which excites the profoundest disgust and at the same time the strongest pity of the philanthropist for these deluded wretches. The harassed soldier, knowing no other means of drowning for a time the remembrance of his condition and elevating his spirits, has recourse to brandy. Beggars of both sexes beseech you in the most urgent manner, "Give us some brandy, father!"—peasants and servants thank you, if you give them spirits, as warmly as if it were the nectar of the gods; and even the women lust after this product of hell as keenly as though it were a gift of Heaven. In all the innumerable *wedro-stoof* shops and drinking-houses in Petersburg, there were sold, in 1827, ardent spirits and liqueurs to the amount of 8 million rubles; but in 1833 the spirits alone amounted to 1,030,000 wedros,* of the value of 8½ million rubles. This allows yearly for each inhabitant, women and children included, 20 rubles,

* A Russian wedro is somewhat less than one sixteenth of an ohm.

or about $2\frac{1}{2}$ eimer.* If we deduct the children, foreigners, persons of the highest class, invalids, &c., we shall find what immoderate spirit-drinkers there must be among the remaining healthy adult natives of the lower class, among the *Tschornoi narod*. Government does all that it can to encourage the consumption of beer, and thereby to check that of spirits. It must, therefore, be gratifying to every philanthropist to learn that the quality of the beer brewed in Petersburg is gradually improving, and the demand for it on the increase. In 1827, the value of the beer and mead drunk was 42,000 rubles; in 1832 it had risen to 760,000 rubles. The consumption of spirits has increased in Petersburg during the last four years in the following progression: 100, 105, 110, 115; that is to say in about the same ratio, though scarcely so high, as the population—while the consumption of beer has risen in this proportion: 1, 3, 6, 11—so that there is now one wedro to each inhabitant. The principal brewer is named Kron; and his different kinds of beer are so excellent that they are already sent as presents all over the empire, and are in great request both in Moscow and Odessa. The finer spirits, liqueurs, and *naliwken* (spirit made by infusion) are increasing more in proportion than the other sorts. In 1827, 20,000 wedros of these were consumed; till 1832 the rise was progressive, and in 1836 the consumption amounted to 61,000 wedros—a sign that the taste for spirits is becoming more refined, and that the use of them is gaining ground more among the wealthy classes than among the poor.

Among us, the boys in the streets follow a drunken man, pelt him with mud, and call him abusive names; hence an uproar arises and attention is excited. This is never the case in Russia; and from the absence of such

* An eimer contains 320 bottles.

scenes you might be led to infer the prevalence of extraordinary sobriety, till you perceive that it is only the inattention of people to the matter which is the cause of the delusion. To his no little astonishment, the stranger frequently sees before him two, three, four men walking side by side very quietly, and apparently in full possession of their faculties, till all at once he perceives the whole row before him stagger and reel, and suddenly, one or another drops upon the ground, stretches out all four extremities, and makes his bed in the mud, where every passenger, who is not his brother or a policeman, will let him lie.

The harmless good-nature and fondness for peace, which cannot be denied to the common Russian, must if, as the proverb alleges, there is truth in wine and consequently in spirits, prevent a number of noisy and riotous scenes, which intoxication produces among us. Our German drunkards are coarse, boisterous, rackets; intoxication makes the Italian and Spaniard gloomy and revengeful, the Englishman brutal and beastly, but the Russian, unluckily, in the highest degree cheerful and humorous. I say unluckily; for if the effects of the evil appeared in a more disagreeable light, the evil itself would be more energetically condemned and suppressed. In fact, a Russian, running over with spirits, kindness, and universal philanthropy, is one of the most remarkable phenomena that a psychologist can study. At the first stage of intoxication, Russians, drinking in a friendly way together, begin to chat and tell stories, sing and fall into each other's arms, hugging, kissing, and nearly stifling one another. By and by even enemies become reconciled, and mutually embrace, declaring, with a thousand demonstrations of friendship, that all former animosities shall be forgotten for ever. Then all strangers, be they of

whatever age or class they will, are cordially saluted, kissed, and cuddled. All are addressed by the diminutives of father, daughter, brother, mother, grandmother; and if you do not make as warm a return to their friendly greetings, and they observe your coolness, they will say: "Surely, father, thou art not angry because we are drunk? Yes, good God, we are all drunk together! Indeed, it is abominable. Forgive us, father, for being drunk. Punish us, thrash us!" Then follow fresh embraces; they clasp your knees, kiss your feet, and beseech you to forgive their importunity. Nations whose whole moral power resides in their cultivated reason, and who occasionally have this stolen from them by spirituous liquors, show themselves at such times dangerous and inhuman, because they give the rein to all their passions. The Russian, on the contrary, whose reason has received less cultivation, and who, if he is gentle, is so rather from innate good-nature, intoxication cannot so deeply degrade. He shows himself as he is—as a child that greatly needs guiding. At the same time, it is extremely remarkable that, even in the highest degree of intoxication, he is not forsaken by his peculiar slyness and cunning, which no drink can drown, so that it is extremely difficult, for instance, to persuade a Russian, when in liquor, to engage in any matter that is to his disadvantage.

Among us, quarrels and fighting are the usual consequences of intoxication; in the Russian drinking-houses they are much more rare; and if it is a common exploit of drunken persons here to break lamps and windows, those brittle things are quite safe from the attacks of the Russian tippler, but not the lamp-post, against which he breaks his head, from a hearty hug and a long speech which he addresses to it. Disputes and quarrels will, it is true, sometimes arise, but they are so far from violent

that a single Englishman, if his blood was up, would reduce a whole party to silence. Drunkards who have been turned out of a house are often heard uttering the most childish threats and the most absurd execrations, not against the landlord but against his house, his windows, his doors, and his door-latches. The deeper a Russian drinks, the brighter and the more sunny appears the *couleur de rose* with which the whole world seems to him to be tinged. At last, his jubilation subsides into a continuous song; and, extended on his sledge, talking with himself and with all good spirits, he arrives fast asleep at his farm, whither his sober and intelligent horse has found his way without a conductor.

Every nation, its state, and its constitution, must be considered in the light of its individuality, and no foreign standard should be taken for it. From the circumstances touched upon above, it is evident why the foreigners, who involuntarily put themselves in the place of the Russians, judge so harshly of this nation; and they also serve to explain how it happens that those foreigners who, living among the Russians, adopt their vices, without finding in themselves the corresponding good qualities, sink far beneath them, and that, for example, the notoriously dissolute, the *mauvais sujets*, the *lumpaci vagabundi* by profession, in the towns of the interior of Russia, number among them far more Germans, French, and people of other nations, than Russians.

Of that inferiority which the common people of Russia betray when drunk, they make no secret when sober. They well know and freely acknowledge that we West-Europeans are superior to them in many respects. When you find fault with their goods, they will frequently say, by way of excuse, "Why, sir, it is only Russian workmanship. I made it myself. How should it be better?"

The Germans, we know, are more skilful than we." *Prostaja Rabota* (common work) is the expression used not only by the foreigner resident in Russia, but by the Russian himself, for Russian workmanship. I asked a dealer in baskets and toys where his goods came from. The toys, said he, are *Niemetzkaja rabota* (German work); the baskets *prostaja* (common), that is to say, Russian. "We are rogues," the Russians often plainly confess; "every one of us strives to cheat the other as much as possible, and I tell you candidly beware of me." They frequently make the most familiar communications to foreigners respecting their condition, and spare themselves so little that, with such a consciousness of their failings, you would conclude the speakers themselves to be free from them, though they admit that they too partake of the national vices. "Indeed, we Russians are indolent; we cheat whenever we can; our priests wink at the most abominable tricks; nothing can exceed the corruption of our authorities; we are active only where there is money to be gained; the sciences and higher matters have no attractions for us, unless we are forced and kept to the study of them. We cannot do any thing cleverly, and finish any thing that we begin, and we are sunk in a sensuality to which there is no parallel."

This very frankness in confessing their faults frequently puzzles a foreigner, and makes him not know what to think of them. "What is the price of these Catherine plums?"—"Two rubles, sir; you will think them rather dear, but they are capital, genuine French."—"Oh, thou Russian rogue! these French!"—"Yes, I tell you, yes, really French. But, of course, as I am a Russian, this must be a lie. O, yes; the Russians are rogues, sir, that every body knows. The Germans and French are not cheats—that is well known too; they are

all honest folks, and they sell nothing but what is of good quality. Is it not so, sir? Father, let me advise thee not to buy my plums. Because I say they are French, they are no such thing. We Russians, look you, lie and cheat wherever we can, and make no scruple to do it. And so the Poles have a saying about us, 'He must be a cunning fellow who outwits a Russian.' Yes, the Poles are right; don't you think so, sir? But, father, pray buy something of me, whatever thou wilt, if it be ever such a trifle, and I will lay thee any wager thou pleasest that thou shalt not leave my shop without being taken in. Ha, ha, ha! Yes, yes; the Russians are cheats! He who is not imposed upon by a Russian must be a cunning fellow!"

You hear so frequently the most unreserved confessions of this kind, that you almost wish that the Russians would be rather less free in the acknowledgment of their failings, less disposed to pass them over slightly, and to wind up with the usual expression, "*Schto sdälaj?* What is to be done? Such is the state of the case. God has made the Russians so; who can alter them?" Nothing is easier than to induce a Russian thief to confess, and nothing is more common than for one who has a dozen times confessed that he has stolen, and received pardon or punishment, to be guilty again of the same fault. As cunning is the preponderating quality of the Russians, and they are infinitely more crafty than intelligent, more subtle than judicious, they serve almost invariably to exemplify the truth of their own proverb, *Sum sa rasim sascholl*—"My understanding has run away with my reason"; which, with such a correct appreciation of their mental faculties, they invented for those cases where excess of prudence and calculation has led a person into most injudicious schemes. It is highly honourable to the

Germans that the Russians, especially those of the lower class, place particular confidence in them. A Russian of quality will always entrust a German with a secret in preference to a Russian, and, if he wishes to deposit jewels or other valuables, he looks out for a German to whose care he may consign them. The Russian *iswoschtschiks*, when a countryman of their own happens to be unprovided with money to pay for sledge-hire, will scarcely let him go without leaving a pledge, whereas they willingly trust a German.

In the Newskoi convent, a couple of old good-natured attendants on the church had taken a great deal of pains to show me all the curiosities and remarkable objects. As I had no money about me, I said to one of them, "Hark you, brother, I thank you. Just now I have no money in my pocket; but I will call again to see you, and bring some." — "'Tis a pity, father, that thou hast no money with thee," he answered. "We are poor, and live upon what is given us by strangers." In going away, I heard the other old man, who then came forward, ask the first, "What has he given thee?" — "He has no money, he says, and so he will come again, he says, and bring some with him, he says." Next morning, when I called and presented them with a trifle, they were overjoyed, made much of me, and patted me on the shoulder, saying, *Wot Niemetz*—a downright German! The *Wot Niemetz* has numberless times met my ear in Russia, and may be considered as in many respects characteristic of the moral position of the two nations.

As the common Russians make an essential distinction between the Germans and their countrymen, so do those of the higher class. "*Sluischi tui*—hark thou," says the Russian gentleman to a Russian tailor — all who are not gentlemen or foreigners, not excepting the wealthy trades-

man, are thou'd—" *padi ssudi* — come hither. Measure me for a coat — velvet collar, metal buttons, long waist. Dost thou understand?"—" Perfectly."—" But I must have it the day after to-morrow. Dost thou hear?"—" *Sluschi*—I hear, am silent, and obey!"—" *Stupai!*— (Be gone!)" To an Innostranez (foreigner), on the contrary, the language used will be as follows: " My dear Mr. Meier, excuse me for having sent for you. Pray be seated. I should like to have a new coat. What colour do you advise; shall it be green or blue? But I must beg you to make it precisely according to the latest journals of the fashions that you have received, and I should wish you to let me have it within a fortnight, if possible. I know you are very busy. Well, if it is not quite convenient, I will wait three weeks—I am extremely obliged to you. But tell me how are you getting on, Gospodin Meier. What is the state of your affair with Prince K—? If I can be of service to you, let me know it. Of course you will let me have the coat, if possible, in three weeks? Adieu!"

A foreign mechanic is paid without a question what he charges, even though he sets down sixty rubles for the mere cutting out of the frock, which is the usual price in Petersburg. " What! " is the exclamation to the Russian; " do you charge twenty rubles for this trifle? Thou shalt get twenty lashes from the police. There are ten for thee—that is enough; take them!"—" *Sluschu*—(I obey)," replies the poor browbeaten rogue, and, bowing, goes away contented.

If the Russians have been called the French of the North, the comparison is as lame as comparison can be, because the two nations differ so widely in numberless points, that we should be under as great a delusion if we were to suppose it to be more seriously meant than that

of modern Moscow with ancient Rome, as if, reversing the designation, we were to call the French the Russians of the West.

There is, nevertheless, some plausibility in it : for, in the manner of the lowest Russian, you perceive a certain address, *savoir faire* and *tournure*, of which the Germans in particular are utterly destitute. Take notice of the cut of the ordinary Russian national garments, and, in spite of their coarseness and dirtiness, you will perceive something *comme il faut* about them. Clothes cut in so antiquated, ridiculous, and awkward a fashion as is often to be seen among us, are no where met with ; and, were we to judge of the Russian merely from his apparel, we must set him down for one of the most rational and judicious of men. Observe a couple of common Russians, when they have a heavy load to carry, how dexterously and skilfully they go to work, in spite of the shifts they are obliged to make. You will be astonished to see that for the removal of the most expensive and brittle goods, for instance large mirrors, articles of porcelain, &c. very often the lowest peasants, picked up at random, are employed, and that they acquit themselves of their task as cleverly as if they had been accustomed from their youth to handle looking-glasses and French clocks. I should like to see German peasants set about packing and removing the stock of one glass shop, and Russians that of another, in order to be enabled, from the quantity of broken ware, to reduce the different degrees of the cleverness and dexterity of the two nations to the exact numerical proportion.

The bodily address of the Russians is only a reflexion of that of their minds, and, in the places of resort of the common people, nothing will strike the visitor more than the frequently delicate, always apt, and generally some-

what sarcastic, wit shewn in the answers of these people. The lowest peasant is never at a loss for an answer, and in this respect he presents a remarkable contrast to the awkward embarrassment characteristic of the German. The Russian is extremely quick at apprehending the weak side of others, and he has a talent for turning them into ridicule in a few words. If, on the one hand, there is not a country where fewer bonmots are made than in Germany, there is, on the other, none where more are produced than in Russia. In the markets, as in high society, a great number of bonmots, old and new, of Russian invention, are continually circulating, and they are surprisingly ready at all sorts of practical jokes.

The admirable fables of Kruilow, the exquisite lessons of prudence which they contain, and the striking similes in which they abound, are immediately derived from Russian popular life, and you have daily opportunities of witnessing scenes, of hearing speeches and good counsels, such as Kruilow has given in his compositions. By way of conclusion to our remarks on the character of the people, we will therefore copy a few of Kruilow's sketches, which may be characteristic in many other respects.

The blind enthusiasm which often overlooks that which is most important in a thing, is satirized in the work of the Russian Esop in the person of a Petersburg Tschinnownik,* who relates to his friend that he has been at the Museum, where he has seen wonderful things, "birds of the most surprising colours, butterflies of exquisite beauty, all of them foreign! and flies and golden insects so small, so very tiny, that you can scarcely see them with the naked eye." "Well, and what say you to the prodigious elephant and mammoth, which are there, my

* An inferior civil officer.

friend?"—"Elephant! mammoth! i'faith, daddy, I never noticed them."

In one of the appropriate plates with which these fables are illustrated is seen a wealthy landed proprietor, who is producing his musicians and commending them to a guest. "It is the best band in the world," says he, "all good, splendid fellows. Not one ever robbed me, and there is not a drunkard among them."—"That may be," replies his visitor, clapping his hands to his ears, "but for Heaven's sake bid them be quiet, for their music distracts body and soul."

The policy of the Russian slave-owners is betrayed by an uncle to his nephew in the following manner. He takes him into his gardens, and shows him his fishpond, which he has ordered to be stocked with pike. "Good God, uncle!" cries the inexperienced nephew, "those great pike will eat up all the small fish!"—"Of course, simpleton; that is just what I intend, and then I'll eat up all the fat pike."

A dialogue between two *Kupzi* exemplifies the manner in which the rogues cheat and overreach one another in the Gostinnoi Dwor. "Look you, coz, says one of them going up to the other, "God has helped me to-day; I have sold for 300 rubles a lot of bad Polish cloth, not worth half the money, to a booby of a civilian, whom I persuaded that it was superfine Dutch. See, there's the money, 30 beautiful red bank-notes, and all bran-new."—"Let me look at your notes . . . My good fellow, they are all forged! Fie, fie, fox! how couldst thou let the wolf get over thee so easily?"

In another the Gout and the Spider meet, and mutually inquire the way. "I am just come from prince Andrei Iwanowitsch," says the Spider, "in whose house I have lived along time. But, good God, what a wretched life!

The man himself lives in clover, eats and drinks all day long, or snores on beds or soft sofas, while his servants will not let ever so small an insect find a harbour, lest, forsooth, it should disturb their master's rest. They tore down the delicate webs which I wove afresh every day ; but, indefatigable as I was in repairing my ruined dwelling, I was rarely rewarded for my pains with a fly, an intruder which was no more encouraged at the prince's than myself. Quite tired of this precarious life, I have just quitted to seek a more comfortable abode."—" And I am just come from the wretched cabin of the peasant Pawel Ignatiewitsch, where I found myself as unpleasantly situated as you were at the prince Andrei's. The fellow gives himself not a moment's rest the whole day, and is continually about something or other, in spite of wind and weather. The moment I attempted to lie down by his side and cuddle him on his bear-skin, he would be up again, fling off his pelisse, or fall to threshing corn or cleaving wood, till ears and eyes tingled again. His benches and chairs, of heart of oak, are all uncushioned, and the slightest convenience is totally out of the question. At the same time every thing is dirty and in disorder, and all sorts of insects are incessantly flying in and out. So I got tired at last of this turmoil, and have left, forswearing all peasants' cottages for the future ; and I'll tell you what, I shall see if I cannot get quarters with prince Andrei, of whom you have given me such a tempting account."—" Stop, sister, I beg you, and first show me the way to Pawel's, with whom I think I shall agree extremely well, for he will not grudge a corner of his room to so small an interloper as I am."

The Russian peasant is far from sparing of his animadversions on the rich and great, from whom he has to put up with so much, though he feels the injustice of it.

Many a lesson is read them in these fables. In one of them, a nobleman boxes the ears of one of his serfs, who has just saved him from a bear, crying at the same time: "Stupid rascal, how couldst thou cut the bear's skin so carelessly with thy confounded axe? Couldst thou not have knocked him on the head with a stone, or strangled him with a cord? What shall I now get for the hide from the fur-dealer? Wait a bit, scoundrel, I'll have the value of it out of thee, some day."

In another, a rich man makes known through the newspapers that, moved by compassion and piety, he has determined to bestow bountiful gifts on all the poor, and to clothe, feed, and supply with necessaries every one who should apply to him on a certain day. He is loaded with praise by all charitable people, by his friends and parasites, and by the public in general. On the day specified, his courtyard is full of ferocious dogs, through which the beggars strive in vain to force their way.

The proverb, "What is slowly done is well done," is illustrated by a crooked piece of wood, such as the Russian carmen and peasants use about their horse-gear. This necessary article they make out of a young birch bough, which they bend by degrees, and fix in a frame in such a manner that it is gradually crooked more and more; after which it is dried at the fire in that shape. A bear, observing the slow process of the peasant, and thinking to accomplish the object more speedily, bends a piece of wood with irresistible force in his paws, but as often as he makes the experiment the wood breaks into a hundred shivers.

The artfulness of the Russian Mushiks in evading the laws and precepts of religion surpasses the wiles of Satan himself. The injunction is: "Ye shall not eat on fast-days any kind of flesh, nor shall ye boil eggs in water

upon your hearths, and eat such eggs." A peasant who has no notion of debarring himself from eating eggs, though it is a strict fast-day, drives a nail into the wall and hangs up an egg from it by a wire; he then places his lamp under the egg and cooks it in that manner. Being caught in this trick by a priest, he alleges in excuse that he thought in this way he was not breaking the commandment. "Why, the devil must have taught you that!" cries the priest peevishly. "Ah yes, father, forgive me, I will confess, it is true, the devil did teach it me."—"No, it is not true!" shouts the devil, who has been present unobserved during the conversation, and, seated on the stove, chuckles at the sight of the suspended eggs; "indeed I have not taught him this, for, upon my word, this is the first time I ever saw the trick."

"One knows not, indeed, what to be at to get on in the world. Do this way, and you are sure to be wrong; try that and you are just as unlucky," said one peasant to another. "A year ago, one night, when I had been taking a drop, I went to the hayloft with a light, and somehow the hay caught fire, and my house was burned down. Last night, a little the worse for liquor, I confess, I went to the loft again, but took good care to put out my light first. So I scrambled about in the dark, and not perceiving the trap-door, I tumbled down it, sprained my ankle desperately, and knocked out two of my teeth. . . . Now, *lubesnoi Kum* (dear cousin) you are a sensible man, tell me what I am to do. Shall I take a light with me or go without?"—"My advice, *lubesnoi Kum*, is: Don't get drunk."

What the Russians think of authors may be collected from another plate, in which part of hell is represented. In the fore-ground are suspended two kettles; in one of them is a robber, in the other a bad writer. Under the

kettle of the latter the devil is busily engaged in making a rousing fire, whereas under the bandit there is nothing but a heap of dry wood, and he seems to be enjoying a comfortable warmth. The author, who has lifted up the lid of his kettle a little, casting an envious glance at the robber, complains to the devil that he torments him more than so vile a criminal, but the devil fetches him a thump on the head and says, "Thou wert worse than he, for his sins and misdeeds died with him, but thine continue to live for ages."

The presumption of men in aiming at impossibilities is cleverly satirized, as well as the confidence of the credulous public in braggarts and charlatans. A prating starling has given out that he will set the sea on fire with a lighted match; and men and beasts have come forth from their haunts and line the shores. The starling flies to the sea with the lighted splinter, but as soon as it touches the water—what happens then?—the flame, of course, is extinguished, and the sea is not burned up. "Did I not tell you so?" says a little dog in the foreground to his neighbour, the sheep.

The asses come in for their share; they give the animals, assembled to do justice upon a guilty pike, the advice, which is universally approved, to drown the culprit. Accordingly, he is carried with much solemnity to a great deep pond, where, after being flung in by the animals, he finds himself quite in his element.

The hog and the cat conclude a treaty of friendship and alliance against the mice. The cat gets many a savoury bit in consequence, but the mice gnaw the very flesh off the bones of the hog.

The liar and his son occur also in these Russian fables; here, however, the question is not about a calf, but, consistently with the manners and customs of the people,

who eat very little veal, but so many more onions and cucumbers, about the size of a cucumber, which is represented as being so large that a whole family could make a meal upon it, and yet leave enough to last all the winter.

All these ideas, stories, and parables are genuine Russian, and partly taken from the lips of the people by the author. With such stories, which attest a sound understanding and a correct appreciation of all the circumstances of life, and truly characterise the lower class of the nation, one might fill a whole book of one thousand and one nights.

CHAPTER IX.

THE CHURCHES.

Rome Tatare—Toleration Street—Isaac's Cathedral—The Kasan Church, the Petersburg Pantheon—Military Trophies in the Churches—Church of St. Peter and St. Paul, the Burial-place of the Imperial Family—Masses of Silver—Church of the Smolnoi Convent—Ancient and modern style of Church Paintings—Convent of Alexander Newsky—Persian Pearl Tribute—The Preobrashenski Church—Trinity Church—Church of the Resurrection—Nicolai Church—Catholic Churches—Chapel of the English Factory—German Protestant Churches—Chapel of the United Brethren.

Madame de Stael, when surveying Moscow from the summit of the Kreml, turned to those who accompanied her, and said: *Voilà Rome Tatare!* Her expression has in it much that is distinctive, and one might give it a more general application. The Russians, too, are fond of comparing themselves with those conquerors of the world; and, though differing from them in many striking peculiarities, still it cannot be denied that, in very many coincidences of character, they remind us of the cosmopolitanism of the Romans; and, among others, more particularly in their religious toleration. Strongly and pedantically as the Russians, like the Romans, adhere to the ancient faith and superstition of their forefathers, so readily and courteously do they also, like them, suffer other gods beside theirs, nay, even frequently pray as fervently before the churches of other religions as before

their own, because they think, like the Romans, that it can do no harm to reverence other invisible powers; or, because—to express the thing in a more christian way—they say, not less beautifully than justly, *Wso adin Bog*—there is one God over all.

Hence the capital of Russia displays, like that of the Romans, temples of all other professions of faith, which worship God, free and unmolested, after the manner of their forefathers, and feel themselves under no such restraint as in modern Rome, or in German Vienna; nay, even under less than in any other capital, Catholic or Lutheran, Christian or Mohamedan. In the finest street in Petersburg are to be seen Armenian, Greek, Protestant, Romish, united and not united, Sunnite and Shiite places of worship in friendly proximity to each other, whence this street has justly acquired the name of Toleration Street.

Petersburg is, like Berlin, a child of our days, born under the sun of the age of philosophy. In contradistinction to Moscow, as Berlin to Vienna—both couple of cities present many general points of comparison—Petersburg has not churches either so numerous, so famous, or so pre-eminent for sanctity, though most of them, indeed are built in a pleasing and tasteful style, in the new Russian style, which now is exclusively adopted for churches, and which is a mixture of Grecian, Byzantine, ancient Russian, and modern European architecture; but in which, nevertheless, the ancient Byzantine, which was brought from Constantinople with christianity, decidedly prevails. A building in the form of a cross, in the centre a large dome, and at the four corners four small, narrow, pointed cupolas, the pinnacles crowned with crosses, one principal entrance adorned with numerous columns, and three subordinate entrances without co-

lums; such is the external arrangement of most of the Russian churches, and upon the whole of the thirty churches of Petersburg, which are scattered through the streets of the city in ten times less number than those of the sacred Moscow. But while, in the interior of the former, all is lighter, simpler, more elegant; in the latter, every thing is darker, more gaudy, overcharged, and bizarre.

Decidedly the finest of the churches of Petersburg is Isaac's Church, the exterior of which is now finished to the very top of the cross, and the interior is only waiting for the last decoration, the trophies and the images of saints which may be destined for it. This church stands on the most extensive open place in the city, amidst its grandest edifices and monuments, the Winter Palace, the Admiralty, the Palace of the Senate, the Ministry of War, the Alexander column, and the rock of Peter the Great; and when it has thrown off the mantle of scaffolding in which it is still enveloped, it will prove itself to be worthy of such magnificent neighbours. On the spot where it stands, there has been for a century past a church building, built, altered, pulled down, and rebuilt. A church of wood was succeeded by a church of brick, and the latter by an essay at a church of marble, which, however, miscarried, and was completed in brick. This mongrel edifice disappeared, and at length, the present magnificent structure has presented itself since the accession of the Emperor Nicholas, in its totality, composed of polished marble and blocks of granite; and it will not very soon have a more brilliant successor. To give the church a solid foundation, a wood of masts was driven into the swampy soil. From the upper Peter's Place, there is an ascent by wide flights of steps, the material of which once served the fabulous giants of Finnish mytho-

logy for seats; for they are composed of large rocks of granite, brought by water from Finland. These flights of steps lead to the four sides of the church, to the four principal entrances, which are covered by a magnificent peristyle. The pillars of this peristyle are sixty feet high and seven in diameter,* each formed of a single piece of Finland granite, which had lain for ages in the bogs of that country, till the triumphant power of Russia brought them forth to the light, rounded, shaped, polished them, and made them perform the service of caryatides, for the honour of God, at this his temple. The heads of the columns are crowned with splendid capitals of bronze, and support the mighty entablature of a frieze formed of six prodigious, finely-polished, parallel-epipedons, which are laid upon the tops of the columns. Above the peristyles, which are twice the height of the columns—that of the whole building to the top of the cross is somewhat more than 300 feet—the principal cupola springs from the centre: it is rather tall than broad, conformably with the Byzantine proportions. It is supported by some thirty columns, likewise of polished granite, each consisting of one piece, which, though giants by themselves, appear small when compared with their colossal brethren below. The cupola itself is covered with copper, inlaid with gold, and flings around its glistening golden rays, like the sun over a mountain. From its centre, as a finish to the extreme point, and repeating the whole in the most diminutive proportions, springs a small, elegant rotunda, standing on the top of all, like a chapel upon a hill, and itself crowned by the gold cross, overlooking all around it. Four small cupolas, resembling in every point the large one in the

* Precisely the dimensions of the famous pillars of Baalbeck, in Syria; only these differ in being composed of three pieces.

centre, stand about it, like children about a mother, and thus complete the harmony which is displayed in all the proportions of the edifice. It is said that the walls of the church are to receive further decorations in marble, and there can be no doubt that, when completely finished, it will be the most remarkable building in Petersburg.

Then, too, it will be the most frequented church in the city, and be used for the celebration of great public festivals, political and religious, for which purpose the church of the Kasan Mother of God has hitherto been employed. This church, situated in the perspective, is a real monument of that spirit of imitation which so frequently misses its aim in Russia. The Russians wish to comprehend every thing in their capital, to exhibit there a copy of whatever is grand and beautiful in the whole civilised world, a copy of our academies, a copy of our universities, and so, likewise, a copy of St. Peter's at Rome, which, however, is such a failure, that though by no means ugly when considered by itself, yet it is intolerable, inasmuch as it is a copy, and not even an accurate copy. It reminds you, in all its puny efforts, of the grand creations of Bonarotti, by almost comic contrast. Lucky it is for this edifice, that it is so far distant from its original, and at the extremity of the world. Foreign observers, while traversing all the intermediate countries, forget the impressions of the southern original, and then fancy that there is something to admire in the St. Peter's of the north. As at Rome, a semicircular colonnade leads from both sides to the two entrances of the church. But the columns are small, and thus, that which at Rome was necessary and required by circumstances appears here as a superfluous and incomprehensible appendage. A cupola covers the main part of the building, as in the Roman church; but it is narrow, and of Byzan-

tine proportions. The Bonarotti of the Petersburg Pantheon was a Russian, Mr. W——, the only Russian who has hitherto presided over a great architectural undertaking. The doors of the church are of bronze, and covered with a great number of almost worthless basso-relievos. In large niches, at the sides of the church, stand colossal statues of the Grand-duke Wladimir, Alexander Newsky, St. John, and St. Andrew. The interior of the church,¹ which was so ill-adapted to the purposes of the Russian worship, that it was some time before people could get accustomed to it, and it was found necessary to place the high altar, not in the most conspicuous situation, opposite to the grand entrance, but very unharmoniously in a lateral division, is extremely cramped and gloomy; and one cannot but pity the fifty-six gigantic monoliths crowded together here, because their strength has not been employed to better purpose than to support the contemptible roofing of the edifice.

Setting aside these architectural discrepancies, however, the church is by no means deficient in varied interest.

Above all, the silver of the *Ikonastases* (the image-wall) fascinates the eyes of men attracted by what is brilliant and intrinsically valuable. The balustrades, doors, and doorways of the *Ikonastases* in the Russian churches consist, in general, of woodwork, carved and gilt; but here posts and transoms are of massive silver. Not only the pillars of the balustrade, which encloses the sacred spot, and the posts of the three doors of the *Ikonastases*, but likewise the arches, twenty feet high, thrown over the altar, and, lastly, the frames surrounding the figures of the saints, are composed of pure silver. All these silver posts and beams are brightly polished, and reflect the brilliance of the thousand tapers that blaze before them. I was not able to learn how many

hundred weight of silver there may be in this erection; but it is not unlikely that many thousand good French and German tablespoons, thousands of dozens of coffee-spoons, hundreds of soup-terrines and tea-pots, were melted down to produce it; for it was the Cossacks, who came back laden with no contemptible booty from the campaigns of 1813 and 1814, who presented these masses of silver to the holy Mother of Kasan, for the purpose to which they are here applied. They seem to have a peculiar reverence for this mother, who is somewhat of a countrywoman of theirs; for Iwan Wassielewitsch removed her from Kasan to Moscow, whence Peter the Great brought her to Petersburg. Her image, adorned with pearls and precious stones, hangs in the church. It was before this image that Kutusow Smolenskoï prayed, when taking the field in 1812, to meet the enemy; and hence she is very closely connected with those campaigns.

The churches of Petersburg are already decorated with trophies of the most diverse nations of Europe and Asia, but more especially the Kasan church, in reality the principal church of the city, the cathedral of the metropolitan. They are suspended from the pillars, and set up in the corners of the church. There are keys of German and French towns, truncheons of French marshals, and a great quantity of Turkish and Persian colours. The Persian colours may be easily distinguished by a silver hand, of the natural size, which projects above them in place of the point of the staff. The Turkish, surmounted by the crescent, are all large, mostly red, and so new, whole, and uninjured, that they might be measured out by the yard to a draper to sell again. It looks as though the Turks and Persians had politely handed their colours to the Russians without striking a blow. The French, which are placed near

them, form a most deplorable but at the same time most honourable contrast. They are rent to tatters, and from many an eagle one bit of dusty rag only is left hanging. Of some the Russians captured the bare staves alone, perhaps because the last fragment was swallowed by the French ensign, lest it should fall into the hands of the enemy. But on several one may still make out some entire letters of the word *honneur*, embroidered by fair hands on the banks of the Durance or the Adour, or under the blooming almond-trees of the Loire. How many unrecorded deeds of heroism must have been performed about each of these standards! Indeed their little eagles have a very strange look, with their raised wings, which they would fain have spread in their disappointed flight over the great empire.

Next to the Kasan church, that which excites the most interest is the church of St. Peter and St. Paul in the citadel. It was built in the time of Peter the Great by an Italian architect, and is situated in the middle of the little island occupied by the fortress, of course nearly in the centre of the city, opposite to the Winter Palace. Its tall pointed steeple, precisely like that of the Admiralty, rises like a mere mast to the height of 340 feet. This must be taken almost literally; for this steeple is so small for the last 150 feet, that it can only be climbed like a pine-tree. Several years ago, when some repairs were required at the topmost point of this steeple, which is crowned by an angel of metal, a bold workman got up to it by the following laborious and dangerous expedient. From the last gallery he drove in a hook as high as he could reach upon a ladder, threw a rope over it, and hoisted himself up on it. He then drove in another hook above him, to which he again contrived to raise himself with his rope, and so on. Ten thousand ducats

have already been expended in gilding and regilding this spire, which is seen all over Petersburg, like a golden needle suspended in the air, especially when, as it frequently happens, the lower part is enveloped in fog. How many a poor wretch might be clad in warm woollen with the money expended on this golden coat! To enter into circumstantial details respecting the architecture of this church would be superfluous, unless one designed to give too high an opinion of it to the reader.

The church of St. Peter and St. Paul in Petersburg is the continuation of the Archangelskoi Sabor in Moscow; inasmuch as the one takes up the register of the deceased sovereigns of Russia where the other leaves off. In the latter, namely, the Russian czars preceding Peter the Great are interred, and in the latter the emperors from Peter downward. Whoever has seen the sepulchral monuments of the kings of Poland at Cracow, or those of the kings of England and France, or of the Italian princes, will feel some surprise at the plainness and simplicity with which the Russian emperors have arranged their last abode, especially if he calls to mind the magnificence of the apartments of the Winter Palace, in which they dwelt while living. The coffins, perfectly plain, are deposited in the vaults of the church, and over them in the church itself are no other monuments than coffin-shaped stone sarcophagi, which are covered with red carpets. On these carpets is simply embroidered in gold letters the name of the emperor or prince, for instance, "His Imperial Highness the Grand-duke Constantine"—"His Imperial Majesty Peter I." &c. Frequently the names are not given at length, but only the initials. Here and there are added some inconsiderable trophies. Thus, for instance, on the sarcophagus of Constantine are laid the keys of some Polish fortresses.

That is all. So much pains for a piece of red stuff! Here too repose the remains of Peter III. to whom Catherine, while she lived, refused a place; but Paul caused his father to be removed and buried here along with her. A hundred pieces of cannon, impregnable bastions, and 3,000 men protect this sacred spot, which cannot be profaned by the hand of an enemy, till Petersburg is utterly destroyed. The Russian sovereigns are, as far as I know, the only reigning family in Europe which have their burial place within the walls of a fortress.

On all the pillars around the tomb-stones, and in all the corners of the church, trophies are formed of captured colours and other spoils, as in the Kasan church. Here, as there, the military insignia taken from the Turks and Persians are the most numerous. Here are preserved, as in a museum, a great many truncheons of Turkish commanders and grand vizirs, generally of brass or silver, curiously wrought after the fashion of certain small battle-axes usual in the middle ages, likewise a number of triple tails of Turkish pachas, many insignia of the janissaries, and a collection of curiously-shaped keys of Turkish, Persian, and Circassian fortresses. All the Persian colours have the silver hand, already mentioned, at the top. The colours themselves are a very long triangular piece of silk doubled, bordered with lace, with a painting, in the centre, of a panther, over whose back a broad sun is shining. They are all in as good preservation as the Turkish, only here and there a ball has perforated the sun, and on one only are still the marks of the five bloody fingers of the ensign-bearer, who died in defence of it. Not fewer than 300 copies of the Persian sun and the Turkish crescent here do homage to the Christian cross; for that is the number of colours said to be deposited here.

Among the utensils for the service of the church are some articles turned out of ivory and wood by Peter the Great. It is inconceivable how that indefatigable sovereign could find time to govern a great empire in all its parts ; to construct canals ; to build mills, manufactories, towns ; to organize an army, a navy, a host of civil officers ; to found schools, theatres, universities, academies ; and to produce into the bargain such exquisitely made crosses, candlesticks, and goblets of ivory and ebony, so delicately executed in the minutest details of each part, and so highly polished that in Nuremberg itself they would pass for masterpieces. To show how exceedingly ingenious these productions are, we shall mention only one instance. One of these crosses is adorned in the centre with a circular compartment of ivory, on which are represented in basso-relievo Christ on the cross and the mourning women. From this circle proceed a great number of rays as from a sun ; each of these rays is turned out of ebony, and infinite pains have been bestowed upon its embellishment with all sorts of carvings and figures. The genius and talents of this throned Proteus command indeed our highest astonishment, and whatever he may be who stands by his grave, he will wish peace and repose to his ashes, and prosperity to all the good that has sprung up out of them. Great God, who would not wish that it was possible for him to look out from his grave, and to behold the present glory of that city which, with inexpressible toil and difficulty, he created here in the swamps of the islands of the Newa ! But life is, alas, so short, that in general we cannot reap the benefit of what we invent, plant, and create. Peter, perhaps, foresaw with prophetic spirit what was to take place here ; but in this instance, if ever, the reality must have surpassed all anticipations.

The Ikonastases of the church is worthy of notice. It is composed of a tissue of intertwined chaplets of flowers, wreathed ears of corn, figures of temples and chapels, cherubs' heads, images of saints, turned out of wood and gilt, and exhibiting such a luxuriance of imagination that none of our modern artists, however eminent for arabesque compositions, has produced any thing equal to it. As in the forests of America the creepers climb to the tops of the loftiest trees, so this golden web mounts to the very highest point of the cupola overarching the centre of the church.

Among the Greek Russian churches of the city, the church of the Smolnoi Convent is distinguished by its tasteful decoration. It has not been finished above a year, and it may serve the traveller for a model of the modern Russian style of church architecture. This church is more spacious and roomy than the Russian churches in general are, and its five cupolas display handsome proportions. They are coloured of an indigo blue, and sprinkled with golden stars. A superb iron railing of extraordinary height and beautiful design, the rails, or rather pillars, of which are united by an iron scroll-work of wreathed flowers and vine-leaves, surrounds the courtyard of the convent, which is adorned with elegant birch and lime-trees. Seated on a slight elevation, at the corner of a promontory, round which the Newa, coming from the south, winds westward, this convent, with its mysterious seclusion, and the charming colours in which it has arrayed itself, looks like one of the enchanted palaces of the Arabian Nights. It is seen for a great distance upon the Newa, from the eastern suburbs of Petersburg, and from the whole of Sunday Street, which is two miles long and leads straight to it; and orthodox believers from all parts of the world bow to its

cupolas and cross themselves all day long, whether near or at a distance. Its different buildings form one great whole, and are devoted to the reception and education of young females belonging to the classes of the gentry and citizens, no fewer than 500 of whom are brought up at the expence of the government and 300 at their own cost.

The church of the convent, which is not only used by the young ladies, but is open to the public, has something extremely pleasing in its internal decoration. You there see but two colours, that of the gold which borders and entwines all the objects which are designed to be embellished, and the white of the imitative marble which, brightly polished, lines all the walls, pillars, and arches. Numerous galleries, which are illuminated on high festivals, run at different distances and of gradually decreasing dimensions round the interior of the dome. No fewer than twenty-four gigantic stoves of handsome form are distributed throughout the church, to keep it continually at the temperature of a sitting-room, and to receive every one who enters with the same christian warmth. These stoves are built like small elegant chapels, so that you are at first tempted to suppose that they are repositories for the plate and utensils belonging to the church. The Russians are fond of introducing a magic splendour into their churches; thus the balustrade, which surrounds the Ikonostases, and which, as we have seen, is of massive silver in the Kasan church, is here composed of flint glass; the gates of the Ikonastases are formed of gold bars, entwined and bound together by wreaths of vine-leaves and ears of corn, carved out of lime-tree wood and gilt.

The pictures of the Ikonastases are all of modern origin, painted by Russian pupils of the Petersburg Academy

of Arts. The faces of the saints and the apostles, of Mary and the Saviour, which, in the old Russian pictures, have universally the well known Byzantine or Indian physiognomy on the napkin of St. Veronica, in the Boisserée collection — long, narrow eyes, a brown complexion, very hollow cheeks, a small mouth, thin lips, hair slightly curling, nose uncommonly sharp and pointed, and having scarcely any prominence between the eyes, beard scanty and divided into two halves, and the head very round — have all assumed, in these modern performances of the Petersburg school, the Russian national physiognomy, that of the ordinary Russian tradesmen, a ruddy complexion, fresh, red, plump cheeks, long beards, a luxuriant crop of light hair, large blue eyes, and snub nose. It is strange that the Russian clergy should have permitted this deviation from the received and adopted physiognomy ; those features, it is true, are held in very little respect by the people, who venerate only those ancient, dusty, and embrowned saints, and care as little about having the new faces which they understand, as they would to hear divine service in their own dialect, which must absolutely be superseded by the unintelligible old Slavonic.

Upon the whole, in all these performances of the modern Russian painters of religious subjects, every thing is extremely ideal. You see none but large, handsome blue eyes, faultless arms and legs, such as the pupils paint from life, sky-blue dresses, and purple mantles. When the Maries weep at the foot of the cross, they shed tears as big as the “ Sea of Delight,” the huge genuine pearl belonging to the jewels of the king of Persia ; and, when Lazarus comes forth from the grave, his body and the faces of the terrified spectators have a ghastly livid paleness, as though they were lighted by the flame of a spirit

extracted from salt and brimstone. A simple monument is erected in the church to the Empress Mary, the real founder and great benefactress of the convent, and in honour of her the church itself is dedicated to St. Mary.

Petersburg has but two convents — this Smolnoi convent, which is a convent only in name — for the *demoiselles nobles*, on the first foundation of the establishment by the Empress Catherine, dispossessed the twenty nuns settled here—and the convent of St. Alexander Newskoi, for monks. This convent is now one of the most celebrated in Russia, a *lawra*,* and the third in rank, the other two superior to it being the lawra of the Trinity at Moscow, and the lawra of the Caves at Kiew. It is the seat of the metropolitan of Petersburg, and is situated near the Nawa, at the farthest extremity of the Newsky Perspective, where it occupies a considerable area, with all its churches, towers, gardens, and cells, inclosed by a high wall. Peter the Great founded it himself in honour of the Grand-duke Alexander, who gained a great victory here over the Swedes and the Knights of the Sword, who was canonized after his death, and whose remains were removed hither in a silver coffin. Peter's successors enlarged the possessions and the buildings of the convent, and to Catherine it was indebted for its present beautiful cathedral, which is one of the finest churches in Petersburg. For the decoration of its interior, blocks of marble were brought from Italy, precious stones from Siberia, and genuine pearls from Persia; it was embellished moreover with good copies from Guido Reni and Perugino; and the altar-piece, an Annunciation of the Virgin Mary, is by Raphael Mengs, or, as the monk who conducted us

* This designation is given to the most sacred convents of the empire, the seats of metropolitans; the other convents are called merely "mo-nastir."

said, by Arphaële.* In a chapel hang several pictures by "Robinsa," that is, in English, not Robinson, but Rubens. "*On Italiensky*—he was an Italian," added the good father, by way of explanation. Such paintings by foreign masters are scarcely ever heard of in Russian churches. From Robinson to cannibals is not too violent a leap, and, therefore, we were the less alarmed when our guide, pointing to a corner of the church, told us that a cannibal was buried there. We read the inscription: it was the celebrated Russian general, Hannibal. The Russians, having no H, always change that letter into G, and almost into K or C.

Against two pillars of the church, opposite to the altar, are hung two admirable portraits of Catherine and Peter the Great, rather larger than life. These two, the founder and the finisher, are every where in Petersburg seen together, like husband and wife. And how, if they had really been husband and wife? Would Peter have put her down as he did his sister Sophia, or would Catherine have dethroned him as she did her husband, Peter III.; or would Russia have gained doubly by them?

In a side chapel stands the monument of Alexander Newsky. It is composed entirely of silver, and, next to the Ikonastases of the Kasan church, it is the largest mass of that metal in Petersburg; for it is said to consist of no less a weight than 5000 pounds of pure silver. It is a hill of silver, fifteen feet high, upon which stands a silver *catafalque*; above it are silver angels, of the size of men, with silver trumpets and silver flowers; while a number of silver basso-relievos exhibit representations of the battle of the Newa. We placed two wax-tapers on the tomb of the saint, and rejoiced to see how steadily they burned in honour of him. This burning of lamps and

* The Russians change the name, Raphael, to Arphaële.

tapers in the Russian churches is a pleasing custom : the little flame is a living emblem of the immortality of the soul ; and, of all material things, flame is certainly the best representative of what is spiritual. The Russians have so thoroughly penetrated themselves with this idea, that they can never think of performing any religious act, either funeral, baptism, or wedding, without the aid of torches, lamps, and tapers : with them fire is a pledge of the presence of the Holy Ghost ; hence, in all their church ceremonies, illumination acts the principal part. On the tomb of St. Alexander are also hung the keys of Adrianople : they are remarkably small, not much larger than the key of a cash-box, which, in fact, Adrianople has in some respect become for the Russians.

But the Newsky convent received a larger share of the presents sent by Persepolis to the Petropolis of the North, when Gribojedow, the Russian ambassador, was murdered at Teheran, than had been assigned to it out of the Byzantine tribute. It was a long train of rare animals, with Persian stuffs, cloth of gold, and pearls, that entered Petersburg in the winter season. The pearls and the gold-dust were carried in large silver and gold bowls by magnificently-dressed Persians, and exposed to public view ; so likewise were the costly shawls. The Persian prince, Khosrew Mirza, rode in one of the imperial carriages with six horses, which had been sent to meet him ; the elephants bore upon their backs towers manned by Indian warriors, and huge leathern boots had been put on their legs to protect them from the snow ; the tigers and lions were provided with double skins of northern ice-bears — at least, their cages. “ It was a fairy scene of the Arabian Nights,” was the cry among us, “ and the population of whole provinces had collected to witness the show.” — “ It was a bagatelle,” said the people of Peters-

burg, "and the pearls were many of them false;" and the affair excited but little sensation. The elephants soon died of cold; and the pearls were partly presented to the *Risnitzi* (treasuries) of the convents. In the Newskoi convent we saw whole pailfuls of these pearls, and, besides them, what is usual in the Russian convents, a rich collection of mitres set with many precious stones, of pontifical habits of the Petersburg metropolitans, made of gold brocade, and souvenirs of individual metropolitans and princes, for instance, a handsome crosier, which Peter the Great himself turned for a present to the first metropolitan of Petersburg, another of amber, the gift of Catherine II., and many other costly rarities, all which, were one to find them any where else, one would admire and describe, but which, among the mass of valuable objects, are passed over unnoticed. The library of the convent, of about 10,000 volumes, contains a great number of most important manuscripts, about which many a book unknown to us has been written, and many curious relics of Russian antiquity.

The Sergiew convent, not far from Petersburg, on the road to Peterhof, contains few remarkable objects, or none at all, unless we consider as such its archimandrite, who is a handsome young man, and was formerly a soldier.

To the oldest and most famous regiments of the guard in the Russian army belongs the Preobrashenski, one of those founded by Peter the Great. It is the Legio X. of the Russian Cæsars. One of the most noted churches in the city is named after it, and particularly appropriated to the use of the soldiers. It is situated on an open space between Redeemer Street and the Redeemer Periulok. It is more decorated than any of the preceding, both outside and inside, with trophies of all sorts of vanquished nations.

The inclosure of its court is formed entirely of French and Turkish cannon. These 200 pieces of cannon are arranged three and three, one large with a small one on each side, upon a granite pedestal, with their mouths pointing downward, so that, if they were charged, they could only fire at the ground, in such a manner as to compose a pillar. Chains of large and small dimensions wind round the cannon, and are so entwined as to form festoons from pillar to pillar: and on each pillar is perched a crowned Russian double eagle of iron, with expanded wings. The colours, halberts, and other once so grave and threatening warlike implements of the enemy, are treated as playfully within the church as the cannon are without. All the pillars look like palm-trees, the leaves of which are colours or lances. Here the traveller is also shown a remarkable production of Russian ingenuity. It is a large clock, of admirable workmanship, constructed by a peasant, a serf, in his native village, which his lord bought of him for 20,000 rubles, and presented to the church. It is said to be so well made as, during the six years that it has been in this church, to have needed neither alteration nor repair.

Trinity Church, an edifice of more modern date, like that of the Smolnoi convent, has, on that account, much resemblance to the latter. The exterior furnishes an example of the singularly fantastic manner in which the Russians decorate their churches. Below the frieze of the indigo-blue cupola studded with stars, an arabesque composed wholly of flowers and vine-leaves runs round the church. Separate wreaths are held by angels in couples, and in the centre, between each couple and the next, is introduced a crown of thorns. But for this painful token of Christianity, you might fancy that you had before you the cheerful temple of some Grecian deity.

Half, and the more important half, of the churches of Petersburg date from the present century. The Nicolai Church, the Church of the Resurrection (Wossnesenskaja Zerkwa) and others, belong to Catherine's time, but, as architectural works, they are not worth mentioning. A visit to them has only an ethnographic interest, for their historical interest is very inconsiderable. In the Church of the Resurrection I saw extraordinary offerings presented to the saints, for instance, a patchwork counterpane, selected, perhaps, by some poor but pious creature, as the best of her scanty possessions. It was composed of pieces large and small, woollen, linen, and silk, with a border of gold thread, probably taken from the cast-off epaulettes of officers of the guard, and a gold cross worked in the middle. At the Nicolai Church, which has two floors, one for service in winter, the other in summer, I found all the four small cupolas inhabited by flocks of pigeons, which build here, and are fed by the people who have the care of the church with the rice brought by pious persons as a refreshment for their deceased friends. I entered the church with a tradesman's wife, splendidly dressed, who alighted from her carriage, and called out to her French female companion, "Attendez un moment, je veux faire mes prières." She then went round to all the images of saints, one after another, made her obeisance to each, eyeing it at the same time with the kindest look; and, self-complacently wagging her head, tripped out of the church, to drive away to another.

Among the churches of the other confessions, that built by Paul, when he took upon himself the protectorship of the Order of Malta, is peculiarly interesting. It is decorated precisely in the style of the ancient churches of the Knights Templars; and the chair on which the emperor sat, as grand-master of the Order, is still preserved there.

This, however, is not the largest Catholic church in Petersburg: that is situated in the Perspective, opposite to the Kasan Church. The officiating priests are Germans, and the service is half German, half Latin. It is frequented also by Poles and Lithuanians, and to them the senseless sing-song of the congregation about "the immaculate Virgin," "the exalted queen," "the tower of God," "the fortress of Zion," and so forth, must be still more unintelligible. The Russians seldom attend the Catholic service; but when they do go to the church of a profession differing from their own, it is generally the Protestant.

The Catholics, the Greeks, and the Armenians, who have also a handsome and very tasteful church in the Perspective, adhere to the trinity, but the Dutch, as it would seem, to the duality of the Godhead. So at least one might infer from the singular inscription on the Dutch church in the Perspective: *DEO ET SALVATORI SACRUM*. This church, with its extremely handsome endowment, dates from the time of Peter the Great, when the Hollanders were the principal traders here, and were presented by the czar with so extensive a plot of ground within the precincts of the city that many a Dutch cathedral might envy the church of this little northern colony.

The English are the only foreigners in Petersburg who cohere as a distinct, privileged community, and form a sort of state within the state, or at least continually strive to do so. Hence we see on the front of their church of the Newa this inscription: *CHAPEL OF THE ENGLISH FACTORY*. In all the hymn-books in the church are also stamped the words, "Chapel of the English Factory in Petersburg." This factory is not one of the most uninteresting of the settlements which this extraordinary nation has scattered over the whole face of the globe.

For, though small in number—it may comprehend in all about 800 souls—it is extremely wealthy, and equal perhaps in consequence, power, and opulence to a settlement of 20,000 individuals of any other nation. Many English have already gone into the Russian service, and like it much. When I went to their church, I counted at least twenty young English officers with Russian epaulettes. “Farther! farther!” was the cry behind me, when stopping at the entrance, and, surveying the little congregation, I was making these calculations. A very grave and precise, yet very polite gentleman, pointed out to me the regulations attached to a pillar, according to which no person must stop in the passage, and then offered me a seat. The emperor Nicholas, who one day visited this chapel, fared no better than myself. He, too, stopped at the entrance, till the cry of “Farther, farther, your Majesty!” reminded him to proceed, and a seat was allotted to him among the others. A stillness, which is extremely soothing, which certainly acts no insignificant part in public religious worship, and no doubt disposes more than singing or anything else to devotion, prevailed throughout the whole assembly. Still, all was not calculated to please and edify. The service of the church of England is certainly susceptible of much improvement, purification, and reform. The highly monotonous, but not unpleasing singing—no such bawling is ever heard as in many German congregations—occupies the greater part of the time. The sermon is very short, and delivered without eloquence or animation. The minister at times even lolled his head first on his right hand, then on his left, and presently on both hands—a posture unbecoming in a coffee-house, and in the highest degree indecorous in the pulpit. The clerk, who sits below the pulpit, incessantly repeats certain words after the minister in such a

mechanical manner, and with such a nasal twang, that it is really difficult to retain a due impression of the solemnity of the whole action, in order not to be too much tickled by the comic effect of that voice. It is likewise extraordinary, and contrary to the dignity of the preacher, that, during the Liturgy, he should so often have to leave his pulpit, and pronounce a few words, first above, then below, one moment at the altar, and presently in the pulpit.

There are several German Lutheran churches in Petersburg; but they would be manifestly insufficient for the 40,000 German Protestants settled there, if they were as constant church-goers as in their own country. The church of St. Anne is the most important of them; but the ministers display in the pulpit too great a fondness for decorations, especially the insignia of orders, the glaring colours of which form a harsh contrast with the black of their dress. Among the congregation itself, great luxury and ostentation prevail. One day I found the church hung with black cloth and the pulpit with crape; in the front of the altar stood several lighted tapers, as in the Greek churches, and in the middle was placed a coffin absolutely covered with silver. Before the door were drawn up a number of carriages with two and four horses, and a whole band of torch-bearers, dressed in black. I inquired with astonishment what German prince was dead. "K——, the confectioner of Wassili Ostrow," was the reply.

In a foreign country, every, even the most trivial, object acquires extraordinary interest; so, if we see a fruit-tree in the midst of a large garden, we scarcely notice it; but if we were to find it on a wide waste far from any human habitation, we should examine it with the greatest attention. Such a fruit-tree is the little con-

gregation of the United Brethren in Petersburg. Its chapel is at the end of Isaac Street, and the entrance to it is through a light cheerful court. I am told that the number is but small, scarcely fifty brethren, who form the nucleus of this congregation; but the reputation of their piety and the eloquence of their minister has spread so widely, that on Sundays the concourse of people to this place is very great, including high and low, Germans, Russians, Poles, and French. The chapel is always so full that many crowd about the open windows in the court, in order to participate in the service, and that the preacher even throws open the doors of his contiguous apartments to accommodate his overflowing audience. As very few of them belong to his especial congregation, and they are of the most widely different and reciprocally hostile confessions, this scene is the more gratifying, because it authorises the presumption, that it is a real desire for spiritual edification which brings together all who are here assembled.

CHAPTER X.

FUNERALS AND CEMETERIES.

Out of Sight out of Mind—Funeral Ceremonies—Farewell Addresses to the Dead—Monuments—Cemeteries—Pompous Inscriptions—Cemetery of the Newsky Convent—Tombs of the Great—Gravestone of Suwarrow.

In Russia, a man must be alive to, be thought any thing of. Whoever is unlucky enough to die, with him it is all over; for it is a very unamiable trait in the character of the Russians, that they think so little of deceased relatives and friends. They respect that only which, hale and hearty at the moment, is able to assert its claims, and are strangers to that delicate sentimentality with which other nations cling to their recollections. With them, the past is gone and done with; and ancient usage and the custom of their forefathers have little influence upon their life. In their Janus, the face that looks backward seems to be wholly wanting.

Very rarely do you hear the dead spoken of; nay, the mention of them is considered extremely indecorous. The phrases, "my dear late husband," "the late Mr. N." were never used in my presence, so that I fairly doubt their existence in the Russian dictionary. Of course, this indifference does not prevent the Russians from attending their dead with as much mourning pomp as possible on their last earthly journey, and from dismissing

them at parting with as many church ceremonies as they received them on their coming into the world. The world praises the mourning; the ceremonies support the priests. Far be it from us, however, to deny that there are deaths in Russia which occasion sincere sorrow, and that many Russians have a much more faithful memory than the generality of them are accustomed to have.

If we would take a complete view of what the Russians do for the dead, we might aptly divide the subject under three heads, what takes place at the time of interment, and what is done before and afterwards.

As soon as the spirit has departed, they dress the body and place it in an open coffin in a room decorated for the purpose. Numerous lights are kept burning day and night; and, while the relations take turns to watch and pray by the coffin, the friends come to pay the last visit to the deceased. Such is the custom with the lowest as well as the highest; and, though a man in his life-time perhaps had no visiters, he is sure to have plenty of them between his death and his burial. Some time back there died in Petersburg a very old gentleman, who was born in the first half of the last century. He had occupied important posts under all the sovereigns in whose reigns he had lived; hence, while he lay in state, he had visiters belonging to all the different periods of modern Russian history. Many aged persons came forward and claimed acquaintance with him, men whose name was forgotten while the person still lived, old retired generals, who in the time of Elizabeth had been cadets with the deceased; others, who acknowledged themselves indebted to him for favours done during Catherine's reign; others, again, who had shared banishment with him in the time of Paul. On the decease of such extraordinary persons, the Emperor and his successor are accustomed to visit the

corpse ; while the poor, on the other hand, never fail to lament at the door the loss of their benefactor, and to be dismissed with a handsome donation. Total strangers, too, come of their own accord to offer a prayer for the deceased ; for the image of a saint hung up before the door indicates to every passenger the house of mourning.

Black coffins are not customary among the Russians. Those of children are always painted of a rose colour ; young unmarried females have an azure blue coffin, and to elderly women the violet colour is generally allotted. I did, however, once see a very old lady in a coffin covered with dark red velvet. The men only have sometimes black coffins, but more frequently they are of a different colour, usually brown. The poor merely paint the wood ; the rich have them covered with coloured stuffs. For the rest, however, black is the colour of mourning with the Russians, as well as with us. The hearse, the torch-bearers, the priests, are all arrayed in black. The tree of death and mourning is the northern cypress, the pine. The poor strew the coffin, at the time of exhibiting the corpse, with pine twigs, and, at the funerals of the wealthy, the whole way from the house to the churchyard is thickly strewed with branches of the same tree. Hence those streets of Petersburg through which funerals frequently pass are almost always covered with this sign of mourning.

The time of showing the corpse lasts in general only three or four days, and then follow the blessing of the deceased and the granting of the pass. The latter is to be taken literally. The corpse is carried to the church, and the priest lays upon the breast a long paper, which the common people call the pass for heaven. On this paper is written the Christian name of the deceased, the date of his birth and that of his death. It then states that he was baptized as a Christian, that he lived as such,

and before his death received the sacrament, in short, the whole course of life which he led as a Greek Russian Christian. To receive this pass and blessing, the corpse is carried uncovered to the church, that all acquaintance in the street may take a last look at the face of the deceased. The lid is borne before it. The coffin is always attended, even in the day-time, by a party of torch-bearers in broad-brimmed hats and loose black cloaks. A long train of relations generally follows. For persons decorated with titles there is of course no want of pomp. Among other things, they have all their orders borne before them on splendid cushions, each on a separate one. As they have in general a tolerable number of them, these order-bearers alone present an imposing sight. All who meet a funeral take off their hats, and offer a prayer to Heaven for the deceased: and such is the outward respect paid on such an occasion, that it is not till they have entirely lost sight of the procession that they put on their hats again. This honour is paid to every corpse, whether of the Russian, Protestant, or Catholic communion.

In the church the deceased is again exhibited in state; and the priests, dressed in black and white, and provided with tapers surrounded with crape, are busily engaged in furnishing him with all that, in their opinion, he needs for the journey. Over his forehead is placed a bandage, on which are painted sacred texts and figures of saints. A cross of wax or some other material is put into his hand. He is then supplied with the above-mentioned pass. A plate with food is even set beside the coffin. This mess for the dead is called kutja. It usually consists of rice boiled with honey, and formed into a sort of pudding. By way of ornament, raisins are stuck into this pudding, and there is a small cross made with them on the top of it. Instead of raisins, the rich use small

lumps of refined sugar ; but the priests are better pleased when the lumps are rather large, for when the ceremony is over the whole becomes their perquisite.

After the corpse is duly prepared, the priests sing a funeral mass, called in Russian clerical language, *panichide*. Meanwhile, the relatives take their last farewell of the deceased. They all kiss his hand, and among people of the lower class the most affecting and eloquent addresses are often made to him. If it is a married man, the widow indulges in the most touching and highly poetical effusions of her grief. She wrings her hands, and, looking stedfastly in the face of the deceased, as though he were still living, she exclaims, sometimes in a loud, at others in a low tone, *Golubotschik moi ! Druschotschik !* “ Alas ! my dove, my friend, why hast thou left me ? Have I not done all that I could at home to please thee ? and yet thou puttest away thy wife in this manner. Ah ! how well and hearty thou wert a month ago, sitting among thy children and playing with thy little Feodor, and now thou art so lifeless, so silent, and sayest not a word to thy wife and thy weeping children ! My husband, my master, awake, awake ! Did I not wait on thee incessantly during thy illness, and give thee every thing that was necessary for thee ! Oh, why, why then couldst thou not recover ? ” Amidst endless lamentations of this sort the lid of the coffin is fastened down, and the procession moves to the churchyard.

With persons of the higher class this poetical scene of loud lamentation is of course transformed into silent sorrow. Before the closing of the lid, however, the ecclesiastics, the relatives, servants, and dependants of the deceased approach the coffin and kiss his hands and feet with abundance of tears.

At the interment itself the proceedings are very brief. The corpse is deposited, without any more singing, in the grave, into which each of the persons present then throws a handful of sand. This ceremony takes place when the body is not buried in the earth, but in a vault. When the metropolitan himself officiates at the funerals of important personages, every thing of course is pompous; the singing of the choir is admirable; and the sand is thrown with small silver shovels belonging to the funeral equipage of the metropolitan.

After the interment, the poor set up a simple Greek cross upon the mound raised over the grave. The wealthy have all sorts of monuments erected, as among us. It is not customary to wear mourning for a deceased person; and the practice is confined to the highest classes of society, who have borrowed it from the Germans. The Russians have even adopted the German word *Trauer* for mourning. The Russian mourning equipages, which are used for several months, have a very solemn and handsome appearance, especially the footmen, coachmen, and outriders, who appear in wide cloth dresses bordered with black fur, which fall in rich folds from seat and horses. Not a single silver-headed nail is suffered to be seen either in carriage or harness, and the whole is so raven-black that it would well befit the king of the nether world himself.

The inscriptions on the sepulchral monuments of wealthy tradesmen breathe the same kind of poetic spirit as the elegies of their wives, to which we have already adverted, are composed in.

The inscriptions on the tombstones of persons of rank and title are, on the other hand, the most arrant prose. In general you are told with the most scrupulous minuteness whether the deceased was of the

fourth, fifth, twelfth, or thirteenth class. In like manner not only his titles but all his orders are enumerated ; nay, it is particularly specified whether the order of St. Anne of the first class was with or without brilliants, whether the gold sword was conferred on him, and so forth. When a person had neither titles nor orders, care is taken to let you know to what class he belonged ; for instance, “ Tscherkowsky, gentleman of the twelfth class of nobility.” But if, as it sometimes happens, these inscriptions embrace other subjects, they seem to me not to fall into such absurdities as are often met with in Germany.

With the exception of the cemetery of the convent of Alexander Newsky, and more especially the burial grounds of several convents in Moscow, where the monuments of the departed are pleasingly grouped around the churches and trees, the ordinary run of Russian churchyards have an extremely desolate appearance. They are mostly vast fields, where rotting crosses and falling turf-mounds extend farther than the eye can reach, without trees, without any kind of embellishment ; and in this respect the Russians contrast greatly to their disadvantage, not only with the nations of western Europe, but also with the Turks and Tatars.

The less they care about flowers and gardens, the more anxious they are that there shall be no lack of church ceremonies. On the anniversary of the death of a beloved relative, they assemble in the church, and have a *panachide* read for his soul. These panachides are to be had at all prices, from five to twenty-five rubles. These services must not fail to be accompanied, as on the day of the funeral, by the *kutja*, the plate of rice and raisins. As on that occasion, each of the relatives eats a raisin with a little of the rice, and the rest falls to the share of the priests. Persons of distinction found a lamp

to burn for ever at the tombs of their dead, and have these panachides repeated every week for perhaps a long series of years. Lastly, every year, on a particular day, Easter Monday, a service and a repast are held for all the dead.

The most considerable of the cemeteries of Petersburg are the Smolensky, on Wassili Ostrow, that of Ochta, in the suburb of the same name, and that of Wolkow, not far from the Newsky convent, and, for people of quality, the cemetery of that convent itself. These are grounds of prodigious extent, and many are the sleepers who are there taking their long rest. We may calculate that, so long as Petersburg has existed, there have been buried there at least 5000 persons every year; so that not fewer than 700,000 graves have already been dug. If the population of Petersburg continues to increase in the same ratio as it has done since the commencement of this century, the city will number by the conclusion of it more than a million living, and two million dead inhabitants; and the cemeteries and churchyards on the islands of the Newa may then compete with the most celebrated in the world.

The most extensive of all is the Wolkow cemetery. Though the nearest way to it from the centre of the city does not lead through the Newsky Perspective, still most funeral processions take this circuitous route to display their pomp to the public in that frequented street, as the Roman triumphal processions did in the Via Sacra. The Rustannaja Ulitza is the last street of the city, which leads in a direct line to the cemetery. Both sides of this street are occupied exclusively by stonecutters' shops and yards, abundantly stocked with granites from Finland and the mountains of Dudershöf, and blocks of Siberian marble, out of which they make crosses, urns, pillars, tombstones, and other monuments. The line of these

shops is lengthening every year, as the population and wealth also gradually increase. The cemetery itself is composed of three principal divisions : the largest is appropriated to the orthodox Russians ; the second to the Germans, under which denomination are comprehended all other foreigners ; the third and smallest to the high-church Petersburgers, who, like the Jews, always seclude themselves in separate grounds inclosed with lofty walls. Within the precincts of the cemetery there are several churches and chapels, because, according to Russian custom, a church is inseparable from a burial-ground. The Russians have dispersed themselves over a spacious, bare, dreary tract ; while the Germans have sought shelter in a small neighbouring birch-wood, and there bedded themselves amidst gardens and flowers ; but it must be confessed that most of their monuments are monuments alike of the grief and the silliness of the good folks. " Here rests," says one, " till the day of the great harvest, the body of Mr. Collegiate-Councillor C..... of the sixth class ;" and yonder lie, we are told, " the earthly remains of Mr. von K....., Imperial Russian Councillor of State, and possessor of the order of St. Anne of the third class, and of the order of St. Wladimir of the fourth class." Why, verily, it is as though these people hoped that, on " the day of the great harvest," they should rise from the grave with all their decorations at their bosoms, and be ranged before the Almighty according to the fourteen classes of the order of ranks.

In the cemetery of the high-church Russians, the graves have neither titles nor inscriptions, nothing but simple crosses, on which is inscribed, in very small letters, the name of the deceased, with a text from the bible. In the cemetery of the orthodox we saw the gravediggers sounding the ground with long iron bars, to ascertain

whether bodies had already been deposited where they purposed to dig fresh graves.

What pleased us most was a hut erected at the entrance of the cemetery for the poor ; here, on wooden benches, protected from the inclemency of the weather, we found seated a great number of them, who had come to receive the donations which it is customary for the mourners to bestow at funerals.

The most fashionable cemetery in Petersburg is that of the Newsky convent. The convents throughout all Russia have the fortune to collect within their walls the noblest personages of the empire ; nay, formerly, it was even customary to dress persons on their death-bed in the monastic habit, so that throughout all Russia none died but monks and nuns, profanely as many might have lived. In the Newsky cemetery repose such men only as were once seen at the head of armies, or in the senate, or at court, field-m Marshals, governors-general, senators, metropolitans, and archbishops, partly in the churches and vaults of the convent itself, partly in a small contiguous burial-ground. These places are already extremely crowded ; and, in the little burial-ground — it is inconceivable why it has not been enlarged, but probably some superstition confines it to these narrow limits—the sepulchral monuments stand as thick as ears in a corn-field, and yet some pompous funeral or other daily passes along the great Newsky Perspective to augment the mass of illustrious dust deposited here ; and, if the Russians continue to be as prolific in excellencies, ministers, marshals, councillors of state, generals, and court ladies, as hitherto, the dying will not be removed fast enough out of the way of the living, and it will be found necessary to assist nature by means of art. Places in the Newsky convent are, therefore, as it may be easily conceived, dear enough,

costing from 1000 to 6000 rubles ; and the total expence of interment in this convent, with all the necessary equipages, uniforms, festivities, and presents to the metropolitan and the clergy, runs away not unfrequently with the sum of 20,000 rubles. The convent derives its principal revenues from these funerals, and, probably, its cemetery, two hundred paces long and one hundred broad, is the most productive estate in all Russia.

Though many monuments in the Newsky cemetery are certainly very handsome, yet it is by no means to be compared, though some travellers have, in the extravagance of their admiration, compared it, with that of Père la Chaise in Paris, either in regard to what art has performed here, or to the recollections which are attached to it. It is as though the Gallizins, the Chitrows, the Wolchonskys, the Woronzows, and I know not how many more noted names, meant to give in death one of those grand routs with which, when living, they so often filled their saloons. Many thousand titled men here crowd close to one another, and each seeks the most distinguished company. Unhistorical, destitute of a past, and every moment new as all Russia is, the illustrious are here rapidly heaped upon the illustrious ; almost all the monuments are quite new, and it is but here and there that you perceive a mossy memorial of the time of Catherine. As there was no more room upon the ground, the images of saints, and inscriptions referring to those who are interred beneath, have even been suspended to the branches of the trees. The cemetery is rarely visited, and it is not an agreeable place ; and in general I found only a host of rooks in its wood of trees and columns, singing a hoarse dirge for all these high personages.

Among the different forms of the monuments, I remarked one as frequently occurring, and probably a fa-

ourite with the Russians, presenting a cavern or grotto composed of large stones and blocks of granite. In one of these grottoes you see a mourning female bending over an urn ; in another, a monk in prayer, as in an hermitage ; in a third, a sarcophagus standing, as if in a cave of the Lebanon. On the tombstone of a child the mother had caused herself to be represented in marble, weeping, and bowed down over the coffin of her child. On another is a whole marble groupe of weeping sons, daughters-in-law, and grandchildren, while an angel hovering over head is carrying the framed portrait of the father up to heaven.

Suwarow, the greatest of the men interred here, has the simplest monument of them all. It is in one of the churches of the convent dedicated to St. Lazarus. An absolutely plain quadrangular marble slab covers the grave, and on a brass plate attached to the wall are the words, *Sdäs läshit Suwarow* (Here lies Suwarow). The most costly and tasteful monument is that of Prince Kotchubey, the last chancellor of the empire. The church is floored with oak : upon this are deposited the bodies, over which are raised the monuments and tombstones, and on one side, against the walls, are formed small niches, one for each of the dead, in general gilt from top to bottom, which look like little chapels, and contain images of saints, and ever-burning lamps for the Narishkins, the cousins of the emperor, for the Dolgorukis and the Woronzows, who still pride themselves on their descent from Rurik, and for all the rest of lordly, princely, and half imperial blood. After all, it must be confessed that the Petersburg monuments are far inferior in point of magnificence and art to what are to be seen in the repositories of the deceased great in other countries.

CHAPTER XI.

MONUMENTS.

Modesty of the Russian Sovereigns — Critical Remarks on the Equestrian Statue of Peter the Great — Alexander's Pillar — Symptoms of Premature Decay—The Romantzow Monument—Statue of Suwarow —Triumphal Arches.

It is remarkable that neither Vienna nor Berlin, neither London nor Paris—all cities which have for ages been the central points of a busy popular life, and the theatres of many extraordinary events powerfully operating upon mankind in the middle ages as in the present time—cannot vie in the number of their historical monuments with young and unhistorical Petersburg. The greatest number and, in part, the grandest monuments of the latest times, which, at least as far as regards the plans laid down for the execution of them, may compete with those of any other age, have been raised by Petersburg.

It has dragged within its gates rocks, obelisks, statues, triumphal arches, and assigned to them such congenial positions and neighbourhoods as monuments have rarely enjoyed.

No pains and expence were spared to impart magnificence to these monuments ; and the most eminent artists were employed upon the plans, designs, and execution. That nevertheless a most stupid blunder was committed in regard to every one of them, a blunder which strikes every beholder at the first glance, and yet escaped the

perception of the founders and architects who had so maturely considered the subject, is a fact at first not less unaccountable than characteristic.

The grandest and most interesting monuments of Petersburg are now the rock and statue of Peter the Great, the Rumanzow obelisk, the statues of Kutusow, Barklay de Tolly, and Suwarow, and the triumphal arches.* On looking at the list of these and other Russian monuments, one is struck on finding among them many more memorials for events and distinguished subjects than for the sovereigns themselves. Unlike the Roman emperors and many other princes, ancient and modern, the Russian monarchs have, in their lifetime, always been averse to the erection of monuments in their own honour, and shown a disposition to keep themselves in the background, and to bring their subjects prominently forward. Almost all the Russian monuments relate exclusively to events, and to the subjects who were active in them, while the only emperor hitherto honoured with statues is Peter the Great. Even the proud and vain Catherine has no complimentary memorial either in the capital or any where else. The majority of the Russian monuments are commemorative of the three grand epochs of the history of Russia — the time of the elevation of the house of Romanow and the liberation from the Polish yoke, to which belong the monuments of Minin and Posharski, and some others; the time of Peter the Great and the downfall of

* The new-fangled monument-mania, arising, it is true, from one of the most praiseworthy motives, has spread to Russia, who, searching her history, has found a great number of men and events that she deems worthy of commemoration. Such Russian monuments out of Petersburg are the pyramid on the field of battle of Borodino, the pillar at Poltowa, in memory of the battle fought there, the Goddess of Victory for 1813 in Riga, the statues of Prince Posharski and the Citizen Minin in Moscow, and several monuments at Zarskoje-Sselo, and other places.

the Swedish preponderance, to which the monuments of Poltawa, the statues of Peter the Great, &c., are dedicated ; and, lastly, the time of the mortal struggle with the French revolution and Napoleon, or rather with the whole of Western Europe, and to this refer the pyramid at Borodino, the Goddess of Victory in Riga, Alexander's Pillar, and the statues of a series of generals.

Decidedly the most imposing monuments of the city are Alexander's Pillar and Peter's Rock. About both there has already been written so much in newspapers and books of travels, that, notwithstanding the magnitude of their dimensions, one might completely bury them in praise and censure, if one were to fling upon them all that has been printed ; and yet every new visiter finds something fresh to blame or to commend, and so I will not withhold my critical mite

Among other trifling things, what first struck us was the inscription : *PETRO PRIMO CATHARINA SECUNDA*, or, as it is expressed in Russian with equal lapidary brevity, *PETRAMU PERWOMU CATHARINA WTOBAJA*. It is chiselled on the two long sides of the rock. To us, however, the proper place seems most decidedly the front of the rock, for every thing ought to bear its inscription clear and distinct on its forehead. The name or destination of a building is not written on the sides or wings, but on the front over the principal entrance. The vanity manifested in this inscription is immeasurable. The allusions involved in the antithesis, "the first," and "the second," are easily comprehended, when one bears in mind that Catherine always considered herself as the consummator of the work which Peter began. By this inscription she placed herself not merely on the same step with him, but far above him, as a judge, as a goddess, acknowledging merit, and conferring rewards.

But this one is more disposed to forget than the maltreatment experienced by the rock on which the statue is placed. The idea of portraying an equestrian galloping on a rugged rock, on either side of which a deep abyss threatens death, and to exhibit him at the moment when he reaches the summit of the rock and triumphantly overlooks the whole country, is assuredly as grand and poetic as was ever infused by sculptor into brass or iron; and in fact one cannot help thinking all the equestrian figures of our princes, upon horses moving at a parade pace, tame and dull, after one has seen Peter galloping upon his rock. The emperor has his face turned towards the Newa, and extends his hand, as though he would grasp land and river, at once ruling and blessing. This idea is beautiful, bold, and perfectly satisfactory: it is therefore incomprehensible that it should not have satisfied the artist, and that he should have added to the idea of the ascension of the rock, that of the vanquishing of a dragon, which he makes the emperor encounter in his way, and which his horse is treading upon. This is a manifest breach of the grand rule of art, which inculcates unity of idea and action; and it is scarcely possible to unite in one person gratification at the wide prospect which opens on gaining the summit of the rock, and the efforts required by the conflict with the dragon. St. George, when fighting with the dragon, is obliged to devote his exclusive attention to his work, has his eyes fixed on the monster, who is snapping at him, and points his unerring lance at its head: of course he has no time to enjoy the prospect from his hill. Peter's dragon is by no means a threatening beast, but creeps, like a blindworm, as it were, by accident, across the way; and by accident, too, his horse sets his right foot on its head—unless, however, the artist meant to intimate that Peter, as a skilful rider, had so

guided his horse as to make him trample on it. Peter is therefore doing too much, if he is blessing before and fighting behind. Besides, the issue of the conflict is still quite uncertain. St. George's sharp and glittering weapon menaces most certainly not in vain, and if it once transfixes the head of the dragon, it pins it to the ground for ever. On the contrary, it is very unlikely that the transient tread of Peter's horse will effectually destroy the serpent.

This conception, too, is somewhat annoying, but somewhat only; for the artist himself felt that the two ideas could not well be combined, and has therefore, whether purposely or unintentionally, made one of them decidedly preponderate. The dragon is so small, and Peter, who, looking out like Columbus into the distance, and lifting head and hand, seems to be crying, "Land! land!" or rather, on getting sight of the Newa and the sea, "Water! water!" appears to care so little about it, that it might even now be filed away to restore the unity of the design. Perhaps it was added by the artist, merely because he could not by any other means than the arch formed by its one contortion gain a point of support for the horse. The fore-legs of the steed, namely, are raised in the air, so that it rests upon three points only, the two hinder legs and the tail, and seems just to touch the arch of the dragon, but in reality is very strongly attached to it, so that it serves for cramp, prop, and pillar.

The bold attitude of the whole statue, half upreared in the air, rendered extraordinary precautions necessary, in order to prevent it from losing the point of gravity. The thickness of the bronze exterior in front is therefore very inconsiderable, only a few lines, increasing gradually towards the rear to several inches, and 10,000 pounds weight of iron has moreover been introduced into the

hinder part of the tail of the horse—a very pretty ballast. The attitude of the horse, the sitting of the rider, his old Russian costume, chosen with judgment, are all above the least censure. But the treatment which the rock has received is terrible, and the way in which the artist has proceeded with it quite incomprehensible. This beautiful block was found in the swamps of Petersburg, in the state in which it had been riven and brought by the diluvian powers from the Swedish mountains, in a single piece, of the largest dimensions, 45 feet long, 30 high, and 25 broad. So magnificent a mass the Titans will not, in a hurry, have the courtesy to detach from its native mountains and deposit in the environs of the imperial city. This hint was but half understood. Vulcan himself had parted the rock, Neptune had steered it hither on mighty rafts of ice, and Jupiter had then furrowed it with his thunderbolts. The marks of the lightning were still visible at its corners and on its surfaces. Just as it was, it would have been a pedestal absolutely unique for a Peter the Great, and care should even have been taken not to remove the moss and the lichens which Flora had planted upon it. But, after the lightnings of Jove, the chisel of man fell foul of it, and chipped away here and smoothed there, till the block became so thin that it broke in two. Both pieces now lie fitted together, and the whole mass looks as unnatural as the imitations of rocks which are to be seen upon the stage.

On the other hand, it must be remarked that the brow of the rock required some preparing in order to obtain a footing for the horse; but yet, certain it is that this operation was not performed with judgment, and that the reduction of its bulk by one third made the mass of three times as little value. It is now no more than 14 feet high, 20 broad, and 35 in length. The most extraordinary

part of the business is that those who had the direction of it never thought of paring down the mass to the size required, till after it had been brought entire with incredible toil, roads being constructed and a vessel built expressly for its conveyance. After all, it is a highly interesting sight to see the great emperor, around whose head the rooks of the city are incessantly wheeling, in summer, presenting his brow to the scorching sun, in winter, covered with snow and glazed with ice, boldly and unweariedly galloping on and on, through storm, rain, and sunshine.

Peter's statue stands precisely in the centre of the city which he created, but, unluckily, not in the centre of the fine open place which it adorns. In the site of the second monument, Alexander's Pillar, that point has been more accurately hit. In front of the Winter Palace opens the vast edifice of the War Office (Generalität), embracing with its wide arc a space to which that rectilinear side of the Winter Palace is the cord. In the middle, between this arc and cord, equidistant from both, rises this noble column. It is the largest monolith that modern times have erected, being above eighty feet high, and, with the angel at the top and the cubic block on which it stands, 150 feet. The eye dwells with pleasure on the well-proportioned form of this giant; it is highly polished, and the surrounding buildings are reflected in its cylindrical mirror. In any other city, its large dimensions would make a much stronger impression; but in Petersburg, where the eye is accustomed to wide spaces, it takes in objects at a smaller angle of vision. The Place on which it stands is of such extent, and the buildings around it are so lofty and massive, that even this giant must make the most of his 150 feet in order not to be overlooked.

But when you advance close to it, and the diameter of the shaft intercepts whole buildings, and it towers above your head to the sky, the effect is prodigious. The best points for viewing it are the gateways of the War Office and the imperial palace; for there you find a frame and points of support for the eye, by a comparison with which it can form a sort of estimate of the height.

It is inconceivable how the head of this column could have been made so excessively large and heavy. It projects beyond the shaft so far that the tall angel with the cross standing at the top cannot be seen from below, so that he might as well not be there. To get a good view of him you must mount to the second story of the Winter Palace, or take your stand a werst off in Admiralty Place. This clumsy head makes the height of the column appear less than it really is; as a little experiment that may be made under the archway of the Winter Palace clearly demonstrates. If, namely, you place yourself in such a situation that the arch of the gateway cuts off and covers the head of the column, the shaft appears very large and lofty; but advance a few steps and let the eye take in the heavy top, and it looks as if it was falling upon and pressing down the pillar, though it ought, on the contrary, to give it the appearance of increased height.

The worst of all is that germs of destruction are already developing themselves in this beautiful and still quite new monument. A very alarming and unsightly crack is seen running from the top more than half way down, whether owing to some flaw that was overlooked in selecting the piece of stone, or whether the climate of Petersburg is incompatible with works of human art. There are, it is true, people in Petersburg who

deem it their patriotic duty to deny the existence of this crack, which has been neatly filled up with a composition mixed with small bits of granite. But, in the sunshine, when the polish of the crack glistens differently from that of the stone, or in winter, in hoar frost, when the ice-crystals are thickly deposited on the cold stone but not on the somewhat warmer composition, the obnoxious line is but too visible.

The idea of this column is a combination of the religious and the political, as, in fact, every thing in Russia is. It was erected in honour of the Emperor Alexander, and was intended at once to perpetuate the memory of the re-consolidation of the political edifice which is connected with his name, and the conservation of religion. The attack of the irreligious, unbelieving Napoleon is considered in Russia as an attack, not only on the state, but still more particularly on the religion of the country. Hence, the angel on the top of the column setting up the cross again. In some measure, this column, the capital of which and the decorations of the pedestal were cast out of a number of Turkish cannon, throws all the enemies of Russia, the Turks, the French, &c., into one category; and it is a record, an attestation, a perpetuation of all the latest victories of the Russian eagle. Thus far this monument is the pinnacle of Russian glory. God knows what catastrophe will afford occasion for surpassing it! How will the inscription on the next monument be worded? somewhat in this manner?—"All the victorious Slavonians united under the Russian sceptre erected this monument out of gratitude for the victories over the German tribes, whose injustice, of a century standing, was at length atoned for, and the countries wrested by them from the Slavonians again incorporated with the

ancient Slavonian empire." There are those who assert that the Russian eagle has long been brooding over the sketch of such an inscription, and in the egg there is an embryo which is already assuming a shape. The date alone is still illegible.

The least tasteful monument is that dedicated to Field-marshal Rumantzow, or to the victories over the Turks, with the inscription, ROMANTZOWA POBAEDAM (to the victories of Romantzow). The Russian language can express itself with as much brevity as the Latin. This monument is composed of half-a-dozen coloured sorts of stone, and has, moreover, a variety of metal embellishments. The obelisk itself is of black granite. It stands upon a socle of red marble, which, on its part, rests on a base of a different colour, and has above it several slabs of white marble as the immediate foundation for the granite. The obelisk itself is composed of several pieces, and has at top a gilt ball supporting an eagle. You inquire to no purpose what harmony the artist introduced into these diverse colours and materials, how one necessarily developed itself out of the other, and all combined to form one artistical whole. Luckily this abortion of art will not be long-lived; for it is already furrowed by various cracks and clefts, and so many pieces are splintered off from all the edges that it looks as though it had stood for ages amidst a never-ceasing migration of nations. It will soon sink beneath the weight of its own gravity. The genuine Egyptian sphinxes, couched not far from this monument before the Academy of Arts, seem to eye this very unimposing obelisk with contempt. In spite of the tumult of battles for thousands of years, in spite of the scorching suns and the endless series of days and nights that have passed over their heads, they look

almost as fresh, as spruce, and as young, as though they had but just left the workshop.

If any Russian general has deserved a worthy monument, it is Suwarow, who, as every body knows, was a genius, a man of an original mind, and not only that, but, as every body does not know, a man of fine understanding and a good heart. The most tasteless and insignificant of all has fallen to his share, and if he could but have seen his own statue, he would most assuredly have made many a good bonmot upon it. It is a bronze pedestrian statue, brandishing a sword in the right hand, and holding a shield in the left, in defence of two or three crowns, those of the pope, Sardinia, and Naples, which lie on the pedestal at the feet of the statue. The attitude of the latter is that of a fencing-master who is calmly showing his pupil how to make a lunge. The costume is Roman. The whole is, moreover, so small that it is completely lost in the extensive Champ de Mars in which it stands. The incessant sound of the drums and the clank of arms, with which Suwarow is here treated every day, would probably be the only thing about the whole that he would like.

What should Petersburg not have that other countries possess? Egypt had its obelisks : so has Petersburg. Paris and Rome are adorned by pillars and triumphal arches : Petersburg has some too. There are now two triumphal arches. They span the two roads by means of which the capital communicates with its most important provinces—one of them, the Riga road, leading to the West of Europe, the other the Moscow road, running into the interior of the empire. The former was erected by the city of Petersburg for the Emperor Alexander when returning victo-

rious from Paris; the latter by the Emperor Nicholas. The first, *Triumphalnaja Worota*, or as it is called by the people who know nothing about triumphs, *Triugolnaja*, the triangular gate, is built after the model of the ancient Roman triumphal arches, but overloaded with statues of ancient Russian warriors, which stand in niches, and with an extraordinary profusion of inscriptions. On the platform of the gate, in a car drawn by four horses, gallops the goddess of victory, carrying a laurel wreath to the approaching emperor. At the time of his return, the whole was set up merely in wood and plaster, and it was afterwards executed in stone and metal. We have yet taken but little notice of the series of triumphal arches and monuments which were erected on this occasion to the Emperor Alexander along the whole road, a real triumphal procession from Paris to Petersburg. This car of victory on the triumphal arch has positively but four horses and not five, like the otherwise not unhand-some quadriga of Mars at the War Office. It is said that the four horses there looked too insignificant, and the space not sufficiently filled, and, therefore, a fifth was added, to make the mass larger and more effective.

Thus, every one of the fine monuments of Petersburg has, along with its peculiar excellences, also its peculiar defects. One has, against all the traditions of mythology, and against all the rules of art, a horse too many; a second was faulty from the first in the design; a third was chipped away piecemeal in the progress of the work and spoiled; a fourth is injured by a large crack; while another even threatens, after an

existence of scarcely forty years, to crumble to pieces. What then will there be left of them for posterity? Such are our modern cities! Rome, in the days of her glory, cut a different figure to a certainty, with her monuments, her columns, and her obelisks. This is proved by their noble remains, after the lapse of two thousand years.

CHAPTER XII.

THE ARSENALS.

The New Arsenal—Noli-me-tangere—Colours of the Strelitzes—Uniforms—Cabriolet of Peter the Great—Paul's Rocking-Horse—Chinese and Japanese Military Accoutrements—Captured Colours and Keys of Fortresses—Machine for boring Canon—Russian Cannon-Balls; Speculations on their Destination.

In no street in Petersburg is there, at any time, a want of soldiers and military exhibitions; but it is in the streets of that quarter of the city which the Russians call Liteinaja that the drums roll, the colours are displayed, and the timed step of the troops is heard with the least intermission. Not only must all troops, coming from the barracks on the Wiborg Side across the Sunday bridge to the city, pass through this quarter, but it contains itself a great number of military institutions, especially the artillery barracks and stables, as well as the two great arsenals, the old and the new.

The old arsenal, a prodigious edifice, Count Orlov had built at his own expence, and made a present of it to the Empress Catherine*. The new arsenal was

* Patriotic presents of this kind from wealthy subjects of the Emperor of Russia are not rare. You frequently hear that this count has given a million to the crown towards the building of a corps of cadets, that prince has built barracks for the state at his own cost, or a merchant, N. N., has presented the library at R. with 100,000 rubles. In 1812, munificent offerings of this kind were made; but even in times of peace, there occur not only such testamentary bequests, but, what is more remarkable, donations from living persons.

built in a noble, magnificent style by the Emperor Alexander. Both are full of glistening arms, ancient implements of war, trophies, and antiquities of value for Russian history, a brief notice of which will, no doubt, be interesting to the reader, more especially because the different writers on Petersburg seem to have greatly neglected this subject, which is the more remarkable, inasmuch as every thing is open to all, and is shewn with the utmost liberality to every foreigner.

The endless suites of rooms in both arsenals are adorned with innumerable compositions, trophies, and monuments, formed with arms, steel daggers, polished muskets and cannon, glistening armour, flowing colours, in inconceivable confusion, and an infinite quantity of instruments of destruction, beautifully arranged into garlands, tapestries, and arabesques, as though they were flowers and fruit, children of Pomona and Flora, and not works of the Cyclops and implements of the Furies and of Mars. Men are fond of playing poetically with that which is serious. It is remarkable that among all nations the dress of the soldier is so extremely gay, smart, and brilliant. While our citizens go about their peaceful business in dark apparel, our warriors go forth to battle radiant with all the colours of the rainbow. One would imagine that the most appropriate colour for the soldier must be black, to remind him the more of the melancholy nature of his vocation, to diminish his fondness for fighting and slaughter, to which the inviting exterior of his profession seems of itself almost to entice him. Neither should arms in arsenals be arranged in beautiful compositions, but packed in the vaults of churches for example: perhaps wars would thereby be rendered less frequent, and arms would not be taken up so lightly, but only in the name of God and the country.

Among the different trophies formed with arms, there is on the wall of one of the rooms in the new arsenal a great Russian eagle, the neck, body, and legs of which are composed of innumerable muskets, the wings of swords, every feather of the breast and belly a dagger, every tail-feather a yatagan, the eyes the two muzzles of black pistols, the mouth that of a cannon,—a fearful *noli-me-tangere*, an apt symbol of the Russian power, which has raised itself on sword and bayonet wings to its present height. Wo be to them who are struck by the lightnings of those eagle-eyes, or roused by the thunder of that throat! Wo to them over whom those sword-pinions are expanded, and towards whom the sabre-claws are outstretched!—In another room, not far from the eagle, is a statue of Catherine, wrought in marble, representing her seated on an imperial throne, surrounded by all the emblems of sovereign power. The statue was erected to her during her lifetime by Orlov, and given together with the building. Her horse, a gray, stuffed with straw, stands opposite to her: he ought to have been executed in marble too, for he now forms too unmajestic a figure, as he stands there ready saddled and bridled. The saddle is not a ladies' saddle, but the ordinary saddle used by men; so that Catherine must have sat her steed in the same manner as her generals.

The historical memorials and antiquities comprehend many of the highest interest, for instance, the colours of the Strelitzes, large flags composed of patches of silk, and adorned with many most original compositions, and which are characteristic of those fanatic Russian pretorians, whom one might call the janissaries of Christendom. They deserve, in the highest degree, the attention of the historian, though, as far as we know,

not an historian has ever yet made mention of them. In the centre of the colours, is seated God the Father, holding the last judgment; above him is the blue sky of Paradise, beneath him the flaming pit of hell: at his right hand are standing the righteous, that is, a party of Russian priests, a division of the Strelitzes, and a number of bearded Russians; on his left are the wicked and the unbelievers, that is, a party of Jews, another of Turks and Tatars, a third of black labouring people and Negroes, and a fourth of Njemtzi (West Europeans), in the German dress. The name of the nation is placed by each party, so also under those who are doomed to the flames of hell; for instance, "a covetous man," "a turban," "a murderer," "a German," and so forth. Many angels, with long iron bars, are engaged in delivering up to the devils the rest of the shrieking Jews, Mohamedans, and other infidels. Pictures of this kind, which are often disregarded, are in general strongly expressive of all that was passing in the inmost recesses of the mind. Near these colours are placed several suits of the armour used by the Strelitzes, and some of their cartridges: each cartridge is in a separate box, and a whole string of these boxes fastened to thongs was carried at the breast, as is customary with the T'scherkessians. Near them are also placed Russian cannon of those times, very large, rather neatly wrought of bar iron, and garnished with silver and gold.

To each emperor and empress, since Peter the Great, is appropriated a separate apartment, filled partly with the utensils, clothes, arms, &c., used by them; partly with the military accoutrements, uniforms, &c., common in their time. The uniforms of celebrated generals, with all the insignia of their orders, their crosses,

and their ribbons, are here deposited in glass-cases ; beneath figure, in this manner, some thousand yards at least of historically interesting silk ribbon. With the assistance of this cabinet, a capital history of the Russian army might be composed. From this collection, it appears, among other things, that the guard of the Ssemeenow and Preobrashenski regiments, the most celebrated and the most important legions of the army, the flower of the czarish Pretorians, during their existence of a century only, have changed their uniform twenty-five times, and have not at present the slightest resemblance to what they were a hundred years ago. The changes of the Russian soldier from white to black, from red to green, from long to short, from loose to tight, are as extraordinary as those of the caterpillar to the chrysalis, and of the chrysalis to a butterfly.

In the Emperor Alexander's apartment are his uniform and all the orders that he wore. There are no fewer than sixty of them, and yet the great ribbon of the order of St. George is not among them, because the emperor could never make up his mind to accept it, though it was several times decreed and offered to him by the chapter of the order and by the senate. This order must not be given unless for a signal victory gained, for the deliverance of the empire from great danger, or for the restoration of peace by a series of military operations ; and the emperor, who could not ascribe to himself exclusively any one of these qualifications, denied himself the honour, to keep up the respectability of the order and the strict observance of its laws.

Since the time of Peter the Great, the sovereigns of Russia have voluntarily submitted to all the laws and regulations established by themselves, and thus set a

great example to their subjects. The lance carried by Peter the Great, as a volunteer in his army, the uniforms successively worn by him as serjeant, captain, and colonel, the leathern shirt in which he worked as a carpenter, all which are here preserved in the arsenal, continually remind his successors to take a pattern from him. Among other things in Peter's room, you find the cabriolet which he employed for measuring distances, and in which the number of revolutions made by the wheels was indicated by machinery placed at the back of the body. On the roof of this vehicle is a curious old picture, exhibiting Peter's mode of travelling. It is a representation of the cabriolet itself, and the emperor is guiding the single horse with his own hand. Behind him are new-built houses and gardens, which he has completed; before, woods and deserts, to which he is hastening to carry improvement: behind him, the sky is serene; before, the dense clouds look like jagged rocks. If, as it is probable, this subject was suggested by Peter, it serves to show what he thought of himself.

A remarkable contrast with this little modest cabriolet of the road-measuring and constructing emperor is found in the great triumphal carriage for drums and colours, which, by command of Peter II., preceded the band of his guard, at the time that the ladies wore hoops and the gentlemen flowing wigs. The rocking-horse with which Paul amused himself when a child; Peter the Third's Holstein cuirassiers, who were so extremely obnoxious to the native Russians; the oak throne of the notorious Ssenka Rasin, the chief of the rebel Cossacks, garnished all round with clumsy pistols instead of tassels; and the uniform of General Miloradowitsch, in which may still be seen the hole through

which the ball of the insurgents found its way to his heart*, furnish varied subjects for the imagination of the historian.

The Russians have not confined their attention to the uniforms and accoutrements of their own troops; those of their neighbour states have not been neglected; and here you may study the military costume of even China and Japan. The cuirasses and helmets of the Japanese guard are composed entirely of small pieces of tortoise-shell fitting to the body; and the face is covered by the black mask of an open-mouthed dragon. The Chinese soldier is swelled out from head to foot by a thick wadding of cotton wool; and, if he cannot move with ease in battle, he is at least protected in some measure from arrows and cudgels. He, too, is accustomed to wear grotesque masks; for the timid every where show a great inclination to daunt others by frightful disguises, as they cannot do it by their own courage. Such, too, seems to be the object of the Chinese weapons; among these is a halbert, the axe-head of which is nearly six feet long: for wielding it, every soldier must have around him a vacant circle at least ten feet in diameter; and though it seems to be designed for slaughtering giants, yet the Roman soldier, with his short sword, would be sure to come off safe and sound from the encounter with it. Numerous as are these foreign uniforms, there is scarcely one, the Japanese not excepted, with which the Russians have

* Miloradowitsch was governor of Petersburg, and was shot on the 26th of December, 1825, when some divisions of the guard, joined by the populace, opposed the accession of Nicholas to the Imperial throne.

The depositing of the uniforms of a general, by imperial command, in a public place, such as the arsenal of Petersburg or Moscow, or in the treasury of the latter city, is an extraordinary distinction that falls to the lot of very few patriots.

not been engaged in hostilities, and from which they have not won trophies and tokens of victory. These trophies fill all the churches, treasuries, and arsenals of Moscow and Petersburg.

Those deposited in the arsenals of Petersburg are a number of splendid silver shields of Turkish commanders; Polish, Prussian, Persian, and French colours, and at least a thousand yards of silk in captured Turkish standards; and a whole heap of crescents taken down from the tops of mosques. In a distinct room, the visiter has even opportunity to study the extraordinary forms of the keys used by various nations in those of Persian, Grusinian, and Turkish fortresses taken by the Russians. To each parcel of keys there is a painting representing the town by which it was delivered.

With the new arsenal is united a department for boring cannon, the works of which are set in motion by a powerful steam-engine. The borers themselves are firmly fixed, and the ponderous metal cylinders are laid hold of by the machine and twirled round and round; because their own weight gives a greater impetus to the propulsion than the light borer could of itself produce. I should like to see the man, who has taken any note of the signs of the times, and who could walk calmly, or indeed without strong emotion, among all these engines of destruction in the process of formation. It is true that the schools and the workshops are labouring in like manner for the greatness of the empire. The merchant extending his speculations, and the artisan improving his manipulations, are striving indeed mediately to increase the strength and the extent of the realm; but the cannon-borer stands in much more immediate relation to coming battles, and all his operations declare too plainly and decidedly his hostile purpose.

Every touchhole that he bores, every cannon's mouth that he polishes up, excite in a thousand ways, in a warlike and fast-thriving state like Russia, the imagination, fear, hope, pity, and military enthusiasm.

We here saw sixty pieces of cannon in hand. Russia is labouring for futurity; her views extend to coming ages, and over the whole surface of the globe teeming with populations, and she anticipates many a conflict for near and distant years. Some of those pieces had been creaking for a month around their axes, and slowly ejected one bright metal shaving after another. By and by the 48-pound balls will dart like lightning from their throats, and with a single blow make as many shivers as twenty carpenters cannot put to rights in twenty weeks. After being roughly bored, they require a great deal of labour in smoothing and finishing. The touchhole is bored and worked with as much care as the optician bestows on a telescope. There they lie, ponderous and clumsy, upon the ground, scarcely to be moved and turned with levers and crowbars by a hundred hands. When they have been mounted upon the rolling wheels, and the horses harnessed to them, how will they dash to and fro amidst the turmoil of the battle, like living and trained dragons, pouring forth their flames at the command of the general, first this way, then that!—They are measuring and making circles. What is that for? They are preparing the sight, and sawing and making a small incision in the middle of it. What uniform will meet the eye of the engineer looking through this incision, when he points the cannon and gives the fateful sign?—the blue coats of the Prussians, the white jackets of the Austrians, or the red breeches of the French?

This establishment supplies the navy as well as the land artillery ; and we here saw bores some of which were calculated for 120-pound balls. God grant that such monsters of slaughter may be timely swallowed by the waves and lodged in the lowest depths of the sea, where, forgetting their lightnings and their thunder, they may offer safe retreats to the silent inhabitants of the ocean ! Such will, in fact, be the fate of many of these guns ; so that the workman knows not whether he is bestowing his labour upon a fire-vomiter or a water-trough, a dispenser of death or a protector of life.

After the cannon have been turned, bored, filed, and finished in the great workshops of the establishment, amidst the singing of the Russian workmen—the Russian labouring man sings, let him be doing what he will, whether he is decorating his convents and churches, gathering the peaceful gifts of Ceres, or boring cannon in the service of Mars—they come at last into the examining room, where their proportions and measures are once more closely scrutinized by the master-workmen and superior engineers. All the finished pieces are set up in the inner court of the arsenal. We counted no fewer than eight hundred on one spot. As yet they were clean, and pure, and innocent, unstained by blood and guilt : but they already harboured evil designs in their hearts, and awaited only the supreme mandate to be set in motion by thousands of willing hands, and to commence their destructive career.

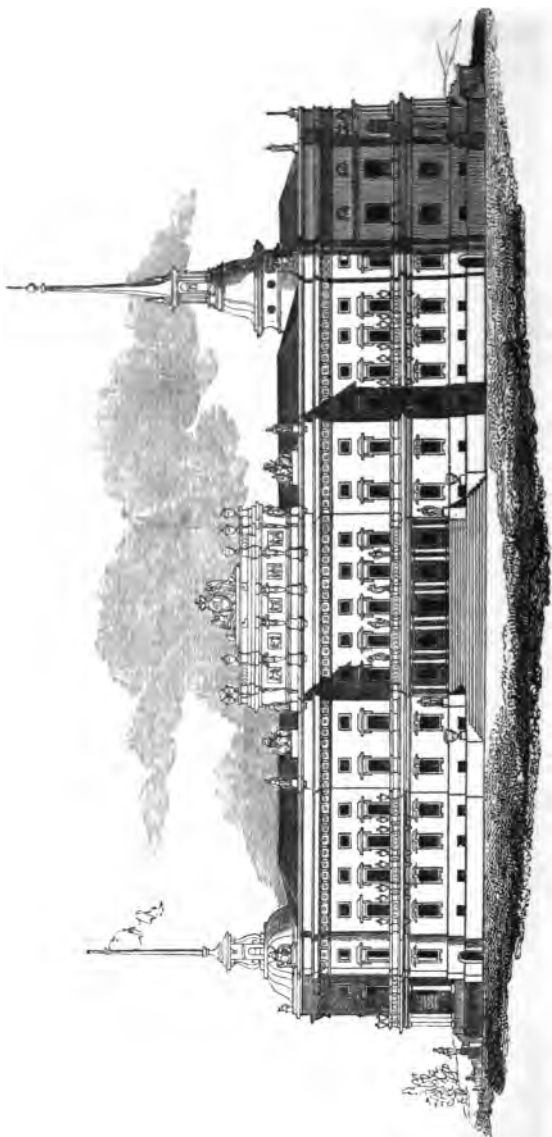
The veil which shrouds the future fortunes of Europe and the evil threatening it from the East is impenetrable ; and the West thinks with alarm of the moment when it will be lifted. What stage will then

present itself; what parts will then be performed by the actors, who, ready dressed and bepainted, are only awaiting the prompter's signal? Whose is the bombarded city which they will lay in ashes? whose are the distant ports against which their force is directed? To whom will victory present the palm, and how will they enter Vienna, Berlin, and Paris? Triumphant, to threaten others; or captive and bound, to adorn in silence as trophies the public buildings?

The store of balls piled up here is immense. All the courts of the arsenal are full of them, and the doorways and entrances are decorated with their pyramids, and as calmly and thoughtlessly as the Russian sentinel marches to and fro, so anxiously do the Turks, the Caucasians, the Germans, the Chinese, the Bucharrians, and the French tacitly ask themselves; "To what regions are they destined to roll? Is this intended for me? Is that to strike the head of my father? Will the bomb burst on our hearths? Will the canister-shot fill our churchyards?" The face of the ball is black, and no spirit possessing a knowledge of future events has written upon it. "The . of November, 18.. to appear in the market-place of Olmütz—or, "In Spring, 18.. to waken the first swallows in the gardens of Constantinople"—or, "To rouse the English sailors on Easter Sunday morning"—or, "To salute the Parisians on Christmas eve"—or, "To scare the Caucasians on New Year's day"—or, "The . of February 19.. to reduce the rebellious Swedes to obedience"—or, "The 6th of November 1910, to make the Chinese tractable." Indeed the Russian balls have in prospect so vast a futurity, and such manifold destinations, that imagination is at fault when it considers

all the possible incidents in the life of one of these formidable messengers, and thinks of all the pens and presses for which the narration of their deeds will some time or other afford employment.





CASTLE OF ST. MICHAEL.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE IMPERIAL PALACES.

The old Michailow—Walled-up Rooms—School of Engineers—Models of Russian Fortresses—Model of the Dardanelles and Hellespont—Collection of Ukases relative to Fortresses—Hand-writing of Russian Sovereigns—The new Michailow Palace—Riding School—The Exercise House—The Taurian Palace—Apartments of the emperor Alexander—The Annitschkow Palace—The Winter Palace; its destruction by Fire—The Hermitage.

When the emperor Paul began to be afraid of his subjects, he entrenched himself behind the massive walls of the Michailow Samok (fort). He had the old Summer Palace* by the Fontanka pulled down, and in its place a new fortified residence erected: it was built of granite, surrounded by rampart and ditches, and bristling with cannon. He dedicated it to the archangel Michael; for it is customary with the Russians to dedicate not only their churches, but all other public edifices, castles, fortresses, &c., to a particular patron saint. It has a more gloomy appearance than the other palaces in Petersburg, and is built in a singular style. It is a large, lofty, and extremely massive quadrangle, the four façades of which are so variously decorated that no two of them are alike. The ditches are now partly filled up and transformed into gardens,

* In contradistinction to this old Summer Palace, the ordinary grand residence of the emperor was called the Winter Palace, a designation which had become meaningless since the demolition of the former.

but, to go to the principal entrance, you have still to cross several drawbridges as to a castle of the middle ages. In the open space before this principal entrance stands a monument, insignificant enough as a work of art, which Paul erected to Peter the Great, with the inscription, *PRODADU PRAWNUK*—to the Grandfather the Grandson. Over the grand entrance, overloaded with architectural decorations, there is in large gilt letters a text of the Bible in the ancient Slavonic language, “*Domu twoemu prodobajet swatina gospodna w’dolgotu duei*”—On thy house the blessing of the Lord will rest for ever. This prophecy was far from being fulfilled, for the emperor had inhabited the house but three months, when he received death from hands against which his cannon could not protect him.

The palace was built with extraordinary despatch; five thousand men were every day employed in the work. To dry the plaister of the walls quickly, large iron plates were cast, made red-hot, and in that state fastened to the walls for a certain time. Notwithstanding this expedient, the vast mass of lime and stone collected there could not, of course, dry so very rapidly, and, after the emperor’s death, the palace was forsaken as absolutely unserviceable. Though it has since been repaired, still it has never since been inhabited, but appropriated to other purposes. The expence of its erection amounted to no less than eighteen million rubles. If proper time had been allowed, it might have been completed for six million. The inner courts and apartments are spacious and intricate. A magnificent marble staircase leads to the first floor, and the vestibules and corridors are paved and lined with beautiful sorts of marble. The floors of the rooms were brought, in order to save the time that would be required for

making new ones, from the Taurian palace; at have since been replaced in their former situation. The apartments in which Paul was put to death are walled up and sealed. This is a common practice of the Russians with the rooms in which their parents died. They have a certain horror of them, and never like to enter them afterwards. The emperor Alexander* was never in these apartments: but the present emperor, who was not intimidated either by the cholera at Moscow, or by the insurrection in Petersburg, or by the daggers of assassins in Warsaw, and has on all occasions put on a bold face, has inspected them several times.

These apartments, which may easily be distinguished outside by the dust-covered windows, are in the second floor of the edifice; and those of the fair Lapuchin were immediately under them on the first floor. The latter are now inhabited by the keepers of the palace. The staircase which led down to them has been removed. During the reign of Alexander, the palace was neglected to such a degree, that when Nicholas set about repairing and beautifying it, the cost of merely clearing away the dust, dirt, and rubbish, amounted to 62,000 rubles. The painted ceilings of the rooms have a manifold interest. In one is represented the revival of the Order of Malta. Ruthenia, a stately female, with Paul's features, is seated on a high mountain, and beside her is her mighty eagle. Fame flies to her affrighted from the south, informs her of the injustice committed in the Mediterranean by the Turks and the French, and begs that her protégée may be permitted to take refuge under the wings of the powerful bird. Below, in the distance, are seen the waves of the sea and the island threatened by hostile fleets.

In another apartment are seen assembled all the gods

of Greece, whose physiognomies are borrowed from persons then living at court. The architect of the palace, who well lined his own purse by the job, appears as flying Mercury. When Paul, who was a very clever punster, and quite aware that all the money supplied by him had not been turned into stone and wood, desired some one to explain to him who were the owners of the different faces, he instantly recognised the features of Mercury, and said laughing to the attendant courtiers: "*Ah, voilà l'architecte qui vole!*" (who is flying, or thieving)

The old Michailow palace is now occupied by the school of engineers. One hundred and fifty youths here receive their mathematical and physical education; and its gardens are now filled with young cadets, who play or exercise in them, and what were formerly the throne, audience, and dining-rooms are partly metamorphosed into handsome school and lecture-rooms, dormitory, and refectory for the pupils, partly appropriated to collections of the highest interest for the Russian engineer department; and indeed it is not a little surprising what advances have been already made in this branch of military science.

In regard to military fortifications, Russia is divided into ten circles. A separate room is devoted to the objects connected with fortification in each circle. In this room are deposited in large cases, in the first place, plans of all fortresses existing or recently projected in the circle, not only general plans, but also complete special plans. Each fortress has, in the next place, its own case of materials, containing specimens of the various species of rocks and earth occurring in the environs of the fortress, and of the bricks made there, with which it is built, or may be built. Lastly,

on large platforms in the middle of the rooms stand models of all the fortified towns in Russia, executed in wood and clay, and with such minuteness that not the slightest elevation or depression of the ground, not a house or a tree, are omitted. In this manner you here see Kiew, Reval, and Riga represented in the most complete and distinct miniatures. It is worthy of remark that this collection includes also a perfect copy of the castles of the Dardanelles, with all their different bastions and walls, and a precise representation of all the little creeks of the Hellespont, and of the neighbouring heights and rocks. By means of this model, the whole plan of the attack of the Dardanelles may be directed from Petersburg. It is a question if the English have provided so carefully against future contingencies, and if they possess detailed models of this kind. A number of Turkish and Russian ships are sailing to and fro on the bright mirror of the Hellespont; and it is evident enough that Russian imagination is ever intent on impressing itself strongly with its own interest. The introduction of the castles of the Dardanelles among those already occupied by Russian troops denotes that they already consider them in some measure as their own, and serves to keep perpetually fresh in their memory that saying of Alexander's: "Il nous faut avoir les clefs de notre maison dans la poche."

In another large room there is an immense collection of ukases and military ordinances relative to works in fortifications. They are signed and in part corrected by the different emperors and empresses with their own hands. Catherine in particular made a great number of corrections with her red lead pencil; and the present emperor always appends his autograph alterations, annotations, amendments, and explanations, to laws,

decrees, and judicial decisions. Here I saw hundreds of repetitions of those three important words, "*Buit po ssemu,*" (be it so, *ainsi est notre plaisir*), which are subjoined to every ukase. Catherine wrote a bad hand, though her signatures are never hasty, and she seems on the contrary to have taken great pains in the formation of the Russian letters. All the long letters have at bottom a little tail made with a trembling hand; some of them lean very much, and they are not all in a line. Neither are they joined; almost every letter stands apart. Sometimes even individual letters are broken into separate and unconnected strokes; and the whole, without freedom or roundness, without the slightest attempt at flourish or embellishment, looks like the writing of an elderly man.

The Emperor Alexander wrote a fine hand. His name always begins with a large elegant A; the other letters, though neatly written, are by no means plain, till you come to the concluding r, which is very clear and distinct. Under the name there is a flourish, composed of a variety of spirals and zigzags, which at first looks extremely intricate, but to which you easily find the clue, because it is always regular and made in the same fashion. Nikolai writes decidedly the finest hand of all the Russian emperors. It is plain, free, even, and regular. The emperor begins with a simple stroke curving from below upward, under which his name stands as under a roof; the name itself is very simply but very distinctly written in flowing letters from beginning to end. The last stroke of the i terminates at bottom in a small curve, and strikes out underneath into two waving lines to and fro, then ascends in spirals to the single stroke first made, and finishes with a bold, thick, careless, but not unpleasing dash made with

the full weight of the hand and the whole breadth of the pen. Thus, the neatly written name appears to be completely inclosed in a handsome frame.

It admits not of a doubt, I believe, that the new Michailow Palace, the residence of the grand-duke Michael, is the most elegant building in Petersburg.* It was built about twenty years ago by an Italian named Rossi. The interior is decidedly the handsomest and the most tasteful in decoration and furniture of all that is to be seen in Petersburg; and it is of itself a treat to contemplate the exquisite architectural proportions of the exterior. Very rarely indeed can a royal edifice procure for itself such advantageous environs and avenues as this palace possesses, and in which respect it surpasses even the imperial Winter Palace. Open and uncramped on all sides, it spreads itself out with its different wings and courts quite at its ease, and presents to the eye a complete and finished picture, with all its beautiful proportions, the effect of which is not disturbed by any steeple, by any attached or detached building. Behind the palace is the Little Summer Garden, as it is called, the tall trees and clumps in which produce a pleasing contrast with the sharp angles of the architectonic lines.

At the foot of the palace, before its principal front, lies a spacious open place embellished with small elegant buildings, and containing a lawn bordered with flower-beds and shrubberies. The inner fore-court of the palace is separated from it by an extremely grand and tasteful iron railing, such as is not to be seen anywhere but in Petersburg. Two elegant iron gates lead to the magnificent entrance of the main building. The

* It is extraordinary that the architectural beauties of this palace have as yet scarcely been noticed in any work on Petersburg.

proportions of this main building, of the height to the length, of the different stories to one another, and of the dimensions of the whole to the surrounding Places, proved that the architect overlooked nothing, and that he was quite aware of the full extent of his task. Twelve large columns support, over the grand entrance, a somewhat projecting frontispiece, richly adorned with sculptures; an elegant balustrade runs round above the cornice, and masks the roof, and a magnificent series of Corinthian columns supports the transoms of the first-floor; two wings with lofty gateways run out as far as the iron railing in front and thus inclose the area on either side. All the subordinate buildings and the numerous courts between them harmonize so admirably with one another, and with the main building, as to prove that the whole is the result of a single plan, that it was made at one cast, and is not disfigured by the botchings and additions of different periods.

All the environs for a considerable distance are occupied by the various buildings and establishments of the grand-duke Michael, the dwellings of his officers, his stables, his riding-school; in fact, this whole quarter of the city might be called his kingdom. The riding-school deserves particular notice, for it is perhaps the handsomest thing of the kind that anywhere exists. At this institution fifty youths are instructed in riding, and in all those sciences that are either closely or remotely connected with riding and horses. For this purpose, as well as for the carrousel in the fine riding-house of the palace, in which the court frequently takes part, a great number of the most superb horses are kept; and both horses and pupils are so well provided for and lodged that it is a treat to go through the series

f clean and elegant dormitories, dwelling-rooms, school-rooms, saddle-rooms, stalls, &c., which here form an uninterrupted suite. All these places have in the middle folding-doors, which stand open the whole day; a long carpet covers the floor, and even runs through the stables, so that the inspectors can inform themselves at a glance whether the noble Asir, the beautiful gray of Arabian blood, so famous for his fine silken coat and his broad forehead, and the fiery Kaimak, got by an English sire out of an Orlow dam, and so highly prized on account of his exquisite mouth and his wonderfully light and elegantly shaped legs, are well; and likewise what the young cadets of the *manège*, who pride themselves not a little on their ruddy cheeks and their smart beards, and pass half-hours together before the glass dressing their hair, are about in their rooms. It is almost incomprehensible how, in spite of the little separation between places having such different smells, the air should be kept as pure as if the horses perfumed themselves with eau de cologne, like the cadets.

The pupils finish their course of education in six years. Ten are annually dismissed, and then appointed rough riders in the army. The whole science of the *manège* was introduced by Germans into Russia; nevertheless it is here subject to peculiar modifications, and, to satisfy the demands made in the Russian army, it has been cultivated in some points to such an extent that rough riders coming from Germany are obliged to take lessons again here to qualify themselves to execute the required feats. The horses of the Russian cavalry must be so tightly reined in, they must obey orders so instantaneously at the slightest touch, and be so incessantly on parade, that the training given them by our

rough riders would in general be insufficient. The poor horses frequently feel but too sensibly the severity of the Russian discipline ; and there is no army which knocks up and wears out so many merely in training and parades as the Russian, notwithstanding the excellence of its horses. For the rest, a carrousel and quadrilles, as performed here in winter, upon horses of wonderful beauty, in presence of the court, and by some of its members themselves, are not the most uninteresting of spectacles. The riding-house, most brilliantly lighted, is magnificently fitted up, among other things with six mirrors of such size that the riders may see themselves in them from top to toe. The renewal of these six mirrors and the repair of the damages which they receive from the heels of the horses, must produce no trifling sum to the imperial looking-glass manufactory.

Within the precincts of the Michailow quarter, if we may use that expression, is situated also the gigantic exercise-house. This building covers a space unbroken by the smallest pillar, 650 feet in length and 150 in breadth. A regiment can conveniently exercise in it, but a battalion can manœuvre, and two squadrons fight battles. It dates, like almost all the exercise-houses in Petersburg, from the time of the emperor Paul. The building is warmed by sixteen prodigious stoves, and the walls are besides lined with thick woollen cloth. The roof of this structure, with the whole of the suspension work, which enables it, while spanning the space between the massive walls, to find a point of support in itself, weighs about 13,400 ton. The iron bars alone of the suspension work weigh 321,000 pood, or 12,840,000 pounds, and to these must be added 3,000 large trunks of trees employed in the construction of the

wood-work, and 2000 square fathom of iron plates with which the whole was lined externally. The Tscherkessians are in general seen in this building practising the arts of the *manège* and shooting at a mark. At such times the student of acoustics might pick up something here for his science. The report of a pistol makes such a tremendous echo that in the street you might suppose the whole building to be tumbling.

When Potemkin, the Taurian, the conqueror of the Khans of the Crimea, still resided in the Taurian Palace, the gift of the empress Catherine, and which she afterwards bought back of him, and adorned and animated its now nearly empty rooms, this building, no doubt, justified the expectations excited by its designation. One should have seen it on one of those days when that arrogant and profuse favourite of his mistress gave a triumphal entertainment here. Now, its interior looks like a ball-room on the morning after a ball. Its exterior never could lay claim to extraordinary beauty; and it has been stripped of the best of its contents to be employed in the adornment of other palaces. Though it is now and then in spring, but very rarely, inhabited by the imperial family, yet the furniture is ordinary; the large mirrors are covered up; the tables and chairs are old-fashioned; the collection of antiquities, arranged in the first rooms, contains little that is remarkable and original; and the pictures in general are but bad copies of good originals. The prodigious ball-room, the largest in Petersburg, is now the only thing that this palace has to boast of. Some idea of the extent of this room may be formed, when it is known that 20,000 wax-tapers are required to light it up properly; and that the colossal groupe of Laocoon, placed at one end, cannot be distinctly seen from the other without the telescope.

The last grand festivities held here were on occasion of the marriage of the grand-duke Michael, when this room received its present decorations. For the rest, all the marble here is imitation, all that appears to be silver is only copper plated with silver, all the pillars are brick, and all the statues and pictures but copies. The mirrors in the palace, though an inch thick, ten feet wide, and proportionably high, are so ill made that their surface, when you look close at it, is wavy and full of flaws: they date from the old times of the Petersburg glass manufacture, and, on comparing them with more recent productions, you see what advances have since been made.

In one of the numerous apartments, once inhabited by the emperor Alexander, we found occasion to study the titles of high Russian public officers. In the bureaux and cupboards were still lying large heaps of envelopes, with printed addresses: *Natschalniku Morskago Shtaba mojego* (To the Chief of my Naval Staff)—*Glawnonatschalstwujuschtemu nad potschtowin* (To my Postmaster General; literally, To the Chief Superintendent in the Post department). A table-cover spotted with wax from the taper of the emperor Alexander, several crayon drawings by his excellent consort Elizabeth, and some other things of that kind, will not be viewed without interest.

The Annitschkow Palace is inhabited by the family of the present emperor much more frequently than the Taurian. It is situated near the Fontanka, in the Great Perspective, and terminates the brilliant series of palaces in that street. It was originally built by Elizabeth, and given to count Rasumowsky, then twice bought by Catherine, and twice made a present of to Potemkin; and it is now the favourite palace of the present emperor,

handsomely fitted up, but without any particular historical interest. Part of the court is constantly resident in this palace; here the emperor holds most of his consultations with the councillors of state, gives audience to ambassadors, &c. ; so that the cabinet of Petersburg ought properly to be called the cabinet of Annitschkow, as that of London is called the cabinet of St. James's, and that of Paris the cabinet of the Tuileries.

Since the merciless flames of 1837 destroyed the whole magnificent interior of the great Winter Palace, consumed the "White Hall" and the "hall of St. George," with their costly decorations, turned to soot the hall of the generals, with all the four hundred portraits of field-mmarshals, admirals, and generals, of the Russian forces; crumbled to dust and ashes the apartments of the empress with their splendid contents, with all the prodigies of art at which thousands of busy hands had toiled for years together, with all their fabulous magnificence, with the wonderful vases of malachite, the beautiful jasper pillars and chimney-pieces, the rare articles in which had been half a century collecting; since they burst into the apartments of the terrified ladies of the court and *gouvernantes*, the officers of the kitchen, stables, and house, and ruined in a few moments what the tooth of Time might have spared for many generations; a detailed description of the Winter Palace would have but little interest, and future travellers must be left to give an account how the great emperors of the North have arranged their house.

Whoever has seen the Winter Palace in its glory, certainly cannot think but with regret of all the havoc which the greedy flames must have made here among materials presented to them in such profusion; of that prodigious mass of furniture of all kinds, not only

placed in the apartments, but piled up in the great store-rooms of the palace; of the thousands upon thousands of yards of velvet, silks, and gold stuff, which, seized by the flames, were in a moment deprived of their gorgeous existence; and of the hundreds upon hundreds of clocks and watches, in the construction of which thousands of eyes had blinded themselves, and which, in the embrace of the fire, sank at once into shapeless clumps; of those innumerable productions of the hammer, the file, the plane, the pencil, the chisel, the axe, the pen, the mind, the hand, of mental and bodily toil, which in one night here ascended in black clouds to the sky. It is a question whether, since the burning of Persepolis, so many and so costly treasures of human skill and industry ever evaporated in smoke in the space of six hours. The most glorious and prosperous reigns, the sumptuous courts of Elizabeth and Catherine, the more tasteful of Alexander and Nikolai, had been for nearly a century engaged in their accumulation. The conflagration of this single edifice must have had and still have an extraordinary influence on the industry and ingenuity of Petersburg; for millions must be expended to restore all that is lost. The prosperity of many a family, many a large property, nay, many a new branch of industry, have arisen, phoenix-like, from the ashes of the Winter Palace, and this fire forms an epoch in the history of the city. Some families date from it their diplomas and titles, their advancement and prosperity; others, their fall and dismissal.

The suites of apartments in the Winter Palace were real labyrinths, and it was said that no fewer than six thousand persons dwelt in them. Even the minister of the imperial household, who had been twelve years in his office, is reported not to have been perfectly ac-

quainted with all the parts of the edifice. As in the forests of extensive landed estates in Russia, colonists frequently settle unnoticed for years by the proprietors, so this palace harboured many an interloper, who was not entered in the list of the regular inmates.

The watchmen on the roofs, who were posted there for various purposes, among others to fill the reservoirs set up there, and to keep the water in them constantly thawed by throwing into it red-hot balls, built themselves huts between the chimneys, like chalets upon an Alp, fetched up their wives and children, and even kept poultry there and goats, which browsed the grass growing upon the roof; nay, it is asserted that even cows once found their way up, but a stop was put to this abuse some time before the fire.

The domestic life of those six thousand persons, representing, under one and the same roof, all possible forms of personality, from the meanest scullion and stable-boy to the mightiest of potentates, all those elegant officers, those bearded coachmen, those bedizened court-ladies, those cooks dressed in white, those attendants with salaries high and low, would afford subjects for many of the most interesting descriptions, and for a distinct work on the topography and statistics of this remarkable community, only it might be difficult to obtain the necessary data.

Contiguous to the Winter Palace, on the east, is the Hermitage; beyond this is the Imperial Theatre; then follow several other palaces of private persons; and, lastly, the Marble Palace. At this name, every one will no doubt figure to himself a gay, white, elegant palace, that glistens at a distance, like the temple of Solomon, on the banks of the Newa, and will be not a little astonished to find it a heavy fortress-like build-

ing. At least, so it appears, among the light and laughing palaces of Petersburg, though in our dull streets it would not be very striking. The house might be more aptly called the Granite Palace, for more granite and iron have been employed in its construction than marble. The walls, composed of huge blocks of granite, are uncommonly massive; no wood was used in the building; the frame of the roof is entirely of iron, and covered with plates of copper; the window-frames are copper, gilt. The house was last inhabited by the Grand-duke Constantine, and it now exhibits evident symptoms of neglect.

The palaces above-mentioned are the only imperial habitations hitherto in the city. Some that are situated on the islands we shall notice hereafter. From the present thriving state of the imperial family—never was the throne of Russia surrounded by so many princes and princesses as it is now—it is to be surmised that future travellers will ere long have to mention several more imperial palaces.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE HERMITAGE.

Catherine's *Cour d'Amour et des Muses*—Gallery of Pictures—Van der Neer's Moonshine—Claude's Times of the Day—Paul Potter—Pordenone—Wynant's Poultry—Wouvermann's Battle Pieces—Rembrandt—Horse—Vernet—Green Parrots and Green Malachite Vases—Taurian Antiquities—Golden Laurel Wreaths—Intaglios—Fraudulent Bargain—Paintings by Dutch Masters—The Spanish School—The Crown Jewels—Figures in Wax and Ivory—Theatre—Glass Decorations—Voltaire's Library.

'Tis a fact, which all the world has long been aware of, that Catherine built her Hermitage as Frederick the Great built his Sans-Souci, and Numa Pompilius his grotto of Egeria. So many pilgrims have already journeyed to this Hermitage and reported its splendour, that it is like carrying an owl to Athens to begin descanting upon it again. As, however, it is rumoured that the edifice, or at least the greater part of it, will very soon be pulled down, and rebuilt on a new plan, and we and our readers might perchance be the last to converse on the state of the Hermitage, such as Catherine left it, many a traveller who cannot pack up his portmanteau in the course of the winter may probably relinquish all hope of seeing the Hermitage in its original state, and therefore not be displeased with us for one more description of the devoted edifice. Such, moreover, are the riches and treasures which this palace

contains, that thousands of curious visiters might still pick up something which they could show as new and unknown to others.

The Hermitage in Petersburg then—a hundred times this has been printed, and for the last time (?) be it said—is not the quiet cell of an anchorite, not a lonely cavern in a rock, beside the murmuring sources of the Newa, but a magnificent palace, a grand temple of the Muses, in which every intellectual pursuit has its altar erected, lofty, spacious, proudly seated at the mouth of the broad river. No woods are to be seen around it but those of masts, neither do you meet with any beasts in this wilderness besides the bears, the ermines, the foxes, which the Petersburg fashionables carry about them on the Court Quay; the rocks of this solitude are all chiselled, polished, and hollowed out into inhabited apartments, and the hermit who dwells in them is an empress; the Muses, the Fauns, and the Dryads, are all visible, warm-blooded, and lymphless court-ladies, fed upon the nectar and ambrosia of the imperial table, countesses, princesses, literati, artists, the Daschkows, the Diderots, the Voltaires, the Rumjanzows, and the Dershawins.

The empress caused this magic temple to be erected for the Muses and the enjoyments of leisure, for conversation with literary characters and the conservation of the productions of art; and it is well known how enchantingly, how tastefully, how magnificently, how luxuriously, she passed the evenings there, when business was over in the Winter Palace built by Elizabeth, and when, over bridges and covered ways communicating with the Hermitage, she entered the precincts of her marvellous creation, where, under her auspices, was founded a republic of scholars and artists. We

possess many a charming sketch by Storch, by Dupré de St. Maure, and others, who participated in the high treat afforded by these delightful evenings, on which, agreeably to a ukase hung up in every room in the palace, perfect liberty and equality prevailed. Musicians performed, painters produced their works, and clever men expressed their opinions; and the pictures of sovereigns encouraging the arts and sciences, which we are accustomed to regard as allegorical representations, were daily realized here. On the roof of the building, the mighty Semiramis of the North had created a garden with flowers, shrubs, and tall trees, which was warmed in winter by under-ground stoves, and illuminated in summer; and many a one would no doubt have preferred this abode to the Grecian Olympus.

The spirit which animated the whole is, indeed, gone, but it has left in the body life sufficient to stir the mind and to warm the heart. Catherine's garden still flourishes, though it is long since the birds which she there fed moulted for the last time; her theatre still stands unchanged and ready, so that a play might be performed in it to-night, if one could but revive the actors who have long withdrawn from the stage of life; the laws which she made for the etiquette of her literary parties are still hanging in the rooms, and there need only another Catherine be born to put them again into activity; the library, the collection of pictures, the museum, are just as Catherine bequeathed them to connoisseurs and foreigners: nothing has been removed, only something added here and there. Next year all this will be changed; and Catherine's *Cour d'Amour et des Muses* will be transformed into — what? Who can tell? •

The most important portion of the collections formed

here by the empress, and augmented by Alexander, is the great gallery of pictures, which contains pieces of the highest celebrity, and is calculated to afford abundant gratification to the eye of the amateur, especially if he be an admirer of the Netherlandish school. For, upon the whole, there are to be seen here more cottages of Dutch boors, such as Ostade painted, and as form the strongest contrast with the palace into which they were incorporated, than Venetian palaces and Roman churches ; more North German cattle pastures than Southern Alps ; more roasted and unroasted pullets than broiled martyrs ; more hares impaled by the spits of cooks than Sebastians transfixed by the darts of Pagans ; more dogs, horses, and cows, than hallowed saints, priests, and prophets ; more still life than human life. So exceedingly numerous are the productions of some of the Dutch masters, that distinct apartments have been appropriated to them, and one can scarcely couceive how any pictures of theirs could be left for other collections. If we make the tour of them, in the order that has either been prescribed by higher authority, or adopted from habit by the attendant who acts as cicerone, we first enter the room containing landscapes by Van der Neer.

Van der Neer painted the moon as often as if he had been a priest of Diana : in all his pictures we are sure to find her, in all her phases, quarter, half, and full moon, behind clouds, beneath boughs of trees, above roofs of thatch, sailing in the clear sky, and peeping between ruins. In general the sea, a lake, or a piece of water, is not far off ; the long silver stripe reflected by the surface flings a gleam far into the dark distance, fishermen are busy in the fore-ground, and boats are dancing on the rippling waves.

Indeed, of all the celestial luminaries, the moon is the only one that belongs to the painter. The stars in the heavens are too distant and too small for the earth to produce any stronger effect in a picture than upon the robes of a prince; they belong to the astronomer, the philosopher, the thinker; and, I verily believe, that no painter in his senses ever thought of infusing a soul into his picture by means of them. The sun is too gorgeous, too brilliant, too fiery, to be painted in any other way than in his reflexion; and those painters who have represented that luminary seem to me to fall into the same error as those who have attempted to furnish a portrait of God Almighty himself; for no one could ever look him in the face in broad day, and take pleasure in the sight of his magnificent disk, unless veiled by mist at his setting. With the moon, whose beautifully shaped phases delight every eye, and whose large lovely orb always sheds a mild, chastened, humane light, the case is totally different.

As though to impugn our reflexions on Van der Neer's moonlight landscapes, came in the very next room Claude Lorrain, with his famous four times of the day, in which not only in the morning and evening, but also at bright noon-day, the mighty god-like sun glowed in the sky, and was represented by a tiny dab of red paint. Beautiful as we think Lorrain's landscapes in general, we could not be reconciled with this portraiture of glorious Apollo, and were sorry that Claude had fallen into such a mistake. These highly-praised times of the day were painted in Italy, passed through several hands in Italy and France, till they emigrated to the Hercynian forest, and abode for a long time at Cassel, where they were seized by the Corsican Cæsar, who laid them at the feet of his wife in Paris.

The Restorer of Peace carried them off from that city, and hung them up in his northern Palmyra, to tell the hyperboreans, buried in ice and snow, of the splendours of southern climes. Here they seem to be quite in their place; for here, amidst the swamps of Finland, they must certainly be better appreciated and relished than any where else, because no where is there a greater lack of that which they glorify. It will be a long time before that strong hand is born which shall despatch them hence upon a new journey.

In our picture-galleries, the most discordant subjects are in general so intermixed, that the spectator must be a real Proteus, if he will not forego all enjoyment from them. One moment he must be in an idyllian mood to relish a landscape by Ruysdael, in the next in an elegiac, to mourn with the women weeping at the grave of the dead Christ; now he must be martially disposed not to lose his courage in Wouvermann's battle-pieces, and now feel in imagination an inextinguishable thirst and appetite, to think the herrings, steaks, bread and butter, and grapes of the Brusselers and Antwerpens delicate fare; one while he must assume the part of the fasting hermit, in order to edify himself with St. Anthony over the prayer-book; and presently the innocent sportive child, playfully feeding Hondeköter's fowls and pigeons. Whoever would avoid being dizzy, must be strong, must know how to soar enraptured to heaven with Raphael's Madonnas, to buffet the waves unappalled with the mariners of Salvator Rosa, to pay court one moment to the mighty Semiramis, to fondle in the next the silken-haired spaniel of Rubens' wife; here to romp with Ostade's Bacchantes, and yet retain sufficient sobriety for the adoration of Carracci's Ecce Homos; to poke his nose into Paul Potter's cattle-

stalls, and yet bring out with him no unpleasant smell to Van Dyk's ladies bedizened in gold and silks. With our modern painters he must seize the poetic side of the world as it is, and, with those of former times, mount to the other extremity of the history of the world, to Adam and Eve in paradise. All times, all nations, all human circumstances, must be near to him; for here a Roman consul demands respect and reverence, there the majesty of a Persian king requires submission and obedience; here Bethlehem implores pity for its slaughtered infants, there China solicits sympathy for her scourged slaves.

After those landscapes of Claude Lorrain's, we next encountered, in our progress through the Hermitage, a lovely female of Pordenone's before a suffering Christ. Is it Anna, is it Mary, the oil-waster, or the adulteress? She is a beautiful, an enchanting creature, and to the bosom of no man of feeling will she appeal in vain. It is one of the sweetest female faces that ever breathed upon canvass, and worthy to be sought out by a stranger from among thousands. We gave her our promise never to forget her, deposited her keepsake with the others, and went on our way, where an old woman by Denner offered us a pinch of snuff—either us or her old husband, who hung beside her. In both was realized the expression, "The hairs of your head are numbered," nay, even the hairs of the moles on the cheeks. It is inconceivable, how Denner, certainly a good painter, could take so much pains with trifles, with every mole, and every branch of a wrinkle. You feel as if you saw care and sorrow labouring for years together to dig all these furrows in the face. Has Claude Lorrain painted every individual straw in his stubble-fields?

Caracci's Christ bearing the cross, and Domichino's woman poisoning an arrow, are admirable pictures, and one would enjoy them more if such a loud cackling and chatter were not kept up by Wynant's and Hondeköter's poultry in the next room. It is entirely filled with fowls, geese, ducks, peacocks, pheasants, guinea-hens, and as many of each race as there are in the poultry-market of Petersburg. You love to seat yourself on the wooden bench beneath the protecting thatched roof built by Wynant's pencil. Umbrageous oaks and fresh elder-bushes overshadow the weary wanderer, while the poultry bill and peck one another, pick up grains of corn, and snap at the flies in the grass. An inexpressible peace must have pervaded the souls of Wynant and Hondeköter. They seem to have occupied themselves exclusively with the simple silent souls which are so wonderfully banded into the bodies of the quiet domestic animals, and to have dreamt of nothing but pigeons, capons, cows, and calves. Nay, the quarrels and wars of their birds could not disturb the repose of their minds, for it is only the passions and wars of men that agitate our hearts.

Next to Wynant came Cuyp and Rosa di Tivoli. The pictures of the latter are in general rather overcharged, and his sheep often look too archly and cunningly at the beholder. But Cuyp makes one's mouth really water for the fine grass which he gives to his sheep, and it is well for the poor Petersburg cows that they know nothing about painted grass, or out of sheer envy and vexation they would never touch Ingrian moss again. Potter's famous cow—perhaps she ought rather to be called infamous—might be a little more decent, and she would certainly gain in our estimation. She is as unæsthetic as the Ganymede borne away by Jupiter's

eagle, and the little drinking Bacchus in Dresden. It is surprising that she should be indebted to a lady for her place in the Hermitage.

Wynant's poultry and Cuyp's and Potter's cows all feel perfectly safe in their strong inclosures — I mean their thick, heavy, gilt frames — and care but little about the incessant firing, skirmishing, and plundering of Wouvermann's soldiers, amidst whom the spectator finds himself on entering the next room. Here are so many battle-pieces of his, that one cannot but be astonished at the fertility of this warlike genius: every where the victorious grey charger, every where the fierce banditti-like faces of the soldiers of the thirty years' war, every where wretched tormented peasants, slaughtered poultry, blazing cottages, cattle driven away, the works of peace destroyed. In fact, it is a question whether Wouvermann or the thirty years' war set more houses on fire, and, if one had all the powder that he has been puffing away for these two hundred years in his countless pictures, one might bring about many a pretty peace with it. Wouvermann's paintings are all so much alike, that, if he had not painted so well, he might have said in one picture all that his mind had to say. At the same time, one is uncertain whether he meant to render a service to Mars or to Ceres by these pieces, in which the gay unconcerned looks of the rapacious soldiers show that they are living in clover, so that one is almost tempted to enlist with them, while the poor ragged peasants, with torn hair, and without breeches, cut such ludicrous figures, that one is more disposed to laugh at than to pity them; though most probably he intended only to adhere to history, and to give faithful delineations of the horrible scenes of civil war.

From Wouvermann's ferocious lansquenets, we sought refuge with Rembrandt's venerable heads of old men, philosophers, and scholars, of which there is not, perhaps, any where so large a company as here. Between Rembrandt's and Denner's old men, a very fertile parallel might be drawn. What lofty greatness, what energy, what perspicacity in the one, what feebleness and imbecility in the other. Denner's old men are good-natured enough, but they have all lost their memory, mumble with faint voice unintelligible words, and, wrapped in morning-gown and furs, sit behind the stove sipping their coffee. Rembrandt's, on the other hand, have led an active life, and retain intellect, vigour, and clearness of idea at fourscore — genuine men, *virī consulares*, grey-haired warriors, prophetic Moses-heads, experienced legislators. The most famous of Rembrandt's productions, which hangs here, is the taking down from the cross, a picture that makes a powerful impression, and that fills every beholder with feelings of profound sorrow.

On leaving Rembrandt's room, we embark, and pursue our course through the waves of Vernet's pencil, all beautiful greenish crystal waves, with fishermen battling them, and pursuing their calling, in spite of the roughness of the sea. Here are also many pictures by horse-Vernet: he was in Russia, and could scarcely have found a country in Europe where he might have better studied the nature of those noble animals. Russia presents all varieties and forms of them, from the wild rough-coated Siberian, to the tamed and trained parade and coach-horse—the half-wild horses of the steppes, the slender and fiery Cossack breed, which drink their own hot blood, the small, shabby-looking, but spirited beasts of the Poles and the Lithuanians,

and the sagacious and indefatigable horses of the Crimea and the Caucasus. At the same time, the nature of the horse has something wild throughout all Russia, especially when compared with the highly-trained German horses, always used for moderate distances ; and lastly, the Russian team is æsthetically so beautiful and picturesque, as almost to make you imagine that all the coachmen here are painters.

In the room where Vernet's waves are dashing and breaking, there are several parrots screaming and chattering, that is to say, living birds. We took it into our heads that they might have belonged to Catherine's aviary, and hoped that we might hear a few syllables preserved from that bygone time ; but, to our mortification, we were informed that Catherine's last parrot died in the year before last, and there was nobody who could tell us what were the last words of this imperial scholar. Green waves, green parrots, and green malachite-vases, in the same room ; that is, thrown together at random, but at any rate it is all green. More splendid vases of malachite are no where to be seen than here ; and, indeed, the whole imperial palace glistens with precious stones, jasper pillars, porphyry mouldings, and ornaments of lapis lazuli and other polished mountain marvels, so magically as not to be matched by any other. The lapis lazuli vase in that room is unique in its kind. The Petersburg porcelain manufactory has added a number of the splendid productions of its shops ; and at any rate it must be admitted that they far surpass in magnitude and bold workmanship every thing that is to be met with elsewhere.

Near these proud productions of art in modern times are displayed in side-cabinets the trophies won by Rus-

sian antiquaries from the graves of Tauria, golden laurel-wreaths, gold chains, ear-rings, finger-rings, and girdles of Taurian Greeks and Bosporian kings. It is one of the most interesting collections that is to be seen, and one cannot help praising the attention of the Russian government, and admiring the luck by which so many valuable and beautiful articles belonging to such remote ages have been preserved. From ancient times — no doubt the bands of the migrating nations were not less rapacious than the modern Cossacks—the numberless graves of the Greeks in Tauria, and of the aborigines in the Caucasus and Siberia, have been objects of most assiduous research. The Alans, the Huns, the Tatars, and now-a-days the Cossacks, plundered them, melted down the treasures which they found, and which were then squandered. Most of the kurgans and mohilos of South Russia have long been scooped out like rabbit burrows, and with the articles found in them a considerable trade has been and is still carried on. Most of them lose in this way the form so interesting to the antiquary. What the attention of the government succeeded in rescuing from the hands of so unhistorical traders and plunderers is deposited in the Hermitage. A very large portion has been furnished by the tombs of Kertsch at the mouth of the Taurian Bosphorus, the burial-places of Mithridates and his successors, the Bosporian kings, and much by the ruins of the Chersonesian and Olbiopolitan Greeks.

Among the neatest of these relics are the beautiful laurel-wreaths of fine ducat-gold. Several are still in the highest preservation, every golden leaf and every twig perfect. These wreaths must have been a more suitable decoration than all our ribands and orders. The head which the ancients adorned is far more the

seat of the origin of great achievements than the breast which we adorn. In fact we only decorate our garments, because the decoration cannot well be placed in contact with the warm heart: whereas, in the case of the head, it is the man himself who is adorned, and lastly, the appearance of a crowned head is far more picturesque than that of a bestarred breast. How weak the impression made by generals with decorations in the button-holes! Look, on the other hand, at the head-enwreathed Roman triumphator! No painter, therefore, ever thought of placing the halo on the breasts of his martyrs: it is the throne of mind that he must irradiate. It may be that our cold climate, forbidding the uncovered head or covered merely with a wreath, caused decorations to be transferred to the breast. Our tight-fitting dress may also have favoured the change of custom. The garments of the Greeks and Romans, loose and full of folds, did not allow any thing to be placed on the breast.—Many of the wreaths had lost all their leaves, and these are carefully collected in little boxes—beautiful foliage of a noble tree! Little heaps of these leaves shed by the Grecian wreaths of victory are lying about in their repositories. Would that our trees shed such golden leaves! but here in the North flourish no Grecian laurels. The basket full of golden leaves in the nursery tales of Rübzahl has certainly occupied the imagination of many a German: those who have not yet seen it may procure that gratification here in the Hermitage.

From the French revolution and the dispersion of works of art which took place at that time in Paris the collections of the Hermitage have derived no small advantage. One of the most considerable acquisitions was that of the treasures of the Duke of Orleans, whose

famous collection of engraved stones was incorporated with that of the Hermitage. It comprehends so many rare things that scholars and connoisseurs might spend their whole lives, from the day of taking their doctor's degree to that of their death, in interpreting and commenting upon them. Many of these exquisite gems are but superficially glanced at by the curious, and still more lie buried in darkness in locked cases. The collections of our times are far too immoderately crowded. As to confining yourself to a single dish and digesting that, it is not to be thought of. You must swallow whole masses at once, 6,000 intaglios from Italy, 16,000 cameos from Greece, the contents of 666 ancient sepulchres, the whole Dutch school of painters, 200 gigantic urns and vases, the libraries of Voltaire and Diderot, and the crown-jewels of a series of emperors. If your stomach is not ruined and your eyes are not blinded by it, this is owing not to their strength and excellence, but to their satiety and indifference towards that which is most exquisite.

On leaving the room containing the golden laurel-wreaths of the Greeks and the Italian cameos, we found ourselves again among other magic productions of the pencil, most of which formerly belonged to the collections at Malmaison. When Alexander was in Paris in 1814, he visited the repudiated wife of Napoleon, who complained to him of the scantiness of the property with which she was left, and the insecurity of her possession. Her imperial husband had laid at her feet many of the spoils taken from German and Italian collections, and she was apprehensive lest, on the anticipated reclamation of the rightful owners, very little might remain for her share. Alexander, therefore, purchased of her the whole of the treasures of Mal-

maison,* and enriched with them the hermitage of his grandmother, from which no reclamation will easily remove them. Part of the purchase-money has just been brought back to Russia by the young grandson of Josephine.

Among these pictures there are again a great many Claude Lorrains, energetic Dominichinos, powerful Tintoretts, luscious Carlo Dolces; beautifully marbled meat by Van der Werft; straws, eggs, fish, and fish-women, by Dow; satin dresses, neatly embroidered covers, and exquisitely lovely faces by Mieris; cut up onions, turnips, and parings of roots in abundance by the school of the latter—the faithful portraiture of a barber and his lathered customer by Schalken, who seems to have worked with the daguerrotype; for every bubble in the soap-suds may be distinctly perceived, but the spirit of the whole has not suffered from this minute attention to the parts—an accountant by Quintin Messis, who, clever as he looks and deeply as he is thinking, has not yet solved his question. Messis perhaps meant to point to the human mind, which has been thinking and calculating for ages, without ever arriving at a conclusion. Here are so many pictures by Van Dyk and Rubens that you have difficulty to squeeze through the crowd of their figures, especially those of Rubens, every person in whose pieces it so enviably well fed as to take up no very small space. Here are also many mythological subjects by Rubens, a class which evidently he ought not to have meddled with. Many of them appear to be a satire on the Greek my-

* A transaction highly disgraceful to the character of the "Restorer of Universal Peace," involving a manifest injustice against the legitimate owners, who were deprived of their right by this fraudulent bargain.

thology. All his Venuses are stuffed with beef and Brabant beer, and they have in them as little that is antique, plastic, and godlike as Shakspeare's Troilus and Cressida.

Farther on, you come to the fruit and flower show of Snyders, Breughel, Heemskerk, and others — cabbages and tulips, onions and grapes, dew-drops and peaches, roots, fowls and fish, beans, peas and hyacinths, of such ideal beauty, as they are to be found only in the cornucopia of the goddess of Plenty. One is sorry, to be sure, to see that all these exquisite things make their appearance only in the prosaic kitchen and eating-room. But, if they were to be painted at all, how was the thing to be managed in any other way? Most of them could not be represented in their connexion with Nature, the fish in the water, the birds in the air, the roots in the ground, the fruit on the tree, where it is entirely or in a great measure concealed from view. It is singular that in almost every painting by Snyders there are invariably two animals quarrelling under the table, which have in reality very little opportunity to quarrel, because they live in two totally different elements. A cat and a seal are every where seen fighting for the scraps from the table, as if the former had transferred to the inhabitant of the sea the old animosity subsisting between her and the dog.

The rooms of the Spanish school, with paintings by Murillo, Velasquez, Ribalta, and others, present fresh marvels. It is a subject of inexhaustible interest to see the peculiarities of every school and every nation, nay, of every master and every mind, reflected in their performances with a fidelity which there is no mistaking. The original genius which breathes upon us from the works of every age and every pencil is manifested in

the most trivial things. Thus there was a time, when this or the other class was liked in preference throughout all Europe. Spain, Italy, and the Netherlands, selected from that favourite class certain subjects which they treated with especial predilection; Velasquez and Murillo, Titian and Raphael, again selected that which they liked best from what was chosen by their nation, and so neither the time, the nation, nor the master can be mistaken. The Spanish masters have a peculiar style in the colours of their clothes, in the flowing and folds of their draperies, in the blending of their tints, and in their carnations, which is Spanish, and differs entirely from the flesh, the cut of the clothes, and the manner of the Netherlanders and Italians. But among the Spaniards themselves, Murillo's carnation differs from Ribalta's, Ribalta's from that of Velasquez; and thus there is as marked a distinction between Spanish and Italian tint, between Raphael's, Van Dyk's, Titian's, and Rubens' colouring, as between the orders of Nature, between the tiger-skin and the bear-skin, the carp and the pike, the parrot and the nightingale. We cannot conceive how it was possible with so small a number of the colours of the prism and the palette, to produce such a prodigious variety; and in the productions of the painters we cannot help admiring the unfathomable depth of Nature, who, in the creatures of her spiritual world, displays the same infinite riches as in the productions of her visible world, and herein exhibits as great a diversity of classes, families, and individuals.

The visitors to the Hermitage are not very numerous, because strangers as well as foreigners must obtain special tickets, which, it is true, are granted without difficulty; yet this little obstacle is sufficient to keep a great number of persons away. Next to vanity, the

love of convenience is the grand spring to all we do, or at least to what we omit doing. There are in Petersburg numbers of highly cultivated families which have never yet visited the Hermitage, and as to those who have seen it, how small in comparison with the offered profit is that which they carry home with them! When one observes the not exactly yawning but perfectly vacant faces of those who walk sight-sated past the pictures, one has a right to ask one's self, how it was possible for so many painters to attain such extraordinary celebrity. Where then is the extraordinary enthusiasm for their works, the raptures which they inspire! For 4,000 oil-paintings, in which half of the natural and human world is reflected, a two hours' lounge; for 30,000 copper-plates, a few moments; for three rooms full of statues, three fugitive glances; for the antiquities of Greece two Ahs and Ohs; for 12,000 cameos, gems, and pastes, scarcely a half-opened eye. These treasures upon the whole produce no more revenue in new ideas or trains of thought than the bars of gold in the cellars of the Bank of England do in sovereigns.

The most attractive objects here are no doubt the crown-jewels and the other curiosities kept with them in a separate cabinet. For though we boast of a higher cultivation, still the old Adam is so far from being driven out of his domain, that, like the savages and children, we all grasp more eagerly at that which sparkles and glitters than at that which breathes life and grace. What is all the water of Ruysdael's mountain torrents to the water of these imperial crown diamonds, or the enamel of the Carlo Dolces to the enamel of those pearls? What are Heemskerk's roses, apricots, and juicy pomegranates to the rosettes and

oriental garnets of the diadems ! What is all the dew of the painted and unpainted fields to the crystal drops that glisten in the bushes of the crowns ! The green of Cuyp's meadows rarely glads the heart of any one, but the green of the emeralds in the sceptre seems to delight all.

Very seldom indeed will such a quantity of precious stones be found together. The history of many of these crystals is as universally known as that of Sirius, Aldebaran, and other fixed stars ; and even stars of the fifth and sixth magnitude are more admired and observed, more talked and written about, than many a solar system visible in the firmament. The ancient intercourse of Russia with India and Persia was constantly bringing great numbers of precious stones into her treasury ; and in later times the very mountains subject to her sway have opened their chambers and yielded so large a tribute of this kind that many a private person would be well content with merely so much as is destined for the little fingers of the imperial hands.

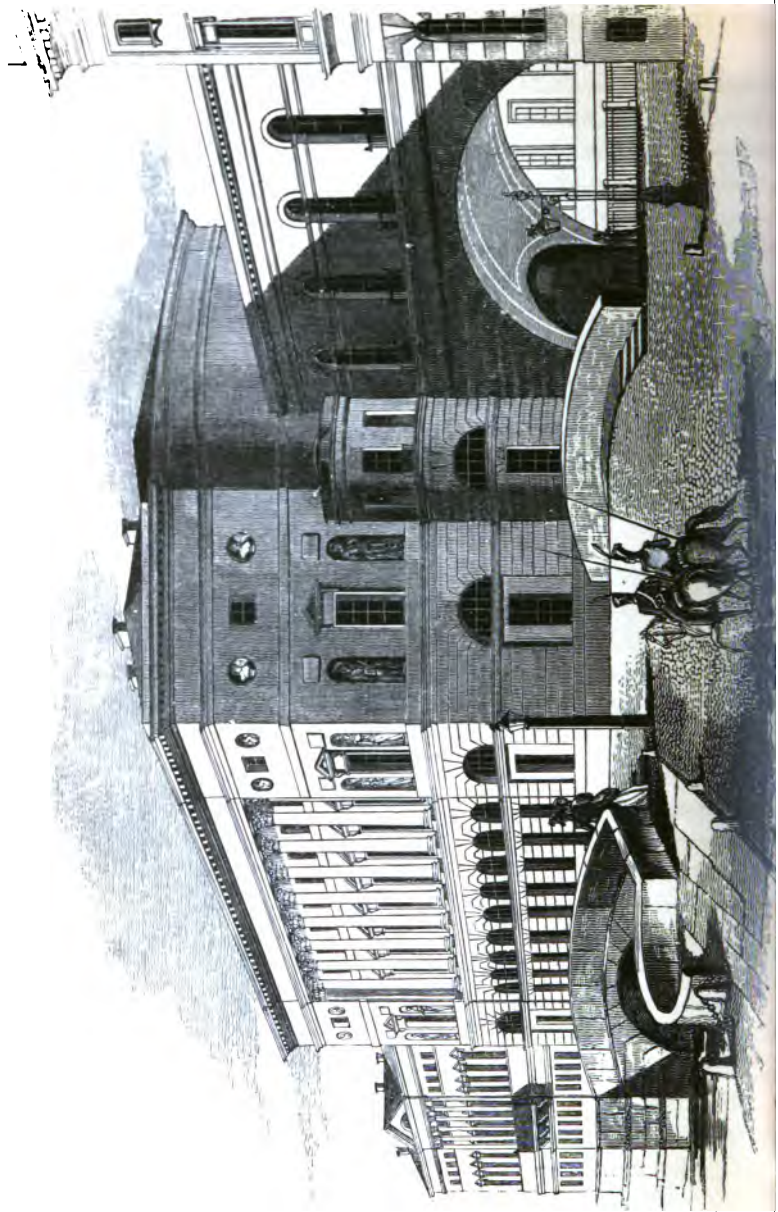
As Petersburg has in the Kasan Church a copy of St. Peter's, so it has in the Hermitage its copy of Raphael's Loggie. They were executed by the best Italian masters in a wing built for the express purpose by the celebrated architect, the chevalier Guarenghi. Here the pictures are placed in a more advantageous light than in Rome itself, and you may study them with more convenience and facility than there. On tables and chairs in the passages of the galleries are arranged a great number of pretty works which occupy the mind and engage the eye in a different way. They are mostly representations in ivory or wax, some of them of Russian life, which will not fail to delight

every one who is interested in the study of the manners of the people. Among other things there is a dwelling of Russian peasants most charmingly executed in wax, a wood-built cottage, shaded by birch-trees, situated close to a small stream, such as one may afterwards have occasion to see thousands of in the interior. By the brook is seated an angler ; and in the yard an old bearded peasant is hammering away at his cart. His daughter is singing as she trips to the well to fetch water, and the old mother stands at the door feeding the poultry. It is a pity that this lovely idyl has been wrought in such a perishable material. A Russian sledge-troika, with which three mettlesome horses are flying away swift as the wind, show how extremely picturesque the Russian teams in general are.

Among the articles of ivory there are similar objects. Thus there is a settlement of reindeer Laplanders, with all the household materials, to the very minutest details. It is evening. Two of them, just returned from a journey, are unharnessing the animals ; the mothers are coming out of the huts to welcome them, and the children are eagerly running forward to them. The herd is collected about the huts and the girls are busy milking. It is singular that one is often more struck with the representations of such scenes than with the reality, and many a one has no doubt seen hundreds of Lapland establishments, and not been fully aware of the interest that attaches to them till he beheld this model in the Hermitage. A single copy often teaches more than a thousand realities ; but then, indeed, life, with its thousand realities, must be the best interpreter of that copy.

The Hermitage affords an asylum not only to the productions of genius and art, but also to the works of





ingenuity. It contains a great number of the latter, at the composition of which the Russians are extremely clever. No nation has such a talent for making pretty ornamental things of scraps of paper, straws, and other trumpery. Thus, here is to be seen, among other things, a ship with sails, masts, and rigging complete, put together in the inside of a glass bottle, with amber, ivory, and splinters of wood. Every individual portion of the vessel must have been introduced with inexpressible pains through the narrow neck of the bottle, and then fixed in its place at the bottom with a dexterity that is incomprehensible. It was as though the builder had transformed himself into a spider, for all the parts were as delicate as the web of that insect.

The theatre of the Hermitage has been decorated by a whim of art of a different kind. It is fitted up in the Chinese style, and by means of glass tubes. Gigantic vases and baskets of glass adorn its vacant spaces. Glass lamps of various colours illumine its darkness. Precious stones are every where imitated in crystals of cut glass, and the very walls are hung with glass tapestry. Glass tubes of all colours and of different thickness and length were made; these were threaded and fastened to various kinds of stuff. In like manner, the fringe and tassels of the curtains are composed of bunches of glass tubes; and the whole, when lighted up, must have presented an extraordinary specimen of brilliant glass vanity.

The treasures which the great library of the Hermitage contains are, though exposed to broad daylight, still more buried and hidden than those of art. Among other interesting things you here find all the books and papers left by Diderot, the complete library of Voltaire, the books just as he used and abused them, with the

marks that he put into them, with his pencil annotations, and with the soles and dogs' ears which his fingers gave to the paper.

We have touched, in fact, on only a few of the treasures of this palace ; but these will be sufficient to show that a hermit might boldly renounce all the rest of the world, if he could shut himself up in the microcosm of the Petersburg Hermitage, where half the natural and human world presents itself before him on canvass, in colours, in marble, glass, and ivory, painted, chiselled, printed, woven, and filed.

CHAPTER XV.

LIBRARIES AND COLLECTIONS.

The Imperial Library—Vexatious System—Polish Collections—A Lesson in packing Books—Library of the General Staff—Maps and Plans—The Models of Measures—The Great and Secret Archives—Map Manufactory—The Rumantzow Museum—Baron Schilling's Asiatic Collections—The Gondschor; the Lamaite Bible—Praying Machines of the Mongols—Creative Power of Prayer—Brick Tea—Collections of the Academy of Sciences—Remains of Mammoths—Asiatic Coins—School of Miner Cadets—Rich Mineralogical Collection—Gold and Silver Caravans—Models—Iron-Fishery—Busts cast in Siberia—Siberia the Russian Land of Promise—Cruel Usage of the Mammoth.

Though Petersburg is not regarded by the most polished nations of Europe as its metropolitical city, and the treasures of art and literature have therefore not poured into it so profusely as into many other capitals, yet its emperors and magnates have done their utmost not only to cultivate the soil of their own domestic history and nature, but also to draw from other countries interesting objects for æsthetic consideration and learned inquiry, and to adorn the city with collections of all kinds; so that we ought rather to be astonished at the wealth which has been here accumulated in so short a period, than to wonder at the poverty of several departments. Petersburg stands on not much more historical ground than the cities founded by Euro-

peans in America, and yet not only must all these, but also several ancient European capitals, strike their flag before the treasures in books, pictures, natural curiosities, and antiquities, which the city of the Newa has collected during the brief period of her existence.

For many branches of science, for Slavonic history, for Mongol and Chinese life, for Taurian antiquities, for the Caucasus, the Ural, and the fabulous Altai, for the nature and nations of the North, the collections of Petersburg, thanks to the glorious victories of the Russian arms, are, as they ought to be, unique; and it is surprising that the learned of the West do not make more frequent pilgrimages hither to study the sources of the East on the banks of the Newa. But even for those subjects for the investigation of which the West is more convenient, there are admirable collections here, which it is a double pleasure to contemplate and consult in the far North, at such a distance from the place of their origin.

Among the collections of books, the great Imperial Library is the most considerable. It contains probably—for, as a great quantity of its treasures still lie packed in the chests, one cannot speak positively—nearly half a million volumes, arising partly from purchases by Peter the Great, Catherine, and Alexander, partly from the incorporation of Polish libraries brought from Warsaw, Wilna, and other places.

The building containing it, a large, splendid edifice, abuts on one side upon the Perspective, and gladly would one often retreat from the prosaic noise and bustle of that frequented street to this silent temple of the Muses, if the anxious and narrow-minded precautions in the supply of books, the defective arrangement, and the want of a good catalogue, did not exceedingly circumscribe its usefulness. Apprehensions lest books

should be purloined, as no doubt they often are, have led to this extreme caution, and the rapid increase of the library to that disorder.

On entering, visitors have to pass a whole cordon of police soldiers, the attendants on this library, who strip them of cloaks, great-coats, sticks, galoshes, &c. which they return after strictly searching the owners at their departure; and many a one feels so nettled that he comes no more. The commerce with libraries is of as delicate a nature as that of any other kind: such seemingly unessential annoyances often obstruct it as much as duties and other inconveniences obstruct trade. On your first visit you can do no more than look at the different rooms and the outsides of the books, attended by a subaltern officer, who tells you wonderful things about these literary treasures. To get a book to read in the library itself is utterly impossible, though you can point out where it stands. You must first write down the title in a large register, and then, if it is not lent and can be found, you are supplied with it on the next library day. But on the days appointed for reading you may many a time knock in vain, because it may happen to be one of the numberless festivals of the Russian church. The precautions on the delivery of a book that is to be taken home are still greater, and at length this result is attained, that the librarians can sleep quietly, and at the end of the year prove to their superiors that not a book has been stolen or lost, as though libraries were merely institutions for the safe custody of books, and not for introducing them as much as possible among the people. Complete security against dishonesty is impracticable; and therefore it would be better to lose a few books by the dishonest, in order to render service to the honest lovers of the Muses, who certainly consti-

tute the majority ; but in pursuing such a system, people are like the miser, who, for fear of want, keeps his money-bags filled and actually starves himself to death. It is moreover alleged by the public that not even the immediate object, namely, the keeping of the books together, is attained. Only the petty holes are stopped up ; but there are said to be many large secret apertures, by which, in spite of all precautions against the reading public, books pass in other ways into the hands of individual speculators.

It happens sometimes that you may wait for weeks in vain for a single book. The first time, the entry of the book has perhaps been overlooked, and you must write down the title again ; next time you are told it is not to be found, or the librarian, to whose department it belongs, is not in the way. Sometimes you are yourself prevented from attending on a library-day, and then you lose your claim to the wished-for book, which has meanwhile been removed from the table ; so that you are obliged to go on a fourth or fifth day to enter it again, and at last on a sixth or seventh to read it.

For the rest, the rooms of the library are superb, light, lofty, 200 feet long and 100 wide, the floors inlaid and dry-rubbed, the tables clean and without a single ink-spot, because the ink freezes in winter and dries up in summer. The winding stairs to the upper gallery are elegant, and the steps for reaching the higher shelves ingeniously constructed. "Cette salle est superbe, magnifique," said a foreigner, whom the librarian was conducting through the building. "Oui," replied the latter, "elle est dix pieds plus haute et douze pieds plus large que la plus grande salle de la bibliothèque de Vienne et à Paris ——" The speakers turned a corner, and I did not hear the end of this in-

interesting literary dialogue. Yet such is the style of most of the conversations carried on here: people come, praise the magnitude of the rooms, and the apparent order of the books, slide along the smooth floor, look at the bindings, the autograph letters of the French kings, in red morocco gilt, the handsome silk and silver covers of the Persian and Turkish manuscripts, stare at the ancient rolls of strange Runic characters, look at the slipper of Pius VII., kept in a small box by itself, and at the Russian alphabet written in an incredibly small space, and take their leave, after reading the inscriptions: BIBLIOTHECA ZALUSCIANA, BIBLIOTHECA DOMBROWSKIANA, and so forth.

As for these last Polish names, it is to be observed that the rich literary treasures of the Zalusky, the Dombrowsky, &c. are by no means embodied with the entire collection, but kept apart in distinct rooms; and this alone will suffice to shew how far the library still is from forming a well-organised whole. Of the removal and packing of these Polish libraries, things are related in Petersburg that remind one of the packing of the Greek statues by Mummius the Roman; for instance, that the soldiers employed in this operation, when they found a book too thick for a chest, cut it into several parts with their swords, putting this portion into one chest and that into another. In the store-rooms of the library great quantities of books, well-packed in chests and safe (?), are said to be still stowed.

This library is adorned, not only with Polish trophies, but with Armenian, Persian, and Turkish works, brought from the East on the points of Russian bayonets. A separate room is appropriated to the oriental manuscripts alone: they are arranged in cases, adorned by the cabinet-makers with all sorts of emblems and

ensigns of victory ; for instance, Greek-Russian crosses placed upon Mohamedan crescents. The inscriptions of the bookcases indicate, " Manuscripts from Aderbitschan, from Erzerum, from Bajazet, from Erivan, taken in the campaign of 1829." This *Depositum Manuscriptorum* contains also a remarkable collection of autograph letters of French kings, between seventy and eighty large thick volumes, six of which are filled with letters of Henry the Fourth's ; numerous autographs of Philip II. and Catherine de Medicis, also of many Danish kings, German emperors, and princes of the empire, with which the library was enriched in the time of Catherine II.

In spite of all impediments and inconveniences, this library is visited of course by many an industrious treasure-hunter ; and you here meet with not only individual Germans, Russians, and French, but even learned Persians and Bucharians, who are engaged in exploring these literary stores. But, with a more liberal system, the resort to this repository and the harvest collected there would be very different : under the present management they must appear insignificant in comparison with the 500,000 volumes which are collected here, and with the 500,000 inhabitants of the capital in which it is situated, and in comparison with the circle, having a radius of 500 miles, east, west, south, and north, within which it is the most important institution of its kind.

If we may believe Russian statistical documents, 400,000 volumes are annually imported from foreign countries into Russia, and a like number issues from her own presses. These 800,000 volumes are distributed, it is true, over the whole prodigious extent of the empire, as far as China and America, but decidedly

the greatest quantity remains in Petersburg. It may hence be inferred how many millions of books are already accumulated in the libraries of the city. Every public institution has indeed no inconsiderable library of its own—the academies, the hospitals, the schools, the Corps of Cadets, &c., and if all these libraries were opened with as much liberality as has been shewn in their formation, scholars and literati would not be badly provided for.

Next to the imperial library, the most important is that of the General Staff. It occupies several rooms in the building of the General Staff, perhaps the most immense house ever put under one roof*, and contains treasures of extraordinary value. Every thing that possesses any historical, geographical, and military interest is bought for it, and thousands are frequently expended on a single work. For ethnographic works and travels, for plans and charts, it is decidedly the richest collection in Petersburg. The charts are placed in a long suite of rooms ; each quarter of the world has its separate room, each country its particular division, and many a city its distinct case. The great reading-room, a noble rotunda supported by columns, is the finest thing of the kind that can be seen ; it is lighted from above, elegantly furnished, and adorned by a great number of busts. An admirable picture by Krüger of the Emperor Nicholas, the size of life, hangs opposite to the entrance ; and a bust of Peter the Great is placed on a pedestal of such height as to show precisely how tall the emperor was when alive. Many a great, that is

* There may be more extensive edifices, including the various wings and subdivisions, but there is hardly a building, all of one piece, in a single style, under a single roof, and serving a single purpose, that can vie with the gigantic proportions of the Petersburg General Staff.

tall, man has here measured himself with this great and not merely tall sovereign, and found that he was shorter by some inches or some lines.

In the chart-rooms, you find many things which are unique in their kind, and not to be met with beyond the walls of the General Staff; for instance, beautiful maps of the Caucasus, and many accurate surveys of various parts of Turkey. The Russians have now, in their pocket, the keys of so many a fortress, they are travelling so alone, to the exclusion of all other nations, the roads to many interesting countries, that their works, their labours, their plans and sketches, are the principal and almost the only sources for half the Asiatic world. In one of the rooms, there hangs also a plan of Petersburg, which, for size, accuracy, and beauty of execution, comes up to every thing that can be desired in that line.

For the preparation of this plan, a trigonometrical survey was expressly made from all the steeples of the city, and every house, however small, is marked in it with the accuracy of a daguerrotype, nay, even the material of which each house is built is indicated by different colours. The fine London plans of the city have been reduced, by permission of the emperor, from this ground-plan. In the same room are to be seen a number of different measures of length, most of them made of platina, a metal not furnished by any other country in such quantity as by Russia. Thus, there is, for instance, the measure of a toise, which alone—material and workmanship—cost 25,000 rubles. To all the measures, which are carefully kept in covers and cases, are attached thermometrical contrivances, which serve for models in making all the other measures of the empire.

Mystery rests, as it may well be supposed, upon the maps in many of these cases, and, like the gates of the temple of Janus, they are not opened but in time of war; but, as Russia is almost always at war, the Janus doors of one or the other case are always open.

To the most interesting departments of the library of the General Staff belong the archives, divided into what are called the Great Archive, and the Secret Archive. The former is a vast room, which is protected with extraordinary precaution against danger by fire. The walls are unusually thick, the doors of iron, and the openings for the admission of light, which are at the top, covered over with iron grating, so that all around it may be on fire, and yet the interior not sustain any injury. All the cases in which the papers are kept are also of iron. Around the walls of this room, five or six spiral passages wind gradually from the lower circular arena up to the ceiling. This archive contains the whole history of the Russian army for the last forty years to the minutest details, so that not only the birth, life, career, and death of every officer, but also of every soldier, are specified in it. The papers are divided into years, corps d'armée, regiments, &c.

The Secret Archive, where all the cases are kept locked, is a small cabinet where the stranger is permitted to see nothing but the titles of the delicate books. These consist of the rare reports of Russian field-m Marshals to the minister at war and the sovereign during all the wars in which Russia has been engaged since the time of Peter the Great. It makes an historian's mouth water when he reads, "War on the Caspian Sea against Persia, in the years 1701—1703"—"Reports of Yermolow on the Wars on the Caucasus

and in Armenia"—“ Secret Reports of Field-marshal Soltikow and of General Field-marshal Diebitsch on the Turkish and Polish War”—“ Letters of Potjemkin to Catherine the Great.” What rarities! what delicacies! But very few discreet, trusty, silent persons are engaged in this cabinet. Very rarely do the doors of these cases creak upon their hinges, when it is found necessary in the ministry of war to refer to some old book for the resolutions adopted on any particular occasion.

The General Staff contains, not only the greatest depot of maps and plans, but likewise the greatest map-manufactory in Russia. In a long series of rooms, many hundred officers, engineers, and colourers are occupied in making maps of different parts of the vast empire. But a very small portion of the country, it is true, has yet been trigonometrically surveyed. These surveys extend about from Lapland to the parallel of Moscow, and from Germany to the meridian of Kostroma. All the other provinces out of these lines are merely laid down with the assistance of a few astronomical determinations. The latest maps produced by the General Staff greatly surpass its first efforts, as those which are now in hand will surpass the preceding. This institution also furnishes every month a highly interesting map of the positions and cantonments of the different divisions of the Russian army, which is laid before the emperor. All the divisions are distinguished by different colours, so that the whole military position of the empire may be surveyed at a glance. We saw several of these maps, on which we observed with terror the variously coloured patches that filled the Polish, Pontine, Finnish, and Caucasian provinces.

The libraries of the University and the Academy are said to contain much that is valuable, but we had not an opportunity to see them. During our stay, they were in precisely that state in which most Russian institutions generally are, being altered and new arranged.

Of the private libraries opened to the public, the largest is that called the Rumantzow Museum, in a splendid edifice on the English Quay. It contains a great number of books in all departments of literature and human knowledge, classical and modern, Greek, Roman, German, and French, in history, natural history, and the belles lettres. How small is the interest produced by the capital here expended, I saw in my repeated visits, at which I was generally the only person. The attendant told me that there were many days when there was nobody whatever. From the strangers' book it appeared that during the first half of the month of April only six strangers had been there. In the middle of the suite of apartments stands the marble statue of Sadunaisky—Rumantzow's triumphatory surname—in the costume of a Roman consul, with the short but pompous inscription: *NON SOLUM ARMIS*. The cabinet of minerals connected with the library must not be mentioned with the treasures of the same kind belonging to the Miner Cadets.

The most interesting collection of books for Mongol, Chinese, and Tibetan literature is that of baron Schilling, who is also celebrated abroad as a connoisseur of the literature of those countries.* He lived for some time among the Burätes and other Mongol tribes adhering to Lamaism on the frontiers of China, and spared no efforts for collecting on the spot manuscripts

* The baron died a year ago in Vienna. His rich collection was bought by the Academy of Petersburg.

and other objects illustrative of those people. His library contains a copy of the sacred book of the Lamaites, the celebrated Gondschor. This Lamaite bible comprehends 1000 sacred books, in 108 volumes, of 400,000 leaves. It is so rare that, for example, the Calmuck horde nomadising under the Russian sceptre possesses not a copy, and offered the baron 10,000 silver rubles for his, but he would not part with it for that sum. How happy might a wealthy person make those poor vagrants, if he would purchase and send to them from Petersburg that book which they so highly venerate, and towards which they cast such longing looks from their steppes! He would thereby do a work as well pleasing to God as if he were to build a church. But not a christian thinks of doing any thing for the poor heathen, though to them also apply the words of our Saviour, "Whatsoever ye do for the least of these in my name, that will my Father repay, and it shall be accounted as if ye had done it unto me." The leaves on which the Gondschor is written are fine Chinese paper two feet long, four inches broad, all loose and laid together in packets of 400. The writing is extremely neat. Each packet is protected above and below by a wooden back, which is adorned with fine carved work, and is covered with brocade and embroidery. The whole packet is then wrapped in thick, heavy silks of a yellow colour, the sacred colour of the Lamaites; and, thus laid beside one another, the 108 packets look like a Mongol library, at the sight of which the Mongols visiting the baron are seized with profound devotion.

As the Mosaic law has its Talmud, so the Gondschor has its Dandschor, an immense commentary on all its sacred texts and apophthegms. Baron Schilling possesses only a complete index to the whole Dandschor

and part of the work itself. There exists in Europe but one other copy of the Gondschor, and that is in Paris, but it is of another edition, for the Lamaites have several different editions of their holy scriptures.

One cannot but be astonished at the antiquity of civilization and literary culture among the nations of the Mongol race. Thus in this collection there are not only astronomical works from Tibet and China, which appeared before the birth of Christ, and contain representations of the twelve signs of the zodiac, but even Japanese works on numismatology, in which are figured many at that time rare coins, which were much sought after by amateurs, and which, as the preface tells us, were paid a high price for. Thus at a time when our ancestors had not begun their A B C, the Japanese had over-studied themselves, and run into a taste for all the little whims and caprices of science. A small separate division of the baron's library is devoted even to the literature of the Coreans, who have a totally different written language from the Japanese and Chinese. The library of French, German, and English books relative to China and Mongolia fills alone four large bookcases.

For the kindness which the Mongol Lamaites showed him in China, the baron has made a brilliant return. He has sent them namely, no fewer than 250,000,000 impressions of their famous prayer: *Ommani bad mächom*. He has had that phrase set up in such a manner as to go 5000 times upon a large sheet, and presented them with 50,000 copies of that sheet. This was an important service to the Burätes, Kalkas, &c., because they use an immense quantity of these prayers. As the Catholics with their beads, and the Greeks and

Russians with their *Gospodi pomilui*, repeated twelve times in a breath, have taken up a notion that the Almighty regards not the fervour but the number of prayers, so they have hit upon the following extraordinary invention. They wrap a stripe of paper on which the prayer above-mentioned is copied a great number of times round a pencil which revolves in a ring of most curious workmanship. By means of a small mechanical contrivance, the pencil with the paper can be turned round 500 times in a minute, and as often as it revolves the thousands of prayers written upon it ascend to heaven, and the effect is the same as if 500,000 tongues had pronounced the prayer once in that minute. The baron had several of these little praying machines. The Lamaites, when conversing together in leisure moments, have them upon their lap, and keep the little ommanibadmächom spinning-wheel incessantly at work. Hence one may conceive what a prodigious mass of effusions of the heart and exercises of devotion the Burätes were enabled to pay by those 250,000,000 copies, worked by the printing-press, and sent to them by the baron.

With the baron's interesting library is united an extremely rich collection of other Mongol, Buräte, Tangute, and Chinese antiquities and curiosities—an original plan of the city of Jeddo, the capital of Japan, another of Peking, ten feet long and six wide; a complete apothecary's shop, Japanese and Chinese, with the principal drugs employed by those nations, dressing-cases, with the shoes, gloves, neck, finger, and ear ornaments worn by them, down to the minutest details, not excepting pins and the threads hanging from them; likewise carpets, stuffs, furniture, lamps, lanterns in

abundance, and all of such fine quality as to afford a most brilliant conception of the industry of those people.

The collection of Lamaite altars and idols is so great that the Calmucks and the Lamaite Siberians who occasionally visit the baron enter his cabinet with as much reverence as they enter a temple, and there is no end to their obeisances, genuflexions, and devout touching and kissing of the many sacred objects. As several of the idols are placed exactly in the same manner as in their temples, they bring them offerings and presents, and they seem to have lost neither power nor consequence in the eyes of their worshippers by the captivity in which they are here held by our European Muses. In one small casket which the baron had set up we even found many coins deposited, though the priests were wanting who could have made use of them in the name of the deity.

Among the objects of the reverence of the Lamaites, one is particularly struck with a sort of round white balls made of a substance unknown, which the priests are accustomed to present to their votaries, who hold them in high estimation. Among these balls there was one separately wrapped up and accompanied by a long written paper in the Tibetan language, attesting that it was produced from nothing by the uninterrupted fasting and praying of a pious priest for forty days—a very tiny ball and yet a great wonder, and a palpable proof of the mighty power of prayer, which can produce from nothing by nothing an object that can be seen and felt. Balls of this kind produced by prayer are, of course, extremely rare even among the Lamaites. To some, produced under certain conditions and circumstances, they ascribe a mysterious personality and

essence, and believe that, though unorganised substances, they can propagate of themselves. The posterity of such balls enjoy a still higher veneration than their progenitors. It seems, indeed, that the Asiatic priests have elaborated and cultivated the different branches of their divine worship with far greater refinement and a much more lively imagination, though in the same spirit, as our European.

In this collection we also find no inconsiderable quantity of the brick-tea that acts so conspicuous a part in the every-day life of the Mongol tribes. So accustomed are they to this necessary, that they are content with it alone, and will leave for it butcher's meat and pastry. This tea is so nutritious that a horseman putting one such brick in his sack, is provisioned for three weeks. The baron has written a memoir expressly on this tea; its preparation, its virtues, its diffusion, &c.

Baron Schilling was of opinion that the Mongols are very perspicacious thinkers, and in particular deep philosophers, like a German named Jährig, who lived sixteen years among them, and went back to them, because he could not reconcile himself with the German way of thinking, and because, as Storch tells us, he believed that the Mongols had a much better and sounder philosophy than we, who might go to school to them in this line. Ever since its foundation, Petersburg has been in communication with Peking; so early as 1730 it acquired a considerable Chinese library, and now it possesses collections of Chinese and Mongol books and antiquities so considerable as not to rank second perhaps to any in Europe. There are several such cabinets as that just mentioned in the possession of private individuals. Many of the wealthy have even,

like us, a Gothic and ancient Frankish cabinet, in their suite of apartments, and likewise Chinese saloons, with Chinese vases, carpets, furniture, and paintings. One of the richest is in the house of prince Doudukoff-Korsakoff, curator of the university of Petersburg. Who knows whether the grandees of Pekin may not have here and there a room furnished in the Petersburg style as a curiosity!

With the collections in Natural History, especially with those of the Academy, the Hermitage, and the Corps of Miner Cadets—there have been associated, since Peter the Great purchased of Sebe, the apothecary of Amsterdam, the first cabinet of this kind as the foundation of his Museum, the names of so many celebrated collectors, of a Ruisch, a Muschenbrock, a Müller, a Gmelin, a Steller, a Dahlberg, a Henkel; so many learned men have already explored all the regions of the globe and paid their tribute to these collections; so much industry and ardour have laboured for their augmentation; and at the same time the vast provinces of the Russian empire, where, ever since the time of Peter the Great, attentive eyes have been employed by government in watching all new and interesting discoveries, and where numbers of hands are engaged in examining not only every mountain, but every barrow acquired by conquest, have furnished so many remarkable objects, that those collections may not only rank on a level with those of other nations, but claim a value that is peculiar to themselves.

The collections of the Academy of Sciences hold decidedly the first rank, as they not only comprehend the most various departments, but contain the richest stores. The arrangement of these treasures, in the

light spacious halls of the building of the Academy, is so beautiful and judicious, that scarcely any other collection can vie on that point with this. In many of our straitened cabinets the wonders of Nature are, for want of room, crowded together as closely as in Noah's ark, so that the eye of the spectator is confused, and the examination of individual objects is out of the question. In Petersburg, so much space is allowed that every animal may be conveniently viewed in all its parts, and to some, the mammoth for instance, a separate room is allotted.

The most remarkable rooms are decidedly those which contain the gigantic animals of the original world. These prodigious creatures must have been as numerous in their native forests as rats and mice are now in our corn-fields: for, in Siberia, there are countries where whole strata of clay or marble are so mixed with what are called mammoth bones, that the inhabitants have opened a sort of mines to get at them, and that the sale of them constitutes a not inconsiderable branch of trade. The great mammoth, which was discovered many years ago in the ice of the Lena, and which, after wild beasts had regaled themselves on its flesh, still fresh, thousands of years perhaps after death, and men had separated many of its bones from the general structure to apply them to some purpose or other, and then taken possession of by scientific travellers, is now restored and set up in a separate room of the academical collection. Beside it is placed the skeleton of an elephant, the giant of our present animal world, which seems a neat, elegant figure, compared with that clumsy antediluvian monster.

In another room lie whole rows of prodigious skulls of the megatherion, the gigantic sloth, and of the

enormous buffalo and rhinoceros of the world before the flood, whose brains might be measured by pailfuls. A pity that the daguerrotype was not then invented, otherwise, perhaps, one of those remarkable photographs, penetrating through these sockets, might here and there have impressed itself on the inner surface of the skull! What forest scenes, what Titan battles, what revolutions of the gaping crust of the earth, vomiting fire and water, should we then behold! Could we but restore their tongues to some of these brute Cyclops and get them to tell of their times! But no, there lie their skulls, bleached and mute as those of Plato and Socrates in the niches of a cabinet of antiques. But wo to the beautiful building of the Petersburg Academy, if the spirits of these monsters should ever return and reanimate their mortal part! They would soon have trampled the whole edifice level with the ground.

Among the animals living and breathing with us in the present world we particularly remark, as Russian subjects, the wild dschiggetei, the horse-haired buffalo of High Asia, the different beautiful gold, silver, blue, and ice foxes of Siberia, and the other fur-robed beasts of the North, the Mongol jelloo, a long-bearded kite which hovers over the bare peaks of the Altai and Baikal mountains, the silver and scarlet heron of the Steppes, the white cranes of Siberia, and then the inhabitants of ocean, shapeless cows, lions, hogs, and seals from the Arctic Sea.

The mineralogical collection of the Academy is also rich in magnificent specimens, though in this department it is eclipsed by the collection of the Corps of Miner Cadets. The collection of coins comprehends,

in addition to many thousand specimens of European antiquity and modern times, such as may be seen in any of our cabinets, a great number of monuments of the history of Asiatic nations, and especially many thousands of Russian coins, from the first rude ruble, of square form, cut out of silver, to the present handsome pieces that now issue from the Russian mint; next, Kasan, Krim, Astrachan, and other Tatar money coined by the khans of the Golden Horde, the sovereigns of Bochara, Samarcand, and Anderabe; Chinese, Japanese, and Indian coins, and above all Turkish and Persian. With the eighty million rubles, paid down after the last war with Persia to the Russians in Tabriz, many rare pieces came to Petersburg, not only zechins and tomans of all the Persian shahs, but also very ancient gold dareikas which Feth Ali was very loath to part with, and gold pieces of extraordinary size and square form, with extremely ancient Persian inscriptions. In all the cabinets of Petersburg are to be seen specimens of these golden trophies, at the sight of which many a Russian laughs in his sleeve, while it makes many a Persian weep. Among the Russian grandees there are many amateurs of coins, who not only know all the jaw-breaking names of the hundred Bosporanian kings and their physiognomies, but also the distinctive stamps on the other coins of the world.

The Russians are a people of the plain. In the whole of their widely-extended, original native country, there are no mountains, and, before their victories in the seventeenth and the eighteenth century, which brought them to the Ural, the foot of the Altai, the Caucasus, and the Balkan, they had no conception of a mountain. Now

they have their Sabalkanski and Sakawkaski*, and are ransacking a great number of mountains for their metallic treasures. Hence has arisen the necessity for a particular school for miners. It is established in a magnificent edifice on Wassili Ostrow, and is called in Russian, Gornoi Corps—the mountain corps. As the arrangements of this school are quite military—a general presides over it, and all the pupils are subject to military order and uniform,—and as the mining service is the same kind of service as that in the navy or army, that is to say, it leads to rank and title, and, if a man has his wits about him, to wealth also; many distinguished families place their sons in this school. Its exterior, therefore, is extremely elegant, the order which universally prevails admirable, and furniture, apartments, attendance, &c. excellent. You find Germans here, as every where else, and in a school for mining they are of course pre-eminently the teachers.

The grand scale of the whole institution may be inferred from the circumstance that, for the purpose of instruction, a mine was constructed in the swampy soil of the Newa Island, in which all the different kinds of shafts, adits, drains, &c. nay, even the various ways in which the mountain formations occur, are clearly represented, in some cases by artificial combinations of different sorts of stone, or merely by colouring the sides of the shafts. The young cadets, in the dress of miners, go in with torches, and act the part of miners. If the Russians follow up this idea, they may possibly, ere long, have battles, royal elections, revolutions, triumphal processions, and other historical events, performed by real persons, for their historical schools,

* Balkan and Caucasus climber. Shall we hear some time or other of a Sakarpatski and Sasudetski?

and, in the gardens and grounds of their geographical schools, an Africa, Asia, and America laid out in miniature, with stuffed figures of the savages living there, and painted decorations of the vegetables and animals of those countries. The best thing about the Corps of Cadets is decidedly its rich mineralogical collection.

As, of old, the Brazilian and Mexican plate-fleets arrived every year at Cadiz and Lisbon, to swell the treasures of the most Christian kings, so, every winter, caravans of sledges bring to Petersburg cargoes of gold, silver, copper, and platina, to strengthen the nerves of the vast empire of the czars. The metals are in general packed in large and small casks, and put in sledges like any other commodity; they are transported by ordinary Russian jämschtschiks, and accompanied by officers of the mines.

Russia now yields four times as much gold as all the rest of Europe; and the yearly produce of this metal (400 pood, or 16,000 pounds) is sufficient to load from forty to fifty sledges. The silver needs for its conveyance a caravan of from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and fifty sledges. The platina requires but three or four, and the copper, which is also conveyed chiefly by land, sets in motion 5,000 sledges*. By far the greater part of these metals comes to the mint in Petersburg. Hence, some conception may be formed of the magnitude of the metal caravans continually

* The gold collected, upon an average every year in Russia, amounts to

	400 pood	.	—	.	16,000 pounds
Silver,	1,200	.	.	.	48,000
Platina,	108	.	.	.	4,320
Copper,	220,000	.	.	.	8,800,000
Iron,	10,000,000	.	.	.	400,000,000
Lead,	43,000	.	.	.	1,720,000
Salt,	30,000,000	.	.	.	1,200,000,000

arriving there. The private mine-owners* generally transmit their produce along with that of the government; and these caravans bring not merely the pure smelted metals, but many specimens of ore, spars, and numberless other cabinet-pieces, as they are called, which are deposited in private collections, but mostly go to that of the Miner Cadets, which, as the whole Ural, the Caucasus, the Altai, and hundreds of districts abounding in ores, pay tribute to it, is in fact one of the most important collections in the world.

* Among the private proprietors of mines in Russia there are several who derive from them a princely revenue. The Jakowlews and Demidoffs are the principal mine-owners in all Russia. One seventh of all the gold collected in Russia every year, that is, fifty-eight pood, or 2,300 pounds, worth about 300,000 ducats, belongs to Jakowlew, a cornet in the guard, who pays merely in mine-taxes for his gold half a million of rubles.

Almost all the platina in Russia is found on the estates of the heirs of the Privy-Councillor Demidoff: it amounts to 101 pood. The Demidoffs pay 800,000 rubles in taxes for their mines. To these belong about eighty German square miles of forest; one fourth of all the copper found in Russia, that is to say 59,000 pood, comes also from their mines.

As the Jakowlews possess the gold mines, so they are likewise the owners of the principal iron mines. There are three Jakowlews, whose works produce annually 2,400,000 pood of iron, that is about as much as seventeen million subjects of the Emperor need every year, each man using in his household about seven pounds annually. Rastorgujeff, a merchant of Moscow, comes next to the Jakowlews, for he smelts every year in his furnaces 700,000 pood of iron, or about as much as the whole kingdom of Spain, which produces only about 8,500 ton. The Demidoffs also extract from the bowels of the earth nearly as much iron as many a kingdom in Europe.

The most extensive salt works in Russia belong to the Stroganoffs. This family makes annually 1,600,000 pood, or sixty-four million pounds, sufficient for the supply of three million families; that is thirty-two times as much as the Ecclesiastical State, which makes only 200,000 pounds. There are several of these private salt works which produce enough for the consumption of a grand-duchy, Weimar or Mecklenburg; but none of them are to be named with those of the Stroganoffs.

Gold, with its mild radiance, fascinates the eyes of all : our first inquiry, therefore, was after the beautiful yellow specimens. These are already very numerous, delicate, glistening bits, clean and pure, as if they had been broken off the sun's disk. They are now inclosed in a row of iron boxes, because some of them found their way out through the cracks and crevices in the wooden ones in which they were previously kept. There are pieces weighing two pounds, others three or four, and up to twenty and twenty-five pounds. As most of them were not dug out of the bowels of the mountains, but picked up on plain, open ground, it is surprising, how, at the time of the general migration of nations, the torrent of rapacious plunderers could pour to and fro for centuries over the gold-bestudded plains of the Southern Ural, without discovering these valuable wrecks. We regretted that there were no Jews in our party. How they would have enjoyed the sight of the open cases ! infinitely more than the most sumptuous feast. There were long rows of small glasses and bottles, all filled with the quintessence of quintessences, gold in grains of various sizes, in dust, sand, shot, hail, eggs, smooth and rough, round and angular, corned and broken, as though it was the treasury in which Danaë had collected Jupiter's golden shower. How many hearts might not be gladdened by these precious drops ! There they are, however, closely locked up in darkness, and producing no other interest than what curiosity and ostentation contrive to derive from them.

Among the specimens of silver are some most enchanting freaks of nature ; for instance, several silver-trees, as they are called. In one of them the silver has grown into the form of a woolly and curly flowing wig ; in others it takes the shape of a small glistening

bush, or little tree, with drooping branches, like a weeping willow. There is a specimen of platina weighing fifteen pounds.

Virgin gold is found only in the Ural, or rather at the foot of the Ural in the Steppe of the Calmucks, and it is separated by washing from the worthless matters that are mixed with it. It lies immediately under the greensward, and here and there shimmers through the grass. Wherever it is supposed to be in sufficient quantity to repay the expence of collecting, the turf is pared off, and washing apparatus of a very simple kind set up. When one tract of ground is done with, the apparatus is removed to another situation; and the poor serfs, the well-paid Germans, and the Miner Cadets in smart uniforms, repeat the process, put the gold-dust which they find into bags, and send it off with the first sledge-caravan to their wealthy employers, who have it coined at the imperial mint into ducats, which they squander in entertainments and balls, that produce them nothing but ennui and satiety. Virgin platina is likewise found in the form of grains and dust, and washed in the same manner.

In the model-room, which is exceedingly rich—the celebrated model-room in Vienna appears insignificant in comparison with it—are exhibited all the different processes by which minerals are obtained in Russia, the modes of working the salt, diamond, and amber mines; the marble, malachite, and granite quarries; and lastly, the iron-fishery. The latter is perhaps the most ancient method of obtaining iron in Russia; it is practised to this day in some provinces; for instance, in the government of Olonetz, where virgin iron is found at the bottom of several small lakes. The representation of this fishery is truly charming: on the

surface of a small lake, surrounded by a wood of birch and fir trees, are seen several miners in the habit of fishermen; each, standing on a small raft, is groping at the bottom with a little iron net, fastened to the end of a long pole, to bring up the motionless and easily-caught metal inhabitants of the lake, which he throws in a heap in the middle of his raft. The detailed representations of the mint at Jekatharinenburg, of the mines of Nertschinsk, Slatoust, and Koliwan, and of all the other great mining operations, enable the spectator, in the most convenient and entertaining manner, to survey the present state of mining in Russia, with no farther trouble than that of taking a few steps.

Several divisions of the collection are unique in their kind; for instance, a series of all the products of art, from the crude gold sand, and all the various steps of its purification, to the finest coins and the most delicate works; a similar series for iron and other metals, and even a collection of all the colours made from metals. Among the cast-iron articles made in Siberia, are to be seen hats, chairs, bedsteads, bureaus, the busts of several Russian emperors, for instance, Catherine and Peter, likewise those of Romulus and Remus, and even Schiller's and Göthe's.—A collection of swords from the manufactory of arms at Slatoust is brilliant enough. The work on the hilts and that of the battles represented on the blades captivates the eye; but whether these elegant weapons would render better service in the heat of the fight than the stove-forks, with which the people did such execution in 1812, is questionable. A plain sword, which fell into the hands of Paskewitsch at the reduction of Eriwan, and lies near one of those just mentioned, has this peculiarity, that it rings for five minutes after it has been struck.

A battle with such swords must produce a sound like the ringing of bells. The most remarkable of the specimens of iron is a piece of ore in crystals, with a cavity so large that a man can creep into it.

With us, Siberia is a name that excites no other feelings than of pain and horror. In Russia, one acquires a different notion of it; and the Russians who have been in that country are all so prepossessed in its favour, that, according to their account, it is the land of promise, the El Dorado of Russia. Nature is rich and wonderful; the race of men strong and healthy; society in the towns more intellectual and more polished than any where else in Russia; and whoever has got over the disagreeables incident to the first coming—the knout, a few years' compulsory labour, and so forth—finds himself so comfortable, and is so contented, that he has no wish to change his new country for any other. The Miners Corps contribute much to heighten the good opinion of Siberia, and to diffuse brilliant notions of its nature. Here is to be seen, among other things, a pyramid composed entirely of different precious stones of Siberia, a monument showing at one glance the richness of that country. The large magnificent specimens of malachite, one of which weighs several pood, the superb emeralds, the magnificent beryls, the largest of which, six inches in length, lie on elegant velvet cushions, under bell-glasses, like the crowns of the czars in Moscow, the blue lapis-lazuli and Labrador stones, enchantingly variegated with a golden tinge, the bluish amethysts and chalcedonies, the gigantic loadstones which carry hundred-weights with ease, and grow stronger under the burden, the crystals of copper and gold, as well as the beautiful landscapes among the

Mongol Alps, which adorn the walls of the Siberian room, tend only to increase the longing after that country. But most unpardonable has been the course pursued with the Siberian mammoth, which is preserved here. All the genuine dirt has been carefully removed; all the ragged edges of the skin and the ends of sinews have been pared and scraped; the deficient bones have been replaced with wooden ones, and the whole has been covered with a thick coat of oil paint, so that the skeleton is now worth no more than a repaired and restored castle, which, in its original state, would have possessed the value and interest of a venerable ruin.

How earnestly Russia is striving to attain a knowledge of herself—the most useful kind of knowledge for the state as well as for the private individual—we had occasion again to remark at the Miners Corps, where some large rooms are exclusively devoted to the coins of Russia, the number of which is said to amount to no fewer than 10,000. Among the medals, there is a series of several hundreds in bronze, each of which is dedicated to the memory of a Russian grand-duke, czar, or emperor.

A silver tree shows the development of the whole house of Romanow, for from its branches hang all the golden fruit that has grown upon it, that is to say, small gold medals, with inscriptions and portraits of the emperors, princes, and princesses of that family.

There is not now a schoolboy in all Russia who cannot repeat the names of all the descendants of the house of Rurik and Romanow, as well as all the chief governments and circular towns of the Russian empire, and I much fear that the Russians very far surpass us in this kind of self-knowledge.

In the laboratories of the Miners Corps, we were

shown many new things and processes, among others the coining of platina. This metal is so hard that it would not take the forms of the die with the usual treatment. It is necessary, therefore, to convert it in the furnace into a sponge-like mass, to render it more yielding than the solid metal. It affords a peculiar pleasure to see the dull and shapeless patch metamorphosed by the pressure of the die, as by magic, into a bright neat coin, covered with figures.

In the parlour and waiting-room of the institution, we saw similar processes going forward. Small curly-headed, negligently-dressed boys were brought by their parents to be delivered up to the institution, and were putting on their new, smart, showy uniform; and happy will it be for the poor, weeping parents who were bidding adieu to them, if their minds prove as apt to receive the instruction about to be imparted to them as their bodies to assume a new dress. So much is certain, at any rate, as may be seen from the preceding particulars, that they will not want opportunities for becoming skilful and accomplished miners by the time for leaving the institution.

CHAPTER XVI.

HOSPITALS.

Statistical Journal—Lists of Births and Deaths—Longevity—Marriages—Prevailing Diseases—Charitable Foundations of the Great—Defects of the Petersburg Hospitals—The Abuchow Hospital—The Maria Hospital—Institution for the Deaf and Dumb.

A journal published by the ministry of the interior in Russia is devoted to the collection of statistical data, and during an existence of many years it has amassed a vast quantity of that kind of information. The numbers of this journal thus far published would, from the richness of their matter, be invaluable to the geographer, the statesman, and the political economist, if their authenticity could be depended upon. But in those investigations, concerning which even the uninitiated may easily form an opinion, there occur such frequent, gross, and palpable contradictions, that it is difficult to place any confidence in the rest. Perhaps the most trustworthy of the statements contained in this work are those which relate to the mortality of the population. They are chiefly taken from the lists published annually by the holy Synod relative to this point, and which upon the whole are exempt from the influence of

many causes that might lead into exaggeration and falsification. These lists comprehend in general all the members of the whole Greek Russian church ; but now and then there are issued lists confined to the births and deaths in single eparchies, or single large cities, as Moscow and Petersburg.

From the lists for the ten years from 1821 to 1831, it appears that out of the 400,000 inhabitants whom Petersburg may have had one year with another during that period, there died every year upon an average 9,200. Thus the mortality in Petersburg would seem to be very small, showing that one died annually in 43, which is a more favourable proportion than the mortality of any other capital in Europe would exhibit.

As, however, great numbers in the large army of civilians as well as soldiers, and many of the large mass of strangers, resident in Petersburg, pass only the best period of their lives there, and neither their childhood nor their old age—the two periods in which deaths are most frequent—this low proportion is no evidence either in favour of the healthiness of the climate or the small mortality in the city. One ought to know also the medium age—not the medium duration of life—at which the inhabitants had arrived, and we might perhaps then find what proportion the mortality of Petersburg bears to that in other capitals.

From those lists it appears as the result of forty years' observation of the mortality that, during the different months of the year, it is in Petersburg as follows : to 28 persons who died in January, there died in February 26, in March 29, in April 30, in May $32\frac{1}{2}$, in June 30, in July 32, in August 29, in September 24, in

October 23, in November 24, and in December 27.* Accordingly, the months which, if not the healthiest—for the consequences of the greater or less salubrity of the season may not always manifest themselves till later—yet at least have the fewest deaths, are September, October, and November, (on an average 23 $\frac{2}{3}$; and those in which the deaths are most numerous, are May, June, and July, (on an average 31 $\frac{1}{3}$). The lowest number is in October (23) the highest in May (32 $\frac{1}{2}$). Thus in May there die nearly half as many more persons as in October. From October the mortality keeps gradually increasing to February, when it decreases a little, and then gradually rises till May, when it attains its highest point, at which it continues, in spite of a trifling decrease in June, to the end of July. Through August and September it keeps constantly falling, till in October it arrives at the minimum.

Out of 69,000 persons who died from 1791 to 1801 there were, 1 above 125 years old, 3 above 120, 5 above 115, 10 above 100, 39 above 95, and 152 above 90. In the whole Russian empire there die annually not fewer than 20,000 old men above 80, that is the thirtieth part of those who die every year, and above 900 attain every year the age of 100; from 50 to 55 men die who are above 120 years old, 20 above 130, 8 above 135, and two or three commonly reach 145 and 155. This is probably owing not so much to the goodness of the climate and to the simple way of living of the persons, as to the innate toughness and durability of the

* From the year 1791 to 1831 there died, namely, in January, 28,037 persons, in February 25,916, in March, 29,336, in April, 30,847, in May, 32,495, in June, 30,482, in July, 32,375, in August, 29,069, in September, 24,689, in October, 23,862, in November, 24,833, in December, 27,376.

Russo-Slavonic race for, on the one hand, even the **Russian peasants** are far from living simply and soberly; and, on the other, there are instances enough among the highest class of very old people who have manifestly passed their whole lives in luxury and dissipation. In Petersburg and Moscow, there are many ladies and gentlemen of 90 and 100, who have indeed not lived to that age on black bread and water-gruel.

In regard to human life, Petersburg is naturally a consuming and but little producing place, and needs annually a considerable supply to fill up the gaps which death has made. From 1810 to 1820, there were born in January, 5,466, in February, 5,575, in March, 5,175, in April, 5,177, in May, 4,777, in June, 5,070, in July, 5,084, in August, 5,044, in September, 4,665, in October, 5,586, in November, 5,429, in December, 4,569; total in these 10 years, 61,616 children.

On the other hand, there died during the same interval, in January, 7,538, in February, 7,225, in March, 7,687, in April, 8,014, in May, 8,224, in June, 7,187, in July, 7,874, in August, 7,089, in September, 6,076, in October, 6,252, in November, 5,915, in December, 6,764 persons; total, 85,845.

Thus in 10 years there died 24,229 persons more than were born, or in every year about 2,422. The fewest children are born in the months of September and December, owing to this circumstance, that in December, which is the ninth month before the September of the following year, and in March, which is the ninth month before the December of the same year, few marriages are solemnized, and none at all among the Russians, on account of the great fasts which then commence.

The following table of the marriages that took place in Petersburg in the space of thirty years will show this more clearly.

	From 1790 to 1800.	From 1801 to 1810.	From 1820 to 1830.
January	2,608	2,409	1,963
February	128	2,036	1,551
March	90	86	88
April	564	640	492
May	1,499	1,391	1,205
June	534	461	340
July	1,371	1,366	1,092
August	626	643	503
September	1,250	1,150	997
October	2,006	1,656	1,351
November	1,662	1,733	1,367
December	195	178	180

In December and March the national Russians never marry, and the 18 and 8 weddings which take place in those months in Petersburg belong exclusively to non-Russians. A small fast occurs again in the months of June and August, hence the diminished number of marriages in them, as well as in April, into which the Easter fasts sometimes extend, The most marriages fall between the Christmas and Easter fasts, in the months of January and February; because the parties who have made up their minds in autumn and are prevented by December from executing their intention, strive to expedite the business, lest they should be put off again till May.

As the advanced age which the Russians attain even in Petersburg attests the perdurability and vigour of the Russian race, so does also in a particular manner

the small number of still-born infants shown by the lists of births. From the calculations made for a period of 20 years, the result is that out of 1,000 children only six were still-born. This arises from the facility with which the strong and healthy Russian mothers bring their children into the world; out of 1,000 no more than eight die in child-bed. Among the non-Russian Petersburgers there are 25 still-born infants in 1,000, and out of 1,000 lying-in women 15 die.

The three diseases which carry off the greatest number of persons here are nervous fever, consumption, and pleurisy. Three-fourths of all deaths are occasioned by one or other of these disorders, and foreigners in particular, on their first arrival, are frequently attacked and sink under nervous fever. The lower classes are much affected by scorbutic complaints, arising from the immoderate quantity and the bad quality of the food which they take.

Since Catherine's time, many places of refuge, houses for the sick, and hospitals have been opened in Petersburg. Most of the houses for the sick were founded by Catherine, who declined a magnificent public monument in the streets of Petersburg, and assigned to the Colleges for General Relief the sums contributed by the merchants of Petersburg for the erection of such a memorial. They were extended and increased by Maria Feodorowna, consort of the Emperor Paul; and incessant exertions have been made up to the present moment to perfect those which exist, and to add new ones. Here the beneficent spirit of the Russians is most laudably displayed; and every now and then you hear that a Demidow or a Jakowleff, a Tscherbin or some other less known but wealthy person, has given hundreds of thousands for founding a

new institution of this kind. Petersburg has now so many houses for the sick, that in the three years from 1830 to 1832, no fewer than 153,000 patients were admitted into them—consequently upwards of 50,000 annually. The city, whose unhealthy climate constantly confines so many persons to a sick bed, has nevertheless not enough of them for its wants. In every one of these houses you hear the complaint that so or so many hundred patients were refused admittance in the course of the year for want of room. Allowing Petersburg to have 500,000 inhabitants, it follows from the above that every year a tenth part of the population is for some time in the hospital, which, in comparison with other cities, is an extraordinarily large proportion. To account for the great resort to the hospitals it may be observed that in Petersburg there are numbers of persons who have no domestic establishment there, and who for want of relatives must put up with the attendance afforded in those houses; and thence too we may likewise infer how particularly valuable and important these institutions are for that city.

Opinions are much divided respecting the efficiency of the hospitals of Petersburg. Strangers and unprofessional persons who look no deeper than the surface, are delighted at first sight with the order, cleanliness, and judicious arrangements which seem to prevail in them; while the initiated, and those who have opportunities for closer observation, talk of the unseen faults and secret defects of the institutions. To the unprejudiced traveller, however, it is perfectly clear that the government does all that lies in its power to bring them to the highest degree of perfection. The requisite funds are allotted with the greatest liberality; the most magnificent edifices are erected; good salaries are paid

to medical men ; rewards and honours are not withheld from those who distinguish themselves ; and the institutions are continually inspected and supervised by the highest authorities, to see that the machinery never stands still, or gets out of repair. Much it is true of the gold and silver destined for them sticks by the way to the fingers of the greedy managers, without benefiting the institutions ; and it seems to escape the government that those frequent inspections undertaken by persons of distinction do as much harm as good, because they are undertaken by such only as judge, and can alone judge, by outward appearance, and therefore the attention, wholly occupied in keeping the exterior in good condition, is withdrawn from many internal improvements : nevertheless, it is universally insisted that such inspections are absolutely necessary in Russia, and that without them nothing whatever would be done.

Overlooking this, however—for the still extremely defective state of all the hospitals of all countries permits us to overlook it—so much is certain that, if the establishments for the sick in Petersburg suffer from secret defects, that is to say, if the money assigned is not all applied exclusively for the benefit of the patients for whom it is destined ; if the attendance on the sick committed to Russians is not always in the best hands ; if the regard which must be had to externals withdraws attention from the patients ; they exhibit faults not less palpable. And, indeed, when one hears what is occurring in our old German, French, Italian, and Spanish cities, which boast of a thousand years' civilization, one scarcely ventures to mention those defects of the hospitals of Petersburg, and feels much more disposed to praise than to censure them.

In the Hôtel Dieu, in Paris, the patients continued

till our own days to sleep two and three in a bed. Madrid, Naples, and many other great capitals of Europe, have at this moment scarcely any hospitals worthy of them; and even in Germany there exist in every town petty institutions of this kind, the defects of which are indeed not trifling. In many of its cities one finds hospitals, the state of which attests manifest neglect; and at sight of them, one easily comprehends why the admirable new hospital in Hamburg should in a short time have acquired so high a reputation.

The Petersburg hospitals are almost all cut out after the pattern of that at Hamburg: the most considerable of them is Abuchow's. It is a large handsome building of two floors, in a quiet part of the city near the Fontanka. The wards are spacious, the air as pure, and cleanness as well kept up as can be expected in a house where from five to six hundred patients are constantly breathing under one and the same roof. The bedsteads are judiciously arranged, and provided with mattresses and light blankets; they are placed at great distances from one another, and are all furnished with curtains, which latter is a most beneficent indulgence, as patients now are not liable to have their own sufferings increased by witnessing those of others. The house is surrounded with a good garden, in which there is a wooden building that serves the patients for a summer habitation. In winter, a spacious hall in the main edifice is used as a promenade by the convalescents, and another for the dining-room. The hospital contains at present 600 beds, which are constantly occupied, and from 4000 to 4500 patients are annually treated there: nine-tenths leave the house cured, the other tenth die. The hospital was founded in 1784, and from 1785 to 1789 it admitted 10,000 patients,

that is about 2000 annually, during that interval. If we take 3000 patients and 300 deaths for the average of the year, 160,000 sufferers have already been harboured, and no fewer than 16,000 breathed their last under its roof. A Greek physician conducted us through the apartments. "In this ward," said he, "are the surgical patients," and, as we entered, 60 poor creatures gathered up their broken limbs and turned towards us. "Here lie the nervous patients," he said on going farther, and 70 pale haggard faces met our view. "Here are the most dangerous cases," and a hundred breaking eyes were fixed upon us.

The Maria Hospital, founded by the empress Maria in 1803, has a still more extensive sphere of action than Abuchow's. It is specially devoted to the indigent, who are partly admitted into the spacious and splendid building, and partly attended and supplied with medicine at their own homes. This institution, endowed with imperial liberality, is constantly affording assistance and relief to 20,000 patients, most of whom come to the hospital, and there receive medicines and advice. Those who are not able to come, are visited at their own abodes by the medical men, of whom there are twelve in the pay of the hospital, under the superintendence of a German physician in chief. Besides these paid and appointed medical officers, there are many who give their services gratuitously to the institution. The worst patients are received into the hospital itself, which is arranged for 350 beds, and admits annually from 2500 to 3000 patients. One fifth or sixth of this number die, which large proportion is accounted for by the circumstances just mentioned. In this establishment none but females are employed as nurses, even for male patients.—We observed here a striking proof of the

anxious attention paid to superficials in these institutions, owing to the rigid inspection of superiors. We found a man going about to all parts of the building with several paint-pots, and who had not hingelse to do all day but lick over with his brush any spots that appeared upon the walls. We were assured that this was extremely necessary; for a single spot, which would not escape the eyes of the inspectors, might prove extremely injurious to the institution, or at least to those who hold official appointments in it.

Besides these two principal hospitals, there are numerous others. Every regiment of the guard has its own hospital, established on a magnificent scale; so has every public institution, every orphan-house, Corps of Cadets, &c.; nay, many of the communities of foreigners have founded hospitals for themselves. Out of the 153,000 patients who are stated to have been under the care of all the hospitals in Petersburg, from the year 1830 to 1832, 140,000 were cured, and 12,600 died. The deaths, therefore, were about one in thirteen, an unusually high proportion, which, in spite of the specious exterior of the Petersburg hospitals, would not place them in the best light, were one to apply to them those words of the Gospel, "By their fruits shall ye know them." But only consider what an infinity of preliminary inquiries must be answered, before it would be possible to institute a simple comparison between this fact and the experience of the hospitals of other capitals, and thence to draw a result.

Of the hospitals destined for particular complaints we shall have occasion presently to make separate mention of the Lunatic Hospital and that for lying-in women. Among the others the most worthy of notice is the Deaf and Dumb Institution.

According to a calculation, founded on the proportions which are positively ascertained to exist in Sweden and Denmark, there must be not fewer than 20,000 deaf and dumb persons in Russia. Out of these 20,000 only 150 as yet enjoy the benefit of instruction, about 110 in the institution of Petersburg, and the rest in an auxiliary establishment at Moscow. Besides those two there exist as yet no other schools of the kind in the whole empire, but it is in contemplation to found several more branch institutions. The school at Petersburg was founded by the empress Maria, but received from Nicholas its present splendid equipment. The school-rooms, refectories, rooms for company, &c. in the stately edifice assigned to the institution on the Moika, far surpass what is to be seen in similar institutions in Berlin, Paris, or elsewhere; and though all this may be calculated rather for the distinguished visitors, still it is beneficial to the children. The teachers are Russians, French, and Germans.

A plan worthy of imitation has been adopted for training fresh teachers: for this purpose several children who can hear and speak are brought up with the deaf and dumb; they thus gain a thorough insight into the spirit, sentiments, and manners of the latter, and become admirably qualified for overseers and instructors. They are taken out of the Foundling Hospital, and one such child is allotted to ten deaf and dumb. The only mode of communication hitherto has been the language of the fingers, by which the deaf and dumb render themselves intelligible to one another, and likewise the teachers. In this manner, too, they say prayers every morning, noon, and evening. As the deaf and dumb have a particular talent for all mechanical operations, this institution turns out remarkably clever mechanics

and writers: the girls are in general brought up for sempstresses, and the boys for artisans, clerks, and copyists. As clerks they are, for obvious reasons, readily received into private chancelleries, where they are paid high salaries. We found all the children looking uncommonly well and healthy; but how should it be otherwise when, knowing no want, they live in a fine airy house, and are well clothed and fed.

The examination of the deaf and dumb, which is held every year during the fasts, is become a fashionable amusement, to which all people of distinction in Petersburg resort; and the answers of the children to questions in philosophy, religion, mathematics, history, and the sciences, never fail to excite universal astonishment. If these examinations, one of which we attended, are to be taken for a standard of the acquirements and progress of the children, there can be no doubt that the institution must turn out not only copyists and sempstresses, but quite as many deaf and dumb Plutos and Aristotles.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE LUNATIC HOSPITAL.

Temperament of the Russians—Small proportion of Lunatics to the general Population—Situation and internal arrangement of the Lunatic Hospital—Chapel—Room for raving Patients—Treatment of new Comers—A pair of crazy Priests—The Fair Exorcist—The imaginary Sovereign of Russia—The Emperor's Bride—The portly Skeleton—The Live Tea-urn—Finnish, German, and Russian Lunatics—Deplorable case of Idiocy.

The truth of the adage, *In vino veritas*, was easily discovered by all nations. The Russians have their version of it: *Schto u trawowo na uma, etto u pjanowo na jasuka*—what is in the heart when sober is on the tongue when drunk. In a certain respect, something of the kind may be said of the insane; they, also, frequently betray in their unpremeditated and in some measure prophetic effusions what is passing in the inmost soul of the people. The causes and symptoms of madness differ so much among different nations, that the observer, who wishes to make himself acquainted with the spirit of the people and with the character of the sober and the sane, ought not to overlook them any more than the drunk.

The Russians have, upon the whole, so cheerful and sanguine a temperament, and so shallow and thoughtless a mind, that in general they are not much affected by the storms and misfortunes of life; and

that many of those bolts of fate which sink into minds of graver cast and greater depth, glide over theirs and leave them unscathed. Profound thinkers and philosophers they have none; love is with them more sensual than platonic or ideal; religion is a habit without speculation; and the mind, which in these matters remains untouched, unwarmed, will assuredly take post behind the exterior form untroubled and undisturbed. As their spiritual man is ever in close contact with God, as in Him they continually live, move, and have their being, and as their temporal happiness is in general in the hands of their lords and superiors, to whose will they bow as submissively as to the decrees of Fate, they meet all adversities cheerfully and full of hope, consoling themselves with the expression which they are incessantly repeating on such occasions: "It was the will of God," or, "So the magistrates commanded." All of them are by nature sly, artful, shrewd, and all the members of the nation are so nearly in the same proportion. If, therefore, on the one hand, there are no deep thinkers among them, on the other, there are fewer hypochondriacs, idiots, and lunatics.

The Germans and other nations, possessing reason in a higher degree, lose it more frequently. Notwithstanding their instinctive sliness, the Russians are a childlike and poetic people; and as they are very frequently silly and theatrical enough in common life, they give vent to abundance of follies, which have not time to concentrate themselves into madness and to produce destructive explosions. At the same time, in spite of their fondness for rank and titles, they are deficient, in a high degree, of another foible, which among other nations is so frequently the cause of

mental derangement—love of honour. Few Russians lose their reason on account of wounded honour, because no nation is less sensitive to the point of honour than the Russian.

There is no question, though, for want of data, the fact cannot be demonstrated by figures, that among the forty-five million Russians there are far fewer insane persons than in any other nation in Europe; and that the proportion of Russian lunatics to the sane is, perhaps, three or four times less than among the Germans. In 1836, the Petersburg Lunatic Hospital had among its 130 patients 45 who were not Russians, chiefly Germans.* If we might venture to take these numbers for a groundwork, and compare them with the population of the city, we should probably arrive at the remarkable result, that the Russian race furnishes from four to five times fewer insane than the German. The hospital is under the direction of a most accomplished and humane German physician; and both for internal and external arrangement it may boldly place itself beside any similar institution, if it does not just now belong to the best institutions that any where exist.

The very name which the Russians have given it, *Bolnítza wssäch skurbjüdschnich*, barbarous as it may sound from our lips and in our ears, contains extremely humane and benevolent allusions. It signifies—"Hospital for all afflicted souls." If any thing can correspond with the inscription with which it is ticketed, it is the interior of the Petersburg Lunatic Hospital.

It stands quite out of the city, in an open situation,

* The Petersburg Germans make, perhaps, more use of the Lunatic Hospital than the Russians. Many Russians, too, who are not citizens of Petersburg, come to it from the interior.

on the road to Peterhof. Formerly the country-house of a wealthy person, it looks externally like a spacious and magnificent villa, surrounded by gardens and groves. The interior is not only clean, roomy, and appropriate, but even pleasing, comfortable, and elegant. The common rooms of the patients are handsome saloons, provided with billiard-tables and materials for other games of different sorts, and decorated with a great variety of prints illustrative of the scenery of distant countries and the manners of foreign nations. "Ethnography and geography," said the physician, who led us about, "are sciences that possess great medicinal virtues. One learns from it how great is the number of sufferers on this wide theatre, and how many madmen there are who display their madness with decency, but guard against raving: and then, too, there is much that is soothing in the longing for what is at a distance, if one knows how to excite it."—A small collection of minerals and conchylia places before the eyes of the poor lunatics, whose minds the troubles of life have unhinged, the interesting secrets of the interior of the mountains and the depths of the ocean, and entices the imagination into new and agreeable tracks.

The peaceable and harmless patients live two and two in a room; those who are subject to fits of raving singly in separate rooms; and the rich, also, have separate quarters. The rooms are all spacious and light; and those of the raving mad are lofty, lest they should hurt themselves. The images of saints, with their burning lamps, have a strange appearance in the abodes of these unfortunates; they, too, are hung high, that they may be out of the reach of any disrespectful treatment from the patients. There is, moreover, a chapel in the house, brilliantly decorated with images

Of saints, altars, colours, censers, lamps, and golden-rayed suns. For our lunatics such a Russian chapel would have fewer elements for soothing the mind than a simple protestant place of worship, with a rational admonitory discourse; but we cannot know how all this apparatus may operate on the Russians, who are accustomed to it from their youth. Still there is no doubt that this chapel betrays the weakest side of the hospital, as it shows how utterly destitute the Russian service is of all spiritual levers, and of all influence on morality and the welfare of the soul.

The physicians of the Lunatic Hospital are mostly Germans, their assistants and servants, Germans, French, and Russians. The mildest and most patient persons are selected, paid high, and inexorably dismissed on the first explosion of passion that betrays harshness of disposition. The Russians are mostly retired soldiers, who, in their military career, when, under the severe discipline of their officers, they were obliged to lay aside the last vestige of selfishness, self-will, and egotism, underwent the best preparation for their present difficult task. Towards these poor unaccountable beings, they are obliged to exercise more patience and indulgence than we should have with a stone. The female patients have, of course, attendants of their own sex: but all the physicians declared that it is far more difficult to find good and useful female servants than male. Perhaps the Russian women have not gone through such a school of patience as the men.

For the insane, when a raving fit comes over them, there is a particular room, padded and wadded in such a manner that the most outrageous patient, when shut up in it, cannot hurt either himself or others. The room has no windows, and is quite dark: every part of

it, walls, floor, and door, is softly cushioned. But, in an ideal sense, every thing in this house is as softly cushioned as that room. The behaviour of the attendants is polite and courteous; every fresh patient is received very respectfully, and first taken into the society of the most rational of the lunatics, who have likewise acquired the same tone of politeness. Here he is shown the interesting collections and productions of art; refreshments are brought him; he is invited to a game at billiards or backgammon, or may converse, if he likes it better; he is indulged in every thing as far as possible, and thwarted only in that which might be hurtful to him. Employment, the beauties of nature, pleasant society, and recreation; and, on the other hand, darkness, solitary confinement, and ennui, are the principal engines employed to excite and to encourage, to soothe and to tame. Next day, therefore, the new comer is conducted to the work-rooms of the patients, where they are engaged in carpenter's and pasteboard work, spinning, knitting, sewing, embroidery, &c., and asked whether he likes any of those occupations. If he takes a fancy to one or other of them, pains are taken to teach it him, as it were in play: but if he shows and continues to show an aversion to all kinds of bodily exertion—intellectual employment, reading in the select library of the institution, is allowed to those only who are far advanced towards cure—he is led out of the work-rooms, lest, as it is observed, the industrious gentlemen there should be disturbed, and taken to a solitary apartment, where sometimes he is attacked ere long by ennui. If he complains of it, he is led back to the work-rooms, and repeatedly invited to join in some of the operations going forward there, with a promise that he shall then join in the pleasant tea-parties also. If he is not susceptible of ennui in the light room, and persists in apa-

thy, or begins to be violent, he is shut up in the cushioned room, from which even the most outrageous soon wish to be released, because the very maddest persons feel the need of light in their wildest undertakings, and darkness seems intolerable even to the most frenzied imagination. Rarely is a lunatic so wholly abstracted from the external world, so wholly engrossed by the creations of his own disordered brain, as to be able to dispense with light and sound. The dark and soundless chamber always produces a salutary effect, and always sends patients back to the work and dwelling rooms far more quiet and tractable. Of course, there are some on whom all expedients are thrown away: all that can be done with these is to place them in solitary confinement, and to put it out of their power to do mischief. With such persons a moderate use of the straight waistcoat and turning-chair is allowed, and the tread-wheel is frequently resorted to for salutary exercise.

Our first encounter in the rooms of the "afflicted souls" was with a couple of crazy priests, though in Russia, as we have already observed, religion is one of the rarest causes of mental derangement. Both were quite gentle and harmless; they had simply lost their wits, and played the fool like children. They had, as the physician expressed it, made a covenant of friendship in the hospital, and were inseparable companions. The greatest number of lunatics, as of suicides, is furnished by the class of the civilians, many of which have their brain turned by inordinate desire of rank, by equally unexpected degradations and promotions, by extraordinary prosperity and adversity, and by the lottery of favour and disgrace.

The most interesting lunatics were among the women. Long before we came to her, we heard Madame von

—t— rapping her mass-desk with a stick, and with loud voice exorcising the spirits. This lady, a woman of quality, and whose beauty madness had not destroyed, had been deranged for ten years. A native Russian herself, she had married a French officer whom Napoleon had sent to the Emperor Alexander, a remarkably handsome and amiable man, who was deeply enamoured of her as she was of him, but who, as she was informed, occasionally paid attentions to handsome actresses. This report kindled her jealousy. She began to watch her husband more closely, would not suffer him to stir from her side, and accompanied him wherever he went. By this conduct, she naturally cooled his attachment to her; and the more she felt this coldness, the more violent became her jealousy, which at length went so far that her husband could not kiss his daughter in the presence of her mother, without throwing her into the most outrageous passion. At length, one day, she surprised her husband kissing, as it is customary with gentlemen, the hand of a foreign lady, and then decided symptoms of insanity appeared. She fancied that she was possessed by a devil, who, notwithstanding her beauty, would not suffer her to secure for herself all the caresses of her husband, and that she was surrounded by a great number of demons, who assisted the other, and prevented her from driving him out. Her whole employment now is to lay these demons, and she hopes that, when she has effected this, she shall get rid of the one within her. Amidst this occupation, in the present darkened state of her mind, she has long since forgotten her husband. The door of her room stood open, and we saw the unfortunate lady, richly dressed, but with dishevelled hair, on her knees before a mass-desk, and holding a long stick in her hand. She was reading aloud all sorts of gibberish out of a

prayer-book, and rapping with a stick on the desk and on the floor, without taking the slightest notice of us.

We saw another female, who had lost her reason by the study of the Russian history. She had deduced from it this conclusion, that the Romanows were in reality vassals of her family, and therefore she, as the only one of that blood, must be by right mistress and empress of all Russia. This idea had taken such deep root in her mind before it became deranged, that she always shunned with contempt the members of the imperial family. Happening one day, however, to fall in with one of them, she spat and made faces at him, and this led to her present confinement, which she seemed to bear with patience and apathy.

The Emperor of Russia is such a handsome, majestic figure, that he has turned the heads of perhaps more poor girls than Queen Victoria has done of young men. One, who fancied herself the emperor's bride, was seated in a corner of her room, engaged in her toilet, and cast amorous glances over her shoulders at us.

A third met us courteously at the door of her cell, and conjured us, for Heaven's sake, not to come near her, but to leave her as speedily as possible, lest we should be infected by her poisonous atmosphere. She was as round and punchy as a water-decunter, but imagined that she was as spare as a spider, and that she was growing thinner and thinner every day. This falling away was owing, she conceived, to the unwholesome atmosphere in which she lived, and she had a notion that all who breathed it would contract the same incurable disease. How excessively thin she must fancy herself, may be inferred from her complaining that she had been falling away in this manner every day for the last fifteen years. The most remarkable circumstance is, that this

imagination has no connexion whatever with the cause of her malady; for that was occasioned by the loss of her large fortune, which was dissipated by dishonest guardians. This cause had long ceased to be remembered. It may be that such patients are much more difficult to cure than those who still brood over their misfortune, and with whom, therefore, a refutation or correction of their idea may appear feasible.

Among the male patients, one who excited particular pity was a handsome little cadet of fourteen, whom the dread of a rigorous examination had deprived of reason. He had become quite silly, was incessantly laughing, joking, dancing, and cutting all sorts of capers from one end of the corridor to the other.

There are many fixed ideas which originate in national manners and customs. Thus, none of us would be likely to hit upon the idea of a Russian lunatic, who fancied that he was a tea-urn*, because we do not use the tall, long-necked machine, the Russian *ssamowar*, which, with the addition of some extremities and a little help of the imagination, may easily be made to resemble the human figure. This lunatic heard the water continually singing in his inside, and said to every one who passed him, "It boils, it boils, it boils; pray draw it off." He would frequently beg them also to take off the top of his scull, and put in some charcoal, as those who make tea in Russia are accustomed to do at the top of the neck of the above-mentioned machine.

Most of the patients were, of course, Russians, but forty-five of them Germans, French, &c., as we have

* We have heard of a similar freak of imagination, taken many years ago by a nobleman in Ireland, who fancied himself a tea-pot, and used to cry out lustily to all who approached him, bidding them take great care not to break off his spout.

observed; and, besides, some Lettes, Fins, and other Russian subjects. The Russians, from their sanguine temperament, are most liable to fits of raving madness. The Fins, a thick-blooded and choleric race, are more subject to melancholy and idiocy, which latter occurs very rarely among the Russians. But the Lettes, poetic, good-natured, childlike and frequently childish people, furnish in general only harmless lunatics. We saw several Russians in strait waistcoats. At almost every farmhouse in Livonia and Courland, you meet with a Lettish lunatic, bedizened with ribbons, flowers, glass beads, and other finery, who fancies himself a general or an emperor, and yet, decorated, with all the insignia of his station upon him, good-naturedly condescends to employ himself in cleaving wood and fetching water. A Fin presented a most remarkable and most awful example of stupidity, of more than brutal, almost vegetable, insensibility. It was a man of thirty, who, at four years of age, had fallen into a state of complete idiocy. This being, though all his organs and members were sound and perfect, understood not a language in the world, neither was he master of a single articulate sound to express his wishes. Nothing that can be seen or heard seemed to affect him in the slightest degree, not even the strongest light, or the loudest sound. If you thrust your hand before his eyes, he never so much as winked; on the contrary, they stared fixedly, dead as the eyes of a marble statue. Neither did he ever move of his own accord, but remained like a post wherever he was placed. Hunger, we were told, was indicated only by a faint whine, which, as the cravings of the stomach became more violent, increased to a loud howl. He could not feed himself, not because his arms wanted the requisite strength, but probably because he knew not the organ

by means of which we appease our appetite. The food was put into his mouth, and his lower jaw scarcely moved for the purpose of mastication. The greater part was bolted, and this act of swallowing seemed to be the principal evidence of the existence of life in him. If he had a pain in any of his limbs, he could not indicate by any sign the seat of the pain; a simple howling only made known that something ailed him. He seemed, in fact, to be the most pitiable creature in the whole house; and, in comparison with him, the calf and the sheep appeared to be high-placed, intellectual beings.

A particular diary is kept about every patient; also concerning his work, for which a small sum is allowed him, that the insane, seeing the profit accruing to them from labour, may be instigated to greater industry. Most of the men employ themselves with pasteboard work, a trade which is easily learned, and the products of which, as they speedily lead to some results, are not long in affording pleasure and profit.

Of the 130 patients in the house, in 1835, fifty were dismissed, half of them cured, and the other half, as incurable, delivered up to their friends, at the desire of the latter; and 24 died in the course of the year. All the vacancies thus occasioned were soon filled up in 1836. We saw the burial-place of the lunatics, a division of the great Russian cemetery, where 300 of those turbulent heads already repose.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL.

Apartment of the Director—Statistical Particulars—Treatment and Education of the Foundlings—Nurses, Teachers, and Medical Establishment—Lying-in Department—Reception Room—Baptism—Ward for Infants at the Breast—Cemetery—Dinner of Eight Hundred Girls.

Like the superintendents of most of the charitable institutions in Russia, the director of the Petersburg Foundling Hospital is a German from the Baltic provinces. He had promised to show me his remarkable establishment. I found him in his cheerful room engaged with some accounts. He was writing near an open window, through which the spring sun peeped with smiling face. As his business admitted of no delay, he requested me to take a seat for a few minutes on the sofa. Evergreen ivy and blossoming plants surrounded the writing table; tame birds were hopping about on the chairs and the window-sill, and seemed so well satisfied with their comfortable prison as not to avail themselves of the offered opportunity for escaping. A ruddy, blooming youth of eighteen, probably the son or nephew of the director, compressed into the handsome uniform of cornet of the guard, like a tulip in its coloured calix, was seated on an ottoman at the other end of the room, puffing at his ease clouds of smoke from a splendidly decorated Turkish

pipe, now and then clanking his spurs, and stroking his nascent beard.

In the business apartment of a man through whose hands from 600 to 700 million rubles pass every year—such is the sum annually placed to the account of the Foundling Hospital of Petersburg—and to whose management is entrusted the temporal well-being of from 25,000 to 30,000 souls, of a director of a poor-house with the sphere of action of a prince, everything acquires a higher degree of importance; and from the spirit which manifests itself in that which immediately surrounds him, one may easily infer the spirit which he infuses into his whole institution. My eyes, therefore, wandered with complacency from the busy director, so punctual in his duty, to his little vassals, the birds, to his flowers, and to the youth, his son or relative, who, in the cheerful sunshine of his own countenance, on the best terms with himself and with the world, was sipping coffee to his morning pipe.

At length the director laid down his pen. “Now,” said he, kindly, “I am at your service; ask me what questions you please, and then I will take you to see whatever you like.” Walking up and down his room, he then gave me an account of the object and foundation of the institution and of its revenues and present state.

As the Russians have not given their lunatic hospitals the name of mad-houses, so they have invented a milder designation for their foundling hospitals, which they term *Wospitatelnoi Dom*, or houses of education, as the education of the children found or brought thither is the main object of the whole institution. This name is of itself a benefit to the thousands who yearly leave it to pursue useful occupations in the world. No one will scruple to take a governess from the House of Education, and the

children have no occasion to blush at having sprung from the Foundling Hospital.

The Petersburg *Wospitatelnoi Dom* is younger than that of Moscow, and was founded as a branch of the latter in 1770. Its sphere at first was extremely limited, and even in 1790 there were in it no more than 300 children; but since the beginning of the present century their number has increased with prodigious rapidity from 1000 to 10, 20, and 25 thousand. In 1837 there were no fewer than 25,600 young creatures under the protection of this gigantic establishment. Of late years the number of infants brought to it has continued gradually increasing. In 1828 and 1829, it was from 3,000 to 4,000; from 1830 to 1833, between 4,000 and 5,000; and, from 1835 to 1837, from 5,000 to 7,000.

The reception of the children is subject to no limitations: every little creature brought to the hospital is admitted without ceremony, and the government, so far from imposing any restraints, has invariably provided with extraordinary liberality for the prodigiously increasing wants of the institution. The original fund assigned by Catherine was extremely insignificant in comparison with the present property of the hospital: it was increased by the munificent donations of private persons, and further augmented by the still larger gifts of Paul, Alexander, and Nicholas; and now the institution is one of the richest estate-owners in Russia, and has dozens of millions invested in houses. That a profit derived from frivolity might be applied to a grave purpose, Alexander conferred on it the revenues arising from the manufacture of playing cards; and to this he added the Lombard, an institution of colossal magnitude, owing to the frequent ebb and flood in all the private coffers in Petersburg. Hence it is that, as we remarked above, 600 or 700 million rubles are an-

nally carried to the account of the Foundling Hospital, and pass through the hands of its director, that is to say, nearly twice the amount of the total revenue of the Prussian monarchy. The maintenance of the whole institution now costs 5,200,000 rubles a year, which is about as much as the entire expenditure of three German kings. In 1837 buildings belonging to the hospital, to the amount of two million rubles, were erecting, and a handsome church for the foundlings, which cost 300,000 rubles, was just finished.

The principal establishments of the whole institution are in Petersburg and at Gatschina; but its operation extends over all the surrounding country. In Petersburg is the main building for the reception of infants of both sexes. Here they are kept for six weeks, and at the end of that time, if they can bear the journey, they are put out to nurse with peasants or townspeople for 130 wersts round the city. Here they remain till they are six years old. At six, the girls come back to Petersburg to be educated, and the boys are sent for the same purpose to Gatschina. The buildings of the establishment in Petersburg are not those of ordinary schools or hospitals: for magnitude, spaciousness, and splendour of arrangement, they are real palaces. They now cover, with their subordinate buildings, courts, and gardens, in the best part of the city, on the Fontanka, a space of 30,000 square fathom. The main buildings were formerly the residences of the princes Bobrinsky and the counts Rasumowsky, which were altered and adapted to the objects of the institution, and which, with many subsequent additions, now form of themselves a small division of the city.

The Petersburg Wospitatelnoi Dom—I like the Russian designation, strange as it may sound, better than our own—far surpasses that of Moscow in its arrangements;

greater pains are bestowed on the education of the children, and its pupils more readily obtain good situations. The mortality among the infants is nevertheless greater than at Moscow, owing chiefly to the more indigent circumstances of the population around Petersburg. Moscow is situated amidst the most vigorous race of people in Russia, and it is easier there to procure strong, healthy nurses. The German colonists in the vicinity of Petersburg are not numerous, and thus, too, the real Russian race here appear to be but strangers and colonists. The country is Ingrian, the original population consequently Finnish, not more than a few hundred to the square (German) mile * ; and the state of the inhabitants, their houses, and households, is most wretched. Of the children brought to the house, one-fourth die in the course of the first six weeks at the breast ; and, of those put out to nurse in the country at the end of that time, more than half die during the six years that they are left in the hands of the peasants ; so that, at the expiration of the six years, not more than one-third of those brought to the institution survive. In the ordinary course of things, that is to say, if the children were kept in the houses of their parents, and at the mother's breast, half of them would be alive at the six years' end. A great part of this considerable mortality is owing to the long journeys to which every thing in Russia, and so also these poor infants, must submit ; for they have frequently to travel 60 or 100 miles in the depth of winter : nay, many arrive half dead at the institution, since it is not Petersburg and its immediate environs alone that avail themselves of its advantages, but half Russia—the other half goes to Moscow—sends thither its superfluous children. In the year 1836, there came on

* In the whole government of Petersburg there are, upon an average, seventy inhabitants to the square (German) mile.

one day an infant from Kischeneff, in Bessarabia, and another from Tobolsk, in Siberia, both places about 250 (German) miles (nearly 1200 English) from Petersburg. How many babes must perish in such journeys before they reach the cherishing bosom of the *Wospitatelnoi Dom* !

When the education of the children is finished, they are declared perfectly free from all obligation to the institution, and devote themselves at once to the business which they have themselves chosen, or for which they have been prepared according to their abilities. Of the boys a considerable number are placed in the looking-glass, paper, carpet, and other imperial manufactories, and another portion with tradespeople ; while the cleverest become artists, priests, or students. The girls, too, are provided for according to their talents, as maid-servants, nursery-maids, *bonnes*, governesses, &c. As they not only receive instruction in all the sciences, but are taught French, German, drawing, music, and singing, and as the Russians entertain none of those prejudices against illegitimate birth that have descended to us from the middle ages, nay, scarcely have a term in their language for this kind of stigma, there is always a very great demand for governesses and teachers from the Foundling Hospital. In 1836, 32 governesses went from it into good families, and in 1837 the inquiries after this article were so numerous, that it was feared only half the orders could be executed.

In the institution are kept from 600 to 700 nurses, each of whom has a salary of 250 rubles a year and free maintenance. There is no question that the offer of such terms will always bring fit persons enough to choose out of. As teachers, overseers, inspectresses, or class-mistresses, as they are called in all Russian seminaries, there are from 400 to 500 Germans, and French and Russian women,

many of whose salaries amount to some thousands. Instruction alone costs above half a million, that is, including the boys' school at Gatschina. In the hospitals of the house are employed twelve medical men, mostly Germans, who are likewise charged with the inspection of the children dispersed in the country, so that they are continually travelling to and fro. Part of this large establishment, which is prodigiously increased by cooks, and menial servants of both sexes, have been brought up in the institution itself. Strangers are, however, preferred for a thousand reasons. In the building of the Petersburg part of the whole establishment dwell not fewer than 6000 persons. Hence one may form some idea of the immense mass of business which the director of such an institution must have upon his hands. The administration of such a concern is probably not less arduous than that of an empire.

With the Foundling Hospital is combined a department for lying-in women, the arrangements of which are based on equally liberal principles. As all applicants are admitted gratuitously and unconditionally, and the dispositions of the institution are so excellent, females of many classes of society avail themselves of it. Pregnant women are even admitted and nursed for four weeks before their delivery. This house is enveloped in strict and inviolable mystery, and it is opened to none but those who are initiated by their office. The emperor himself, who once wished to proceed farther, was denied admittance, and he respected the asylum of shamefaced women.

The other parts of the institution are shewn with great liberality to all strangers, and nothing is concealed from them. Sunday alone forms an exception; then

strangers are not allowed access, because it is the day set apart for the visits of the relatives and friends of the foundlings. Many fathers and mothers, who have parted from their child, often only for want, often out of shame, have not on that account renounced the feelings by which nature bound them to it, and take an interest in its welfare even in the institution. That day brings to it, not only poor pedestrians, but also many a carriage and four; and you see common soldiers and men decorated with stars fondling little creatures who know not whether they have to call a peasant-woman or a nobly-born lady their mother.

We first went to the office where the little squallers are received. It is a little warm cabinet, near a somewhat retired entrance of the house. The door is opened the whole year round at every hour of the day or night, and an inspectress, with several female servants, is in constant attendance. From ten to fifteen poor babes are brought in a day, and there is a thick book in which they are entered. They are received without hesitation, and the only question allowed to be asked is, whether the infant has been baptized and has a name. In this case, it is entered by the name specified; if not, a number is given to it, and under that it is entered. It is in the twilight of evening that the women come in the greatest number, bringing their live bargains wrapped in cloths and blankets. In fine weather the resort is greater than in foul, in summer than in winter, but greatest of all in spring, for the milder temperature of which mothers save up their burdens from winter. We were there about one o'clock in the day, and the family had been increased that morning by seven new sons and daughters, whom we found entered with fresh ink Nos. 2310 to 2316. It not unfre-

quently happens that when the coverings are removed the mother finds her infant dead. These are not taken in, but the bearers are referred with them to the police.

It is particularly interesting to observe for a while what is going on in this cabinet, where business is transacted as punctually and promptly as in a merchant's counting-house. That interest is heightened not a little by the mystery which rests on all the operations. What are the infants? Are they Russians or Germans, Fins or French? Do they cry in English, Swedish, or Mongol? Does that little head contain the germ of Polish or Tatar, Ingrian or Mordwinian, Swabian or Saxon, ideas? There is room for all these questions, since the answer to all of them might be affirmative. Was this seed sown for Mohamed or Christ, for the pope, for Luther, or for idols? Were they born in purple or on sackcloth? Of what alloy is their metal? The features of human beings, when they first come into the world, are so much alike that there is nothing to betray their origin, and the suckling of the negress looks much the same as that of the alabaster Caucasian woman. At six hours old the babes of the Mongols cry and squall in Mongol precisely as our German infants do in German, and the children of princes exactly like those of day-labourers.

Not a moment is thrown away on such inquiries. Whether Christian or heathen, Jew or Mongol, Russian or Pole, no matter what, it is baptized by popes, and made a member of the orthodox Greek church, sent in six weeks into the country, where, for the first six years, it is made a Finland peasant-boy, dressed in the Finnish fashion, and learns to talk and think Finnish, and then, at the age of six, on this Finnish soil, West European, French, Russian, German manners begin to be planted;

till, having finished school, the lottery of life sends forth the child of a prince to be a shoeblack, the son of a peasant an artist, and the offspring of slaves an officer of extensive authority.

When the mothers, often with abundance of tears and sobs, have given the last kiss to their infants in the reception-room, where cradles and beds are always ready to lay them down in for the moment, the new comers are carried to the upper rooms of the house, and, first of all, to the chapel situated at the top of the stairs, to be there received by the priests of the institution into the bosom of the orthodox Greek church; and there is no end the whole day to the singing and ceremonies usual on the occasion.

Those which are taken alive out of the chapel—for many die under the hands of the priests, many on the staircase, and many in the reception-room, concerning whose whole course of life there exist but two documents, one of which is to this effect: "No. 4512, age three weeks—a girl—received the 6th of April, at eight in the morning;" and in another book: "No. 4512, died the 6th of April, at nine in the morning, and, at the same time, was delivered to the sexton to be buried"—the survivors, we say, are then examined by the physician, and, if they are found to be healthy, they are delivered to the inspectress of the sucklings and wet-nurses, who gives a receipt for them to the priest and to the inspectress of the cabinet below.

The rooms of the infants at the breast are real saloons, spacious, warm, light, and elegantly furnished. In the ante-rooms are kept bathing-tubs constantly filled with warm water, in which the children are frequently washed. The nurses are all neatly dressed in the Russian costume, but wearing different colours, according as they belong to

the upper or lower division. It is not rarely the case that the mothers themselves offer to serve as nurses to their beloved babes, and their wish is complied with, if it can possibly be done. To prevent the exchanges of children, which nurses formerly very often made, the cradle of a boy and that of a girl are now always placed together, so that between every two children of the same sex three beds intervene, and thus it would be difficult to play any trick of that kind. In each room there are from forty to fifty beds; and, at this time, there were exactly 650 children at the breast and the same number of nurses.

In the *Wospitatelnoi Dom*, four or five of these infants are released every day from the troubles of life, or from 1500 to 1800 annually. Within the limits of the institution the total number is from 2400 to 3000. A particular division of the extensive cemetery of *Ochta* is appropriated to the foundlings. There they are buried in parties, as the harvest of death is reserved for two or three days; and they lie together in parties in the cemetery. The remains of about 30,000 infants are already deposited there.

In the hospital of the institution we found 150 little creatures on sick-beds with weeping eyes and whining voices. Three had already closed their eyes for ever that morning, and their corpses lay in the dead-room on little parade-beds, decorated as custom prescribes, but where the grief of the disconsolate mother was wanting. To me, however, there seemed to lie more consolation in the coffin than in the cradle.

We then went to the divisions appropriated to the girls of between six and eighteen. Of these there were I do not recollect how many hundred. One cannot ob-

serve without astonishment the order and the cleanliness in the whole appearance of these girls, as well as in kitchen and cellar, the spaciousness and arrangements of school-rooms, refectories, dormitories, &c., as well as the splendour—in comparison with similar institutions of ours, the term is not too strong—of the whole.

It was just dinner time. Long tables were neatly laid in three large rooms on the ground-floor, and from all the dwelling-rooms marched the little girls in long rows, two and two, according to height, conducted by their overseers and governesses. Hundreds came running from the gardens, and hundreds tripping down stairs. They were dressed according to their different classes, some red, others blue, yellow, brown, and so forth, some having the hair parted and hanging down in two plaits, others curled, and others braided and fastened to the top of the head. They looked, without exception, blooming, healthy, and cheerful. As they passed, they all unaffectedly, heartily, nay, with filial cordiality, greeted the director who was standing beside me, with the words, "*Sdrast-wiuje Papinka,*" "*Sidrasstwnitje Papinka,*" "*Bon jour, papa,*" "*Guten Tag, Väterchen,*" and, indeed, that rich and happy father, thus familiarly saluted in three languages, was to be envied not a little.

Presently, his whole family had taken their places round the tables; a perfect silence of a few moments ensued, and then one general song of thanksgiving was raised to Him who feeds the young ravens and the orphans. Russian church singing is of itself something unique in its kind, but a musical prayer, offered up by a thousand female voices in the tunes of the Russian church, is so affecting, so overpowering, that the most obdurate heart is forced to yield, to join in the petition, and to give a free course

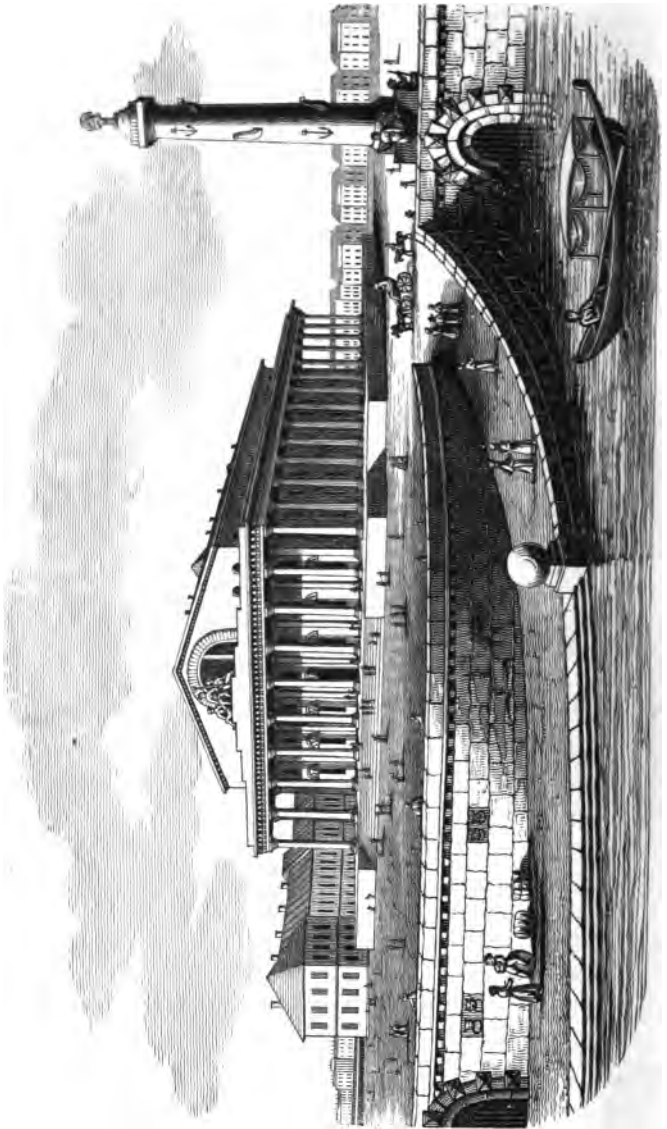
to tears. I confess my doubts whether, beyond the walls of the Wospitatelnoi Dom in Petersburg, any thing like this is to be heard on the wide face of the globe.

When the prayer was over, all sat down, and a lively chatter and prattle spread over the tables, though, at the same time, teeth and spoons were briskly plied. I was invited to taste of the dishes, and, though it was fast-day, and we Germans in general cannot relish the Russian viands provided for fasts, yet I found them as good and well-tasted as fish, oil, turnips, and kapusta could seem to my German palate. The food, raised by invisible machinery from the kitchens in the basement, came up in gigantic kettles and tinned urns, from which it was put into dishes and terrines for the several tables.

After the scenes we had witnessed in the halls of the helpless sucklings, this was a delightful sight. One could not forbear blessing that beneficent power which had rescued most of these happy and hopeful girls from the society of the dregs of the people, and assisted them to attain to a higher development. 'T is a pity that the second ten years of life do not go at a slower rate. How one would wish to see many of these thousand girls conserved as blooming, as innocent, as youthful, and as free from care as at this moment! But no living thing in nature can be put in spirits, and one year will tread on the heels of another. Rapidly do these girls pass through the different classes of the institution, now dress in red, next in blue, and lastly in brown. The curls of the child of six are soon changed for the plaits of the girl of twelve, and before those have hung long, they are transformed into the braided tresses of the damsel of eighteen.

The young scholars chatter Russian to-day, speak French to-morrow, and read German next day ; and, before you are aware of it, some hundreds of them have taken flight from the house as governesses, *bonnes*, and maid-servants, and hundreds more, powerless alike of speech or song, have long been gathered to the other foundlings in the cemetery.





THE NEW EXCHANGE.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE EXCHANGE.

Temple of Mercury—The Mercantile Class in Petersburg—Germans, English, Russians—The Rothschild of Russia—Assemblage at the Exchange, and mode of doing business—Important Whispers—Principal Articles of Commerce—Imports and Exports—Duties; probable effects of their remission—Capitals employed in Trade—Rapid increase of the Commerce of Petersburg—The Custom House—Parrot and Monkey Market.

The Germans corrupted a word of the Romane family of languages into *Börse*, and the Russians, catching up this germanized Latin word, russified it into *Birsha*. Such is the name which they give to every place where people regularly meet for any purpose whatever, and even to the stands where the *iswoschtschiks* are accustomed to wait for fares. It is not sufficient therefore in Petersburg to call to the driver of the sledge into which you fling yourself to go to 'Change, "W' Birsha!"—to the Exchange. To accomplish your object you must say, "*W' Gollandskija Birsha!*"—to the Dutch Exchange. For such is the name given by the Russians to the large handsome building where the merchants meet in the Wassili-Ostrow, a name, which probably dates from the earliest infancy of Petersburg, when the Dutch merchants, specially invited and favoured by Peter the Great, were the first who pre-

eminently resorted to the Newa, and probably met on the same spot where the representatives of all the commercial nations now assemble.

The Exchange of Petersburg has a situation so splendid and appropriate as rarely falls to the lot of a handsome edifice. It stands on the extreme point of Wassili-Ostrow, in the centre of all the divisions of the city, whence in winter sledges, and in summer gondolas, bring from all quarters their freight of merchants to transact business here. The point of the island forms a fine open place in front of the building placed on a raised foundation, and on each side of the noble granite quays, by which it is protected, the majestic river divides into two large streams which flow on calmly and placidly, without breakers, to the right and left of the point. Several magnificent flights of granite stairs lead from the margin of the shore, for raising and consolidating which, prodigious masses of stone and builders' rubbish were sunk here, down to the river. On the open place before the Exchange stand at suitable distance two thick columnæ rostratæ, above 100 feet high, in honour of Mercury, built of blocks of granite, and having ships' heads of cast iron inserted in them. These columns are hollow within, and have iron staircases leading to the top, where are placed gigantic fire-pans, which on public illuminations fling their glare far and wide.

The immediate environs and all the approaches to this edifice, in which business involving the interests of numberless families and of a hundred nations and countries is incessantly transacted, are singularly grand and perfectly commensurate with the importance of the object. It took twelve years, from 1804 to 1816, to finish the whole of the works, the Place, the quays, the stairs, as well as the building itself, an unheard-of thing in Petersburg, where a

copy of St. Peter's at Rome was completed in two years, and a new imperial palace rose from its ashes in eleven months.

The plan was furnished and the whole work executed by Thomon, the architect. An unprejudiced, unprofessional eye might find fault with the disproportionate massiveness of the columns running round the building, which is in the ancient Grecian style, and with the breadth and heaviness of the roof. The colour given to the exterior, a French grey with white borders, is injudiciously chosen; a pure white would have formed a more pleasing contrast with the azure of the sky, and produced a more beautiful reflexion in the waters of the river. Upon a solid, deeply laid substructure of blocks of granite, steps ascend on all sides to the colonnade, and to the entrances at the opposite ends, over which, in the frontispiece, are placed colossal groups of statues.

The party-coloured exterior of the Exchange, so far from harmonising with the simplicity of the Grecian style, is further disfigured by a semicircular window of extraordinary size which has been introduced into the higher façade. This large window is the only one visible from below, and from the border of it issue a great number of narrow, white, longish stripes in a radial form like the partitions of a fan. The architect probably conceived that in this window he was giving his building an extraordinary embellishment, but to me it appeared to be a striking deformity. It looks precisely as if the canting wheel of a mill had been walled up in the front. One cannot conceive how any man could think a circular window in keeping with a style of architecture in which every thing else, body, towers, and roof, is sharp and angular, and no part of which exhibits the cupola or arch form, as in the Arabian, Gothic, and Byzantine style.

• An Englishman is no doubt astonished to find, even at the entrance of this temple of Mercury, old soldiers acting as sentries, porters, and attendants. It is true, they are highly deserving men, as may be seen by a row, half a yard long, of crosses and medals gained beyond the Caucasus and the Balkan, which decorates their breasts. The inner hall, of colossal proportions, is lighted from above, and has in front and rear, as well as on both sides, small spaces separated from it only by arcades. In one of the spaces in front is an altar, with lamps perpetually burning before it, erected for the accommodation of Greek-Russian merchants. In its half modern, half antique, appearance, it exactly resembles those merchants themselves, who, before they enter upon business, bow or even kneel before it, and implore the aid of all the saints towards the successful issue of their plans. As they appear in blue or green fashionable surtouts, but at the same time with long beards and national Russian physiognomies, so the altar is composed of a great number of highly polished mahogany pillars, adorned with gilt capitals in the newest taste. A carpet fresh from Paris covers its steps: but it exhibits withal an embrowned antiquated saint, which no one would think of modernizing any more than the merchants would venture to apply the razor to their chins.

The mercantile world of Petersburg, which assembles at three every afternoon in this edifice, is composed of more heterogeneous elements perhaps than that of any other great commercial city. But the predominant nation, both for number and for the importance of its transactions, is that which plays a part that gives the decided *ton* not only in Bordeaux and Copenhagen, but beyond the Atlantic, in Baltimore and Philadelphia, and which moreover has respectable and influential representatives in

very solid mercantile place in the world—namely, the German. Wassili Ostrow, where the German merchants have whole rows of handsome residences, and where almost every public house and every shop has a German inscription only, is so German, that it might be considered as a colony of our nation, and specially as one of the latest colonies of the Hanseatic league and its commercial descendants. The first houses in Petersburg after the English are the German, and the latter fill nearly the whole of the second rank : they are scions of Bremeners, Hamburgers, Lübeckers, Danzigers, Königsbergers, and more particularly of mercantile families in Riga, Reval, Narva, and Wiborg, who have settled here and founded their credit by their intelligence and the solidity of their character. The nearest German ports, Reval, Narva, &c., may have contributed most in proportion to these colonies, and their houses form the actual stock of the mercantile class of Petersburg. There are very old German houses ; some have been established above a century, and date from the infancy of the city. The tone of society in these houses is the most agreeable that can be conceived. The German has compromised matters in a very sensible way with the Russian. Without despising him so decidedly as the Englishman, he has adopted many of his good qualities, without, however, divesting himself of his own nationality, retaining his native solidity and polish, which, set off by Russian ease and adroitness of manner and northern hospitality, make so much the stronger an impression. There are, it is true, those who will not highly commend the rising mercantile generation in Petersburg, and insist that the colony needs new blood from abroad infusing into it.

Next to the Germans come decidedly the English, who form in various respects a more distinct colony than the

Germans, many of the latter having become citizens of Petersburg and Russian subjects, or having always been such, while the former merely belong to the "foreign guests," as they are called, who, in time of peace, enjoy the advantages of denizenship, without its burdens. The English mercantile body call themselves the Petersburg factory. They have their own chapel, and, despising all other nations, but most especially their protectors, the Russians, they live shut up by themselves, drive English horses and carriages, go bear-hunting on the Newa as they do tiger-hunting on the Ganges, disdain to lift the hat to the emperor himself, and, proud of their indispensableness and the invincibility of their fleets, defy every body, find fault with every thing they see, but are highly thought of by the government and by all, because they think highly of themselves, and reside chiefly in the magnificent quay named after them, where, however, many wealthy Russians also have splendid mansions.

Besides these two nations, which are pre-eminently in possession of the maritime commerce of Petersburg, there are likewise Danes, Swedes, French, Portuguese, Spaniards, and Italians, who have all their representatives and consuls here; and there is certainly no city in Europe, excepting London, in whose trade the nations of this quarter of the globe, without exception, are so interested as they are in that of Petersburg.

The national Russian mercantile body form a class totally distinct from the colonies and factories of the foreign merchants engaged in maritime commerce. By means of their widely extended connexions in the interior of the country, they undertake only the transport and supply of the native Russian commodities destined for exportation, tallow, corn, timber, leather, and such articles as are furnished by the Asiatic trade. In the distribu-

tion of the foreign goods imported into Petersburg, manufactured or raw materials, fruit, wines, &c. in the interior of the empire, or indeed in Petersburg itself, they have a very small share, for in all the towns of the interior there exist, for these finer productions of non-Russian industry, French establishments for articles of dress and jewelry, German drug-warehouses, magazines of materials and of cloth, French and German wine-cellars, &c. which are in direct correspondence with the foreign houses in Petersburg.

Not a single Russian is engaged in maritime traffic, either in Petersburg or in any other port of the empire; they have neither the requisite knowledge and connexions, nor the genuine, intuitive spirit of commercial speculation. The Russian, with his narrow-minded notions, cannot divest himself of his false views of money, and, like all eastern merchants, he is unable to raise himself to an intellectual consideration of the times. With him money is not merely an instrument of trade for the accumulation of value and the increase of credit, but the shining metal appears to him to be the genuine object of all traffic; when it comes into his possession, therefore, he dislikes to part with it again, and never can make up his mind to lose it at the right time, in order to prevent greater loss; somewhat resembling a stupid chess-player or general, who imagines that the more enemies he has killed or taken the greater the advantage he has gained, and knows nothing about the tactics of judiciously conducted retreats and cleverly repaired losses. The Russian trader wants to make a positive, palpable profit, if it be but a small one, from every transaction; and would assuredly never imitate the American steam-boat proprietor, who carried passengers gratuitously for years, and expended thousands, till he had knocked up his com-

petitors, and could reimburse himself for his loss by charging what he pleased.

On the other hand, they enter readily into any speculation which affords a prospect of profit, without taking much pains to ascertain its solidity. Little do they comprehend the meaning of the German, when he says, "Time gained, all is gained," or the Englishman's adage, "Time is money;" but like the Arabian merchant mentioned by Burkhard, they let years elapse, in hope of the possibility of avoiding a loss, without calculating how the interest is meanwhile eating up their capital. Nevertheless there are many—the number of those with whom the wheel breaks on their way to the temple of money is untold—who, in spite of their false system, acquire wealth; and there are in Petersburg men enough who look like peasants and are rich as Croesus; for so brisk is the trade of that capital, and so extensive the demand for Russian goods abroad, that a great deal of money is made by the sale of them.

It is a circumstance not a little remarkable that these merchants, notwithstanding their fondness for money, never take their losses very deeply to heart: no such thing ever happens as a bankrupt Russian trader putting an end to his life—a catastrophe but too frequent in other countries. This phenomenon, apparently in contradiction with the preceding observations, may be attributed chiefly to the levity of the Russian temperament, and partly to this, that the Russian merchant, in losing his money, does not consider his honour as a trader and his credit as a man at all affected, because for him nothing of the sort exists. "*Bog S'nim*," (God with them!) he says of his lost moneys, and begins "*S'bogom*" (with God) his card-house afresh. There are in Petersburg not a few Russian merchants, who have more than once saved nothing from

the wreck but their red shirt and their kaftan, and yet stroke their long beards again upon 'Change as thriving men.

The centre of the whole traffic of the Petersburg Exchange, the sun round which every thing revolves, the thermometer whose movements are closely watched by all, the source from which universal life and activity is diffused, is a scion of that remarkable race which has for ages produced all the wealthiest men of their time. The Rothschild of Russia is Baron S., without whom scarcely any great undertaking can be set on foot. The amount of the property which he has realized is estimated at from 40 to 50 millions. The capital turned by him annually in maritime commerce alone is from 30 to 35 millions. He has invested a great deal of money in landed estates in all parts of Russia as far as the Black Sea. His shrewd, sparkling eye, his short, stout Napoleon figure, and his old, simple green surtout, are to be seen daily in the middle of the Exchange. Near this centre, upon which the strongest light falls direct from the roof, is the great resort of the English, German, and French merchants.

In the six side-rooms, the sugar-bakers, and the dealers in tallow, corn, and timber, have established themselves without any formal regulation to that effect; and each class has from habit taken possession of a particular spot. These are composed almost exclusively of Russians, with and without beard, some old men still in kaftans, others in modern French coats. Between them and the lords of the sea in the centre are the German brokers, with silver marks at the button-hole. Lastly, in the outermost circles, are the *artelschtschiki*, a sort of messengers, for carrying letters or money, and performing other errands, one of whom constantly attends every Petersburg merchant; and these are always Russians, who seem to be best qualified for that service.

This assemblage of the merchants of Petersburg is certainly the largest company of respectable and polished men that is to be seen in Russia, without order or cross of any kind. Besides those silver marks worn by the brokers in their business as a sign that they have been duly appointed and sworn, and medals of a pound weight hanging about the necks of a few of the Russian merchants, you perceive no distinctions of this sort—nothing but black frocks and simple green surtouts. He who is accustomed to move continually among the richly decorated uniforms of Russian generals and courtiers, or Petersburg academicians and professors, whose gold-embroidered coats glitter more with extraordinary merits than Orion with alphas and betas, may be struck by the sight of so many persons in one uniform colour, and whose behaviour is nevertheless decorous and polite; he may think it singular, and his eye may feel offended at the extraordinary scene, but many there are on the other hand that will dwell upon it with especial gratification.

The assembly, which, for the rest, is by no means gentlemanlike in all its elements, and where a fastidious person might take offence at the intrusion of Polish Jews and the occasional intrusion of Tatars and Bucharrians, appears in the highest degree interesting to him who is acquainted with the interior of the country, and is capable of interpreting the echo of two or three words uttered in these halls, nay, often only a few pantomimic gestures, which extend their influence over vast tracts of country. With rapid pencil the broker notes in his book some hundred ton of tallow; a nodding ensues between both parties, and the death of hundreds of beeves grazing in distant steppes is decided. What messages, what letters, what halloeing of herdsmen, what slaughter, what bloodshed, what toiling and moiling, in consequence of that

simple memorandum and that silent nod, till the tallow has been transferred from the carcasses of the cattle to the cauldrons of the *ssalganes*,* from the *ssalganes* to the vessels on the Wolga, Oka, Newa, and from the Newa despatched over the East Sea, the West Sea, and the North Sea to London; until at length, in Dublin, or Glasgow, or God knows what corner of the earth, late some evening a master says to his servant, "Charles, light the candle;" and this product of such manifold labours, toils, and exertions passes off into the general reservoir of all the dissolving elements.

"Gospodin Müller and Co., will you not give me a commission for a few sticks? I think you would be satisfied with my goods," says a long-bearded kaftan to a German surtout, with both hands stuck in the pockets.—"Well, let us see, Gospodin Pawlow; note down for me 1200 masts, largest size, 6000 spars, and 1800 oak-planks, 18 inches broad and 2 thick," replies Müller and Co.; and away he goes without betraying any particular emotion to give fresh orders. Can Müller and Co. bestow the tenth part of a single thought on the flocks of pigeons and owls which he is driving by this ruthless commission from their maternal nests, and of the host of Hamadryads who will fall through him under the axes of the plotniks of Wologda and Wiatka? Can his cold imagination form the most distant conception of the havoc which his commission will cause in a few days in those fine aboriginal forests, where the servants of Nature, the sylphids and the gnomes, have for ages been labouring and creating? What can Müller and Co. know about this! In a year and a half—for so long it takes before the heavy timbers, which the credit of the merchant uprooted and set afloat,

* Tallow-melting establishments in South Russia.

can be felled, work their way through the different systems of rivers in the interior, and appear in the Newa—Müller and Co. receive the “sticks,” enter so much on the credit side, so much on the debit, so much as received, desire to be advised when the timber arrives in London, and then care not a brass farthing what flag will be borne by those masts which they have torn against their will from their native forests and launched into a tempestuous life, what quarters of the globe they will circumnavigate, on what rocks they will be dashed, and at the bottom of what sea they will await their slow decomposition.

Large parcels of sugar are wanted. Mr. Karigin wants 50 ton, Mr. Machowsky as much, and Mr. Stanikewitsch is buying all that is offered him, be the quality what it may. The fair of Novgorod is approaching, and the last Charkoff fair has exhausted almost the whole stock on hand. The Karakalpaks have of late taken to drinking sugar in their tea; and in the country of the Kirgises every child asks for a lump to his *tschai*, and cries if mamma does not give it immediately. The Bucharrians, the Orenburgers, and the Tatars have heard this cry, and accounts have reached Petersburg, that they are on the road for Novgorod in large caravans to take back all the sugar with them.—Ha! what showers of stripes now descend on the shoulders of all the poor slaves in the West Indies! “Bestir thee, negro, quick, break up the ground, cut down the canes, drive the oxen, work the press, sharp, sharp, that the sweet juice may flow, stir the cauldron that it may clarify. Put the hogsheads aboard, and now, Æolus, send thy servants and blow, blow. Be obedient, ye elements, ye stars show the way, for the Bucharrians have sent word to Novgorod, the Novgoroders have forwarded the message to Mr. Machowsky in Petersburg, Mr. Machowsky has communicated the information to

Mr. Stokes, Mr. Stokes has written to Hicks and Son in London, and Hicks and Son have made it known beyond sea that the Kirgise boys are crying for sugar, and will not be pacified without it."

The hall of the Petersburg Exchange is so large, that the bands of all the regiments of the guard might conveniently find their echo in it, but it is built only for whispers. An audible conversation was never held there. Nothing is spoken aloud save mere bagatelles. "How is your good lady?"—"Oh, we enjoyed exceedingly our water-party yesterday; we were at this place and that, at such a one's and such a one's."—"Yes, I admit that A—— gives an excellent dinner, but I find myself more comfortable at B's." You hear nothing else spoken up. But when you see two persons put their heads together, talk in the lowest whispers, and pallisade themselves a circle with their backs, so that not a mouse could get into it, be sure that there was something in the wind, that a bargain has been made, that the whispering has led to some result.—"Yes, sir"—"No, sir"—"Too much—Three thousand—four—twenty—a hundred thousand"—"October"—"November"—"London"—"Hull"—"Baltimore"—"Well, I will take it." "Done! that is settled then, Mr. Curtius."—What was this about? Mr. Curtius sold 600 lasts of fine Tula wheat, 200 lasts of the best Pleskau linseed, and 300 stone of Livonian flax to Mr. O'Higgins. Those 600 lasts of wheat have been wrung from the toil of as many poor peasant families. Many a Russian has on their account been driven with the cudgel to the fields, and how many of those little never-tiring horses, whose breed has spread so far northward, have been worked at ploughing and harrowing, and threshing and carrying, until smarting with innumerable stripes they have sunk to the ground. In harvest-time the people

were obliged to keep at it night and day, mothers, boys, and girls, while the little infants lay crying in the damp grass, and the sick were left untended in the houses. But what care Messrs. Curtius and O'Higgins for that ! Let the rigid landlords settle their account with Heaven, and then let them inquire if there are any hungry creatures in London ; they will learn that it always contains more than are to be found in all Russia, and that in this manner the hard crust at last reaches the lips of the English pauper, who says to himself, " If my lords were not such marble-hearted statues, and the Petersburg merchant did not screw such a profit out of bread to keep a carriage for his daughters, and to supply his table with the best wines, perhaps I, too, might be able to treat myself with a drop more ;" and after all he has reason to thank the Russian pameschtschik for not suffering his people to be idle, and keeping them closely to their work, which has saved the Englishman at least from famishing.

Besides bread-corn for the English, timber for the Dutch, and tallow for the Scotch, flax and hemp form an important article for the Petersburg Exchange ; though, perhaps, greater quantities of these goods, as well as linseed may be shipped from Riga, whose Dwina runs through the heart of the flax-producing provinces. The entire system of this branch of trade, with its sworn and exclusively authorised packers, is borrowed from that established in Riga, the customs of which are followed in Petersburg.

While the city is receiving from abroad the fine German and Dutch linens, which are in such request as to bear a duty of two hundred dollars per hundred-weight, prodigious masses of raw flax and coarse goods, especially cordage of the best quality, are despatched from it to all parts of the globe. Russian cord, shipped in Petersburg,

s found in every petty shop in the meanest country town in Germany. Whatever is to be well tied with us must be tied with Russian cord, so that one may literally assert that half Europe is in Russian bonds. In like manner, almost one third of all the chains in Europe are forged of Russian iron, which, the produce of the vast possessions of the Demidoffs, the Jakowlews, and other Russian grandees, who have secured whole branches of the Ural range, ranks also as one of the principal commercial articles of the port of the Newa.

The total value of the export of all these raw bulky articles, which are forwarded by the Russian inland trade partly in large river-craft, partly in light sledges and small quick-travelling telegas, and by which more money is usually made and more conveniently made than by the finest productions of art, amounts annually, upon an average, to one hundred and fifty million rubles. In the list of exports, tallow takes decidedly the first place, amounting to about one third of the whole. Next to tallow come linen, linseed, hemp, and cordage, to the value of about a fifth of the whole; then corn, nearly the same; then iron and copper, forming a tenth; hides, one twentieth; timber, not much less; and lastly, potash and oil, constituting considerable fractions.

The value of the foreign goods imported in 1500 to 1700 vessels, half of them English, exceeds that of the native commodities destined for return cargoes by thirty or forty millions. It is in the highly privileged port of Petersburg alone that this proportion of the imports to the exports prevails; for, in all the other Russian ports, the value of the exports far exceeds that of the imports. No town of Germany carries on so brisk a trade with Petersburg as that which is seated at the opposite extre-

mity of the Baltic, namely, Lübeck, which alone sends annually from sixty to seventy vessels, that is as many as the United States, France, or Sweden, three times as many as Hamburg, and ten times as many as Bremen.

At the head of the imports are raw sugar and manufactured cotton goods; both together amount to half the import. Next to them come French wines, among which Champagne ranks decidedly first, for in the shade of the Russian eagle more Champagne is drunk* than coffee, the amount of which in the importation list is surprisingly low. Petersburg and half the empire which it supplies with coffee pay no more to foreigners for this article than between three and four millions, certainly less than the kingdom of Bavaria alone expends upon it. The brother of coffee, tea, which is in possession of the morning as well as the evening, seems to be gradually expelling the former, the use of which in respectable houses is confined to a single cup after dinner. Foreign tobaccos are imported to the amount of about eight million; silks, four million; fruit, two million; and cheese, one million. Many of these articles may appear inconsiderable in comparison with the circle supplied by Petersburg, comprehending more than half the empire; but they are really abundant, when it is recollected that they are destined for perhaps a few hundred thousand wealthy persons, nobles, and foreigners, to the exclusion of the innumerable Tschornoi narod. The hundred and sixty million of imports pay in duties about fifty million, that is thirty-three per cent., or one third of their total value.

There is no question that if this duty of one third were

* About 600,000 bottles per year, which are sold in Russia for nine million rubles.

remitted; the activity of trade would be doubled or trebled. The polished man would then live not merely one third, but twice or three times as cheaply; more millions would be enabled to participate in the comforts of life offered by foreign countries; and the raw productions of Russia would be purchased much more reasonably, and fetched away in much larger quantity than hitherto. As a natural consequence, agriculture, cattle-breeding, and the management of forests would be greatly improved, the population and the income of the private man would increase, the vital powers of the empire would be stirred, and more would every where be gained from nature; roads and canals would be constructed, landed property would rise in value, the great estates would split of themselves into smaller, and the emperor's exchequer would be benefited, though at first it might sustain some loss. The unnatural and expensive fabrication of many articles, and most of them, besides, in a very imperfect state, would cease, and the energies of the people would be more directed to the improvement of those branches of industry which are adapted to their own circumstances and those of the country, and to the production of such things as they never can be supplied with from abroad.

The whole trade of Petersburg with foreign countries employs yearly a capital of about three hundred millions. One fourth of this sum, from seventy-five to eighty millions, must be set down to the *innostranniye gostui*, the foreign guests, and the remaining two hundred and twenty million to the native merchants and subjects of the empire (Russians, Germans, French, Swedes, &c.) There are several houses in Petersburg which turn each of them from ten to twenty millions a year, the latter amounting to about one third of the whole trade of

Riga*. In spite of the heavy duties, commerce is rapidly increasing: it doubled itself in the course of the first third of the present century†.

In ancient times, the trade between the Newa and foreign countries was most cultivated by the Hanseatics, after the foundation of Petersburg and during the first half of last century by the Dutch, and since that time by the English. The first ship which entered the new port of Petersburg was Dutch, the same in which Peter the Great acquired in Holland a practical knowledge of seamanship. She was received with extraordinary rejoicings and festivities; and whatever she might bring into the country was exempted from duty for ever. This privilege she enjoyed till the end of last century, when she was obliged to discontinue her trips, because it was found impossible to patch her up any longer so as to be sea-worthy. The first ship that arrives in May, like the swallow proclaiming the return of spring, is still received with extraordinary demonstrations of joy, and has various favours granted to her.

In the first years of its existence, up to 1720, Petersburg was visited by no more than from twelve to fifty ships; between 1720 and 1730 the number increased

* There are in Petersburg about one hundred and fifty mercantile houses trading beyond sea: of these there are from twenty to twenty-four English, five French, one Spanish, and nearly one hundred German. "The English," as a merchant once said to me, "do the prettiest, roundest, most solid, and most pleasant business."

† If some travellers assert that it has increased four and five fold, it is because they have followed tables in which the amount of the imports and exports is given in rubles, without recollecting that the ruble has fallen considerably in value since the commencement of this century. The number of ships furnishes a better criterion. At the conclusion of the last century, up to 1800, eight hundred or nine hundred vessels annually entered the port of Petersburg; now the arrivals are in general nearly two thousand.

from one hundred to two hundred and fifty ; during the remainder of the first half of the century the average number annually was from three hundred to four hundred, in the second half from seven hundred to nine hundred, and in the present century it is from 1,200 to 2,000. It is not the ukases alone of Peter the Great, on the one hand, forbidding the transport of goods from the interior to Archangel, and on the other, commanding Archangel merchants to settle in Petersburg, and merchants in general of the interior to send one third of their goods for exportation from the Newa, that have rendered the commerce of the city so flourishing. Draw a circle round the governments of Moscow, Twer, Kaluga, Wiatka, Orel, Tula, Jaroslaw, Kostroma, Novgorod, Wladimir, &c., which form the real Great Russian heart of the empire and the seat of that extraordinary, aspiring popular movement, and you will find that the inner point of the Gulf of Finland, penetrating deeply into this main and central mass of the self-cultivating and rejuvenescent monarchy, offers itself as the nearest and most convenient sea-port for importation and exportation, and that Archangel, Reval, and Riga must, without those ukases, have been gradually forsaken, or at least limited to their own particular district. Those ukases merely imparted rather more celerity and energy to that natural course.

To the west of the Exchange, on the bank of the Little Newa, stands the Custom House, or, as the Russians call it, the Tomoshna, on the quay of which all ships drawing not more than nine feet water can conveniently load and unload, and near which are large warehouses, filled with merchandize of all sorts. Immediately behind the Exchange, there is also a spacious place inclosed with iron railing, in which, also, considerable quantities of goods, and some of them rather ticklish,

for instance, sugar, are stowed away in the open air the whole year round, in all weathers. You find throughout all Russia, and even in Riga, in the middle of the market-place, such preliminary but often long-continued depots of merchandize as are never met with in other countries. This practice originates no doubt in the ordinary coarseness of the Russian articles of trade, timber, hides, tallow, leather, &c., which, upon the whole, are little affected by the weather, and which may easily be protected by a mat or a thick tarpaulin. As it served, of course, to render warehouses less frequent, on the one hand, and tarpaulins were ready provided on the other, the custom of covering goods with them began to be extended to more perishable commodities. You frequently see in that court lead, copper, iron, sugar, wines, &c., merely set upon rafters, and covered with tarpaulins, lying for months together in snow, rain, and sunshine. You find here lead enough to shoot every rook in the world with a three-pound ball; sugar in quantity sufficient to sweeten the Lake of Ladoga; incense and spices enough to embalm the whole empire; woods of the most different sorts, the *élite* of the forests of the West Indies and Brazil.

In spring, soon after the opening of the navigation, a peculiar kind of market is held in this place, behind the Exchange, which draws all Petersburg, and affords an extraordinary and impatiently-awaited pleasure to young and old, high and low, and to many a skipper the source of a profit that is not to be despised. Here are then exposed for sale many of those foreign productions, which the merchants consider as beneath their attention, and in which the captains of the ships and sailors speculate on their own account. Parrots, monkeys, apes, and other rare birds and animals, are intermingled with the

magnificent flowers of tropical regions. Sometimes, also, conchylia, and the singular implements and dresses of foreign nations, are offered for sale here; nay, now and then, a captain brings with him a negro boy, if not absolutely to sell him for a slave, at least to obtain a premium for placing him in the service of some person of distinction. After the dull, silent, and colourless winter, this busy, many-tinted scene, the first gift presented by foreign lands to the northern city, as an earnest of the commencement of new business, is particularly gratifying, and the goods go off rapidly, especially the screeching and grinning classes of them.

CHAPTER XX.

TEA-SHOPS.

Fondness of the Russians for Tea—Brick Tea—Superior quality of the Tea brought to Russia—A Tea-shop—Ornamental Tea-chests—Mode of Packing—Prevailing Taste for Chinese Productions—Court Masquerades and Caricatures of Chinese Manners—Chinese Goods—Costly Stuffs—Carvings—Mosaic-work—Fans—Miniature Representations of Chinese Life.

Among the many neighbours with whom Russia carries on a friendly traffic on her widely-extended frontiers—the Swedes, the Germans, the Persians, the Mongols, the English, and the Mexicans—must be reckoned also the Chinese, whose fragrant herb is the delight of all Russia.

No sooner has the traveller crossed the frontiers of Russia than he smells in the excellent tea, with which he is every where served, the vicinity of China. *Tschai*, tea, is become one of the three mighty idols of the Russians, whose names are heard incessantly associated in the refrain, *Tschin**—*tschai*—*tschi*†. *Tschai* is the morning and evening beverage of the Russians, as *Gospidi pomilui* their morning and evening prayer. *Tschai* is their medicine in a hundred ailments, their delight and their passion, sometimes their sole nourishment, and the brimming tea-cup the sea in which they drown all their sorrows.

* Rank.

† Cabbage soup.

There are even whole tribes in Russia whose daily principal article of food is tea, and who never drink a glass of water unless seasoned with it. Throughout all Mongolia, and in some parts of Siberia, there is prepared, for the convenience of the cooks of those roving tribes, what is called *Kirpitschni tschai*, brick-tea, which, mixed with other herbs and animal substances, is moulded into the shape of bricks, and when dissolved in water, furnishes a very nutritious article of food, that is in high favour far and wide.* Extremes meet, and hence, perhaps, it is that the same people who are so passionately fond of the strongest of all beverages, ardent spirits, are just as fond of the weakest of all, warm tea. When Prometheus created the different nations, and the Greek, when asked what he would have begged for a handsome woman, the Italian for macaroni, the Englishman for beef-steaks, the Russian, humbly doffing his hat, solicited one drink-money, *na wodka*, (for brandy), and one *na tschaju* (for tea). And whoever has once tasted the genuine China caravan tea, as it is drunk in Russia, will admit that the Russian did not make the worst choice. The mess that we call tea would be thought scarcely drinkable by the Russian, who would find it difficult to comprehend how such an article of trade can employ so many million dollars, hands, ships, and speculating heads. Whether it be that England and America derive their supplies from those provinces of China which are less favourable to the development of the tea-plant than the

* This *Kirpitschni tschai* has been in use from the remotest ages among those nations. How long before the establishment of the Kiachta emporium of trade, and by what way Chinese tea was brought to Russia, and gained a footing among the Russians as an indispensable necessary, it is scarcely possible to ascertain. For the rest, they drank, and still drink, besides Chinese tea, warm infusions of an astonishing number of dried flowers and berries, which they find in their own country.

northern, with which Russia is in contact, or whether the sea-voyage spoils the flavour of the leaf, certain it is that a cup of tea, such as would be poured out for you by a fair hand at the Countess L.'s or the Princess F.'s, is the most exquisite beverage that drinking vessel ever contained.

The handsome shops in Petersburg, in the Perspective and other fashionable parts of the city, are so elegant that they perhaps surpass every thing of the kind in the world, since European taste, Petersburg luxury, and Chinese neatness, combine to decorate them, and to set off the goods to the best advantage. As the Russians have carried their fastidiousness in regard to tea to the highest degree of *gourmandise*, and the commodity is extremely delicate and costly, people of quality go to these shops to make their purchases in person, and so every thing must be as smart as in a drawing-room.

“Here are sold all sorts of Chinese tea,” is usually inscribed in gilt letters on the windows of such *Tschainija lawka*. This is saying a great deal. For the orders, classes, and varieties of this commodity, which the Russians have already sorted out and named, already amount to several hundreds, and the elegant price-currents which the dealers send to their customers look like regular systems of botany. A pound of the commonest sorts costs from five to ten rubles, and the prices gradually rise to the finest, which fetch 100, nay, even 400 rubles per pound.

No sooner have you opened the shop-door, and stepped off the pavement of the Perspective, than you have quitted Europe and entered veritable China. The floor is covered with Chinese carpets, and the walls are tapestried with neat embroideries. The most grateful fragrance fills the

atmosphere, and Chinese paper lanterns throw over the whole an artificial moonlight. Furniture and every thing else is of genuine Chinese workmanship, and the shopkeepers need but disguise themselves as Chinese to complete the illusion, and to make you believe that you are in the centre of the celestial empire.

The costly herb itself is packed in a great variety of chests and bags of the most various forms according to the difference of sort, and ranged in the varnished cases with as much accuracy and order as handsomely bound books in a library. One may see from these chests at how high a rate they value their contents ; otherwise they would not have bestowed such pains on these frail receptacles, which serve merely for packages. The highest priced sorts are in boxes containing one or two up to five pounds, many of them adorned with a singular kind of basso-relievos, the figures of which are composed of a *papier maché* and their dress of very curiously wrought silk stuffs. It would indeed be difficult to find a spot in Europe, London excepted, where the industry, condition, and manners of the Chinese may be so conveniently studied as in Petersburg. All these ornaments are, therefore, well worthy of the notice of the observer. Sometimes the basso-relievo represents a duel, at others a complete battle with the Mongols ; sometimes a tea-drinker, but most commonly a modest damsel and her enraptured lover declaring his Chinese passion with the most expressive gesticulations. In scenes of the latter sort you are sure to see a stripe of silver paper to represent the moon, and a white dab to denote a silvery cloud. In these little chests, which the Chinese call *Länsin*, lies the tea securely encased in lead ; and to protect the varnish and the painting on the outside, they are carefully wrapped in soft paper. The whole is enclosed in a covering made of

platted bamboo bark, and between that and the paper a quantity of fibrous matter is carefully introduced. In this state the little chests are put by dozens into large ones, and about these large chests is nailed calf leather. Thus not an atom of the precious aroma can escape, and not a drop could penetrate to the tea in a voyage round the globe.

Tea, it is true, is the main object of all the Russian intercourse with China : but in its train many other Chinese commodities find their way to Russia, travelling with it through the steppes of the Mongols and the ice-plains of the Siberian tribes to the banks of the Newa—silk and cotton stuffs of all sorts, and among them very costly ones, paintings, pipes, tea-services, mosaic work, idols, lanterns, most ingeniously carved out of varnished wood, dressing-cases, playthings, all of them of workmanship so highly finished as to be truly astonishing. These Chinese productions, though they have not become necessities in Russia, are nevertheless fashionable articles ; and along with the collectors of Chinese and Mongol curiosities, of whom there are several not unimportant ones in Petersburg, the ladies of quality frequent the tea-shops to pick up something handsome to decorate their drawing-rooms.

The masquerades in Petersburg, at which Chinese costumes are great favourites, likewise create a demand for articles of this kind. Brilliant masquerades are sometimes given at court, and Chinese manners and forms are faithfully but comically represented. The Emperor of China is there with his whole fabulous court, and the Emperor of Russia and his first ministers undertake parts in such pantomines, as though China had long ceased to exist except in name, without reflecting that the sovereign of that country is a living being of flesh and blood, and

that he might feel himself insulted by such a caricature of his manners. What singular relations between two states, which for many hundreds of miles are neighbours, and yet are mutually as ignorant of one another as if they were both but fabulous Utopias. Russians who have been long in China declare that Petersburg is not known there even by name, and that it is not thought worth while to bestow the slightest attention on that barbarian capital.

As the consumption of tea, already very considerable, is steadily increasing in Russia, so the number of the Chinese productions which accompany it is increasing likewise; and the interests of Russia might possibly become so intimately blended with those of China that ere long a couple of Chinese provinces might travel along with them. The first principal depot for all these things is Irkutsk, the second the market of Novgorod, and the third the chief goal of the whole journey, Petersburg. The tea-shops of Tschaplin brothers, and other houses, are so elegantly adorned with those productions of Chinese art and industry as to resemble Pekin boudoirs, and at the same time so richly stocked as scarcely to be surpassed by the first-rate establishments of the celestial empire. Here you may see Chinese stuffs embroidered with silver or gold, which sell for several hundred rubles the ell, and yet go off rapidly. While I was in Petersburg, it happened that the empress took a fancy to one of these newly arrived stuffs, and desired to have some ells of it. On learning, however, that the price was 250 rubles per ell, she thought it too high, and did not buy the stuff. Next day she changed her mind, and sent to the shop for ten ells; but the whole piece, to the very last remnant, had been meanwhile disposed of to wealthy subjects.

The Chinese have brought the art of carving in wood

to extraordinary perfection. I saw, for instance, several candelabra, four feet high, carved out of jet-black wood, in open work. A number of the finest twigs, covered with flowers and leaves, were entwined to form the body and arms, and the roots united to form the three feet. Through the interstices of the twisted work, glittered a gold ground introduced underneath, which contrasted most beautifully with the black wood. A sort of brown, red, and black, seem to be the favourite colours of the Chinese ; at least all their articles of wood have this uniform. To what a length the Chinese carry their fondness for decoration, by means of which they seek to give form and colour to every, even the most trifling, thing, was shewn in the tapers of vegetable wax that were in the candelabra. They were not round but octangular, pyramidal, and pointed at bottom. On the flat sides of the pyramid were a great number of basso-relievos, and between these basso-relievos paintings and arabesques ; nay, on the edge of the taper at top there was a pair of dancing embossed figures of wax, which the flame must soon consume.

Here again it is shewn that there is scarcely an art, either long practised in Europe or invented in modern enlightened times, which was not known to the Chinese ever since the beginning of the world. Thus the Chinese made Florentine mosaic-work long before the world ever thought of the birth of Florence, and they now send the most elegant things of that kind to Petersburg. You see small landscapes in which every leaf of the trees is formed by a separate small green stone.

To the customary and standing articles, of which large quantities are kept on hand, and which have almost become Russian necessaries, belongs a species of small fans, which the ladies use when sitting by the fire to shade their

eyes from its glare. Out of feathers, fibres of plants, fine woods, thin papers, silk threads, and other delicate matters, Chinese hands contrive to make the prettiest things. In these you see all that is most admirable in their numberless kinds of paper, some resembling velvet, others silk, and others as fine as spiders' webs; as well as all that is most exquisite in India ink and other colours.

There was formerly in Europe an epoch when the cleverest artists studied how to waste their time in admirable, but at the same time, useless performances. Our museums and cabinets are still full of such curiosities. The pedantic, old Frankish Chinese, ornate and flowery in all they do, seem to have been for thousands of years in this period of art, and will perhaps never advance from it into any other. They expend as much fancy and talent in devising and embellishing bagatelles, as in improving and perfecting what is useful. In the tea-shops of Petersburg you see, among other things, whole cases filled with all sorts of small automata, dolls of the most exquisite workmanship, the most costly toys, but which are quite common in China, where even the fancy of adults is fond of childish amusements. The courtesy of the Russian shopkeepers readily allows you to take out all these figures, to wind up their machinery, and to set in motion all the elements of Chinese street-life, in miniature, on the long table before you. Among these figures those of the most frequent recurrence are, a young female riding on a white pony, a clerk hurrying to court with a mass of rolls of paper, a couple of mandarins bowing down to the ground before one another, a gentleman trotting along on a little elephant, another flying across the table on a golden dragon, a water-carrier proceeding slowly with his load. If the amateurs of Petersburg should ever tire of paying such high prices for these

things, let the Russian tea-dealers travel about with their theatres to our fairs and principal cities, and they will not fail to pick up plenty of money by the exhibition of their interesting Chinese microcosm.

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